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"This ad told of a way that a man of 40—with no big bank account, but just fifteen or twenty good earning years ahead—could get a guaranteed income of $300 a month. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. No harm in looking into it, I thought. When Peg came down, I was tearing a corner off the page. First coupon in my life I had ever clipped. I mailed it that night.

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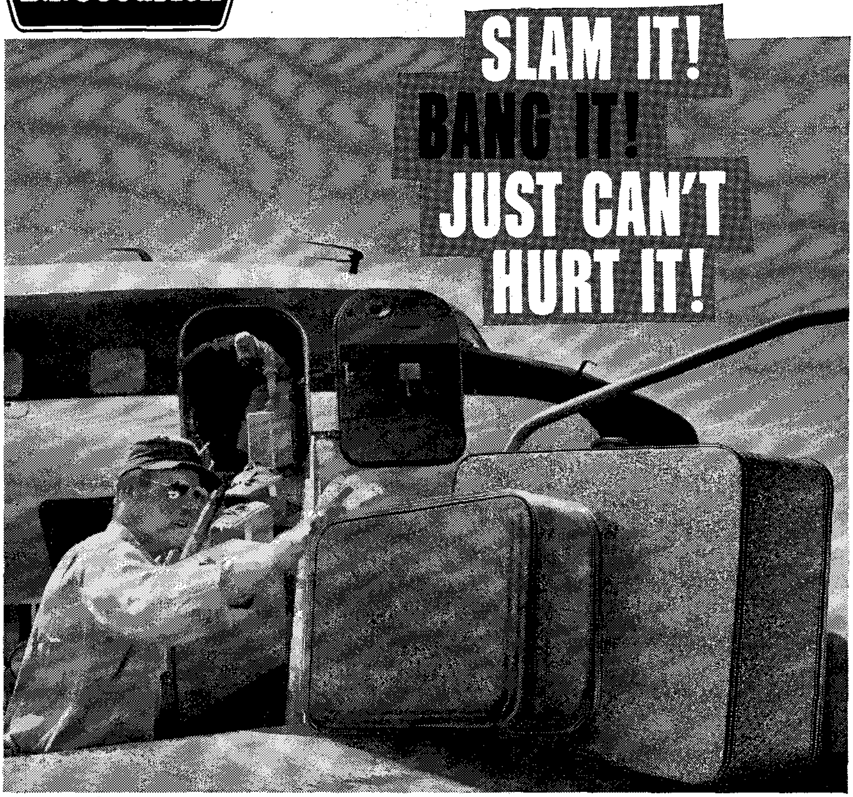

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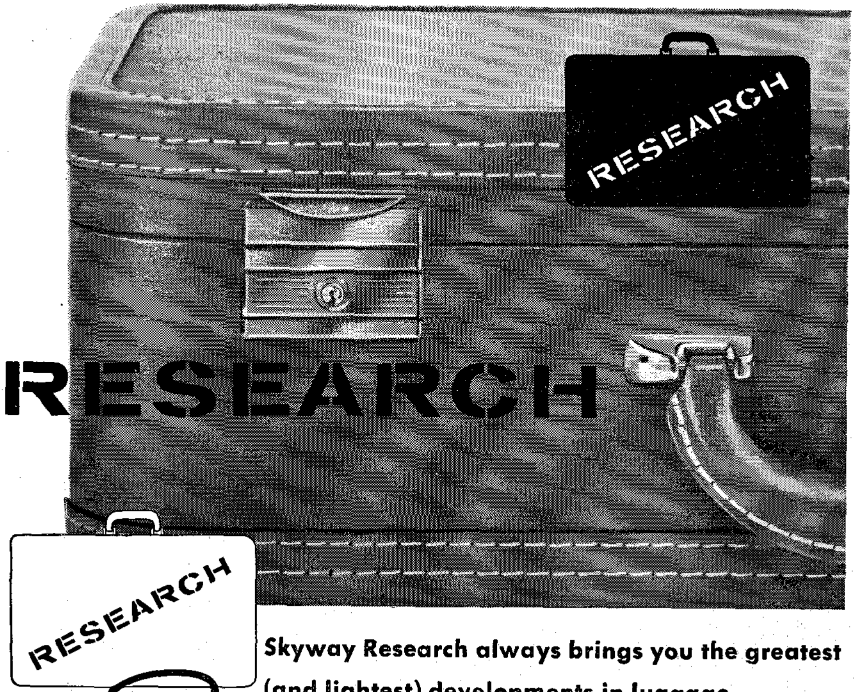

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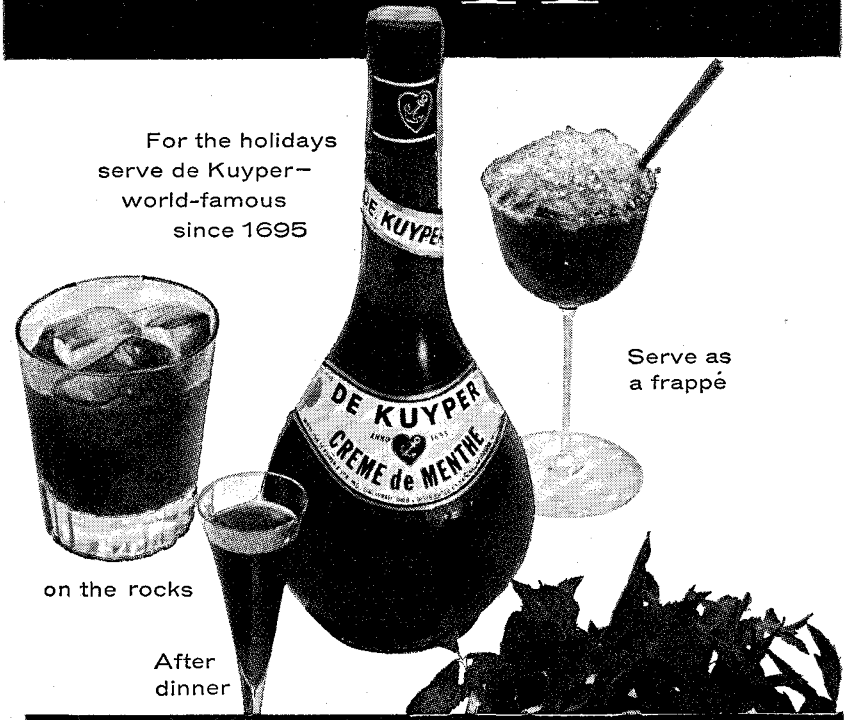
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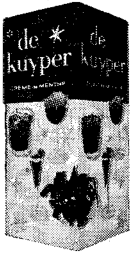
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Dear Reader:

Loy Warwick: father was a minister.

WHEN LOY WARWICK's story, "Father's Disreputable Friends," recounting the experiences of his minister father with Southern hill folk, appeared in our October, 1957 issue, the author received an unusual letter. It was from a woman in Georgia named Warwick, seeking more information about the roots of Loy's family tree. She had traced the Warwicks back through *four* Loy Warwicks and no less than *nine* ministers. All were descended from an old Methodist circuit rider who preached in the Virginia, South Carolina and Georgia conferences from about 1800 to 1856. Since author Loy's own father was a Methodist minister for more than 50 years, Warwick has often been asked why he did not follow the family tradition. "Well," he replies with a whimsical grin, "you know the old saying about the preacher's boys being the worst of all—I became a newspaper man." But Warwick sees more than a passing connection between the two vocations. "When your father's a minister," he says, "you get thrown in with all kinds of people who come around the house—from repentant drunkards to mission workers. You learn a lot about life, just watching and listening to them." He points out, too, that "ministers are usually good storytellers. My father was one of the best. And he also wrote very well. On one occasion he covered a religious conference in my place." Born in 1903 in Roswell, Georgia, near Atlanta, the younger Warwick ran away from home to join the Navy during World War I, but was immediately discharged when it was discovered he was underage. Then—though he was only 16 at the time—his father got him a job in the sports department of the Atlanta *Constitution*. "They sent me to cover a college football practice, and I wrote about a sand-lot game across the street instead," says Warwick. "I thought they'd fire me on the spot. But the story ran on page one." After that, reporter Warwick became a "circuit rider" in his own way as he variously worked on 25 newspapers in 20 cities. Six years ago, he finally settled down to write such unforgettable stories as the one about an unforgettable Christmas on page 109. Don't miss it!

The Editors

CORONET is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill. Printed in U. S. Entered as 2nd class matter at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Postmaster:** Send Form 3579 to CORONET, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colo. **Subscription Rates:** $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years.

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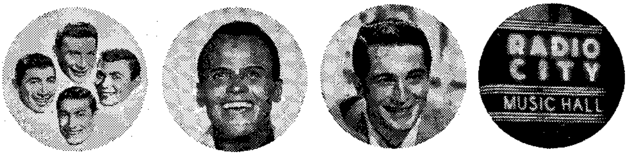
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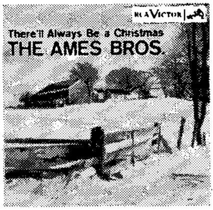
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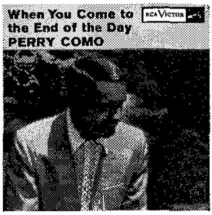
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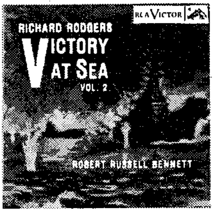
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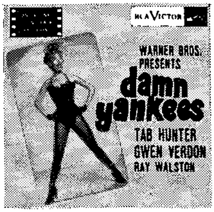
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Toy penguin by STEIFF, photograph by DESMOND RUSSELL

all about you

The no-job blues; memory tricks; predicting your child's personality

RETIREMENT TORMENT

For many people, a job is a psychic crutch. When they lose this support, they fall apart.

This type of person is usually a "doer." But his job does more than merely keep him busy. It gives him a dynamic sense of involvement—of "really living" as nothing else can, declares Dr. Don E. Johnson of Philadelphia.

Faced with retirement, such a person feels he is symbolically dead—unable to develop new interests.

Adding to his agony, is the extra time and energy on his hands. These, the study discloses, act as a "come-on" signal for previously hidden emotional blockades. He may become anxious, depressed and bitterly critical of himself. Now, more than ever, he needs to be close to others. But since he feels life has ended, he finds it hard to reach for new relationships.

CASH SECURITY

Apparently, money can *sometimes* buy emotional as well as material comfort. For mothers who are sure of their financial footing are less easily thrown by the task of raising their offspring than are more penurious parents.

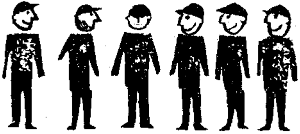
Mothers in the upper- and middle-income groups said they ran across very few stumbling blocks in disciplining their children, setting up standards of behavior and teaching them the facts of life, it was disclosed in a pilot study for the St. Louis County Health Department.

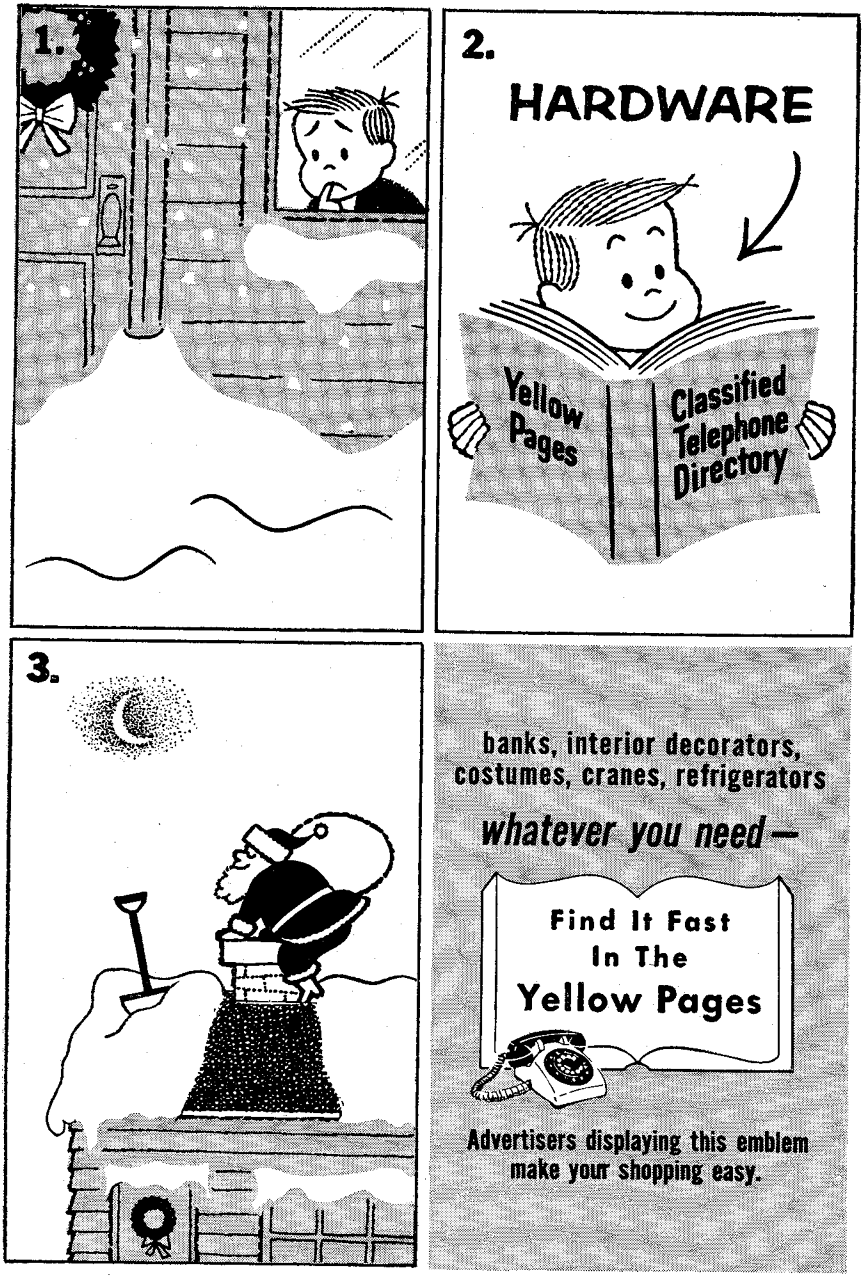
Unlike the lower-income group, these mothers insisted that while parents *can* influence their children's conduct, learning to obey Mom and Pop is not Junior's most important lesson. They also announced that, without even trying, they've learned to have just as much fun in life as their kids.

MENTAL INDIGESTION

Many teenagers are so hungry for approval, they'll swallow their individuality to be well-liked.

More than half of 3,000 high school students polled by educational psychologists H. H. Remmers and D. H. Radler confessed they placed such value on their friends' opinions they rarely bothered to think things out for themselves. Moreover, they invariably throttled their own tastes and feel-

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ings and never voiced a contrary view.

Only 25 percent claimed they had "guts enough" to buck group opinion; while 38 percent frankly admitted the greatest disaster that could befall them was to be labeled an "odd-ball" by their friends.

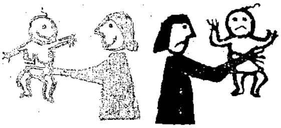
What this all adds up to, say the psychologists, is an irresistible yen to conform—to be an average child; "and in the high delinquency slums of our big cities" the ranks of the delinquents are composed of average children. Thus some boys may become "bad" because they want to be accepted as "regular guys."

PERSONALITY PREVIEW

The time may come when you can predict your child's personality before he is born—and to do something about it.

How? Because the personality of a mother-to-be is a direct clue to her baby's emotional growth, according to a "forecaster" being perfected by the National Institute of Mental Health.

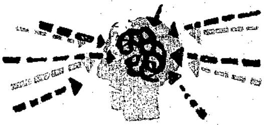
Shaped like a pinwheel, the contraption equates various combinations of personality traits and predicts the possible results if a mother bedevils her progeny with her neuroses.



For instance, if momma-to-be is the type who steps on her husband like an Un-Welcome Mat—and prefers to be on the town instead of in front of the kitchen stove—chances are baby will get badly burned. Emotional scar tissue will be caused by her combined hostility and overpossessiveness, the pinwheel predicts.

On the other hand, if momma combines this overpossessiveness with *love,* instead of hostility, the child may still be scarred—by inhibitions and painful meekness.

Such mothers-to-be are emotional infants. And they will cause less damage if they can be shown they must grow up *before* their children. Thus, one of these days, the prediction-pinwheel may become an important instrument in prenatal education.



REPAIRING MEMORY LANE

Contrary to popular belief, you don't actually *learn* something by repetition. Repetition is merely the glue that makes a fact stick in your head.

So says Dr. Irvin Rock of New York, whose experiments indicate what we learn, we learn in a flash—or not at all. Because the human mind is like a tiny cup. It can hold just a little bit at a time. The rest spills over.

Thus, when memorizing a long passage or list, the trick is to do it in easy stages. Concentrate on one or two items. When these are mastered, go on to the next. Trying to memorize them all at once will make you draw a blank.

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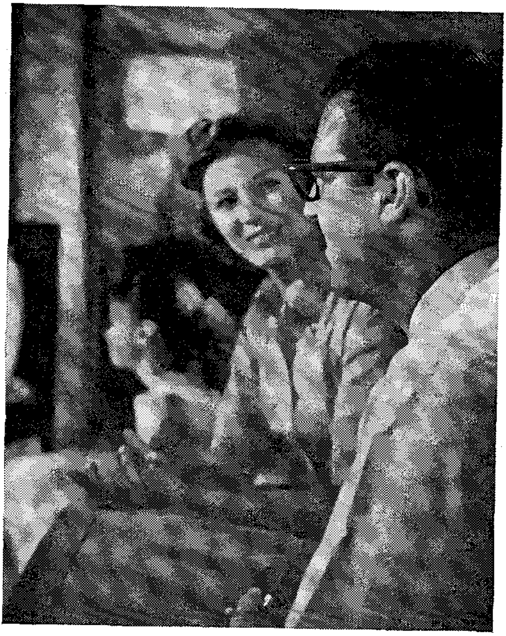

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Her world's on a string

IN THE FIELD of versatile female ventriloquists, young (24) **Shari Lewis** has no competition. Her skills—which number 18 different voices and dialects as well as facility as singer, magician and comedienne—have won her two Emmys, TV's top award.

This brown-eyed strawberry blonde, barely bigger (5′, 97 pounds) than one of her puppets, will earn an estimated $100,000 this year from her New York television show, guest appearances, records and merchandising products. And the future looks even brighter: she is negotiating with NBC for a network program; has completed a pilot film for a TV series, *Sis;* and is in demand as guest star on programs like *Keep Talking* and *The Patti Page Show.*

Shari started her show-business career at four, helping in her father's magic act. A child-guidance expert, he worked part-time as official magician of New York City's Recreation Department. Her mother, a music teacher, taught Shari piano and violin, and she also studied drama and dance.

Morning treat: Shari, Lamb Chop, Charley Horse.

But Shari's life took a double-talking turn when she broke her leg at 17. While she was confined to bed, her father, Dr. Abraham Hurwitz, brought Shari a puppet to amuse her. Within three months she had perfected voice-projection so well that she won a Godfrey *Talent Scouts* contest. Later, measles ("my illnesses are my most productive periods") gave her a chance to develop a show for children and mothers which won favor with WRCA-TV.

"I like to animate anything—old gloves, folded paper," Shari claims. "I generally make a puppet a day." Her collection numbers over 200.

Hi, Mom, her morning program (Monday to Friday, New York NBC-TV), features Shari and four regular puppets: curious, affectionate Lamb Chop; brash, bullying Charley Horse; anxious-to-please Hush Puppy and world-apart Wing Ding. "Each one represents a different facet of me," she confesses. Animal-loving Shari uses an unusual species daily on the show "because I want children to see that there's nothing to fear about animals."

Married to TV producer Jeremy Tarcher, Shari claims no superstitions, yet carries Lamb Chop everywhere, even on her honeymoon.

"I'm glad I wasn't born 20 years ago," Shari Lewis sighs happily; "a ventriloquist needs the intimacy of television." —MARK NICHOLS

HOW HIGH IS YOUR STANDARD OF LIVING?

Can you guess how many ways you put electricity to work?

One good measure of your standard of living is the number of ways electricity works for you. The more ways, the more likely you are to live well and comfortably.

Strange as it seems, most people *can't remember* all the jobs electricity does for them. Can you guess how many it does for you?

Just for fun, try making a list of all the ways *you* use electricity. Here are some tips to help you:

Start with the kitchen. Refrigerator, of course. Coffee-maker, toaster? And remember things like the exhaust fan, the knife sharpener.

There's entertainment — TV, radios, record player. And don't forget things like lamps, heating pad, hair dryer, electric clocks.

How many for comfort? Air conditioner? Fans, space heaters? Then there are the "service" jobs, like washer, iron, power tools. And how many more? Remember the oil burner — the furnace blower.

If your list adds up to *30 or more,* you're living very well. If it's *more than 45,* your standard of living is excellent! Are you surprised at the total for your home? It gives you an idea of the real value of your electric service, doesn't it?

AMERICA'S INDEPENDENT ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES*

**Company names on request through this magazine*

Lemmon gives Kim Novak a lesson in witchcraft.

TWO UNUSUALLY HILARIOUS comedies and a heroic drama stand out among this month's screen offerings.

The first comedy, **Bell, Book and Candle,** based on the Broadway hit by John Van Druten, is the more sophisticated. It revolves around a present-day colony of witches, cleverly spoofed by Kim Novak, Elsa Lanchester and Hermione Gingold, aided by Jack Lemmon. A conservative publisher (James Stewart) and a wild Bohemian writer (Ernie Kovacs) fall into this black-magic world. One ultimately loses his heart, the other his typewriter.

The acting is unusually brilliant and so, too, is the visual effect. James Wong Howe's color photography and the lighting of Eliot Elisofon heighten Kim Novak's good looks at every turn.

In the second farce, widower Cary Grant, anxious to become reacquainted with his three children, buys a **Houseboat** and hires peppery Sophia Loren as maid. Sophia, a runaway wealthy girl, isn't much of a cook or housekeeper, but she has a way with kids—and, as it turns out, with Daddy, too. Along with the laughs, the picture makes some warm and pungent comments about life, human insights and children.

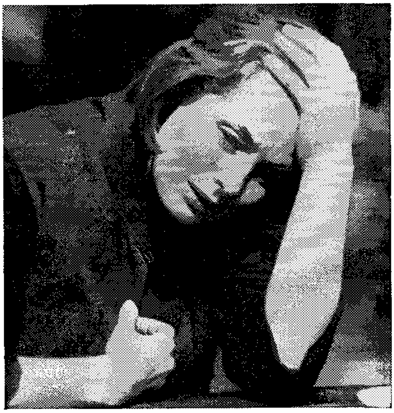
According to Chinese legend, the five happinesses are virtue, tranquility, wealth, position and a peaceful death in old age.

"Each person must decide in his own heart what the sixth happiness is," says a character in the new drama, **The Inn of the Sixth Happiness,** based on the true story of an Englishwoman's devotion to the Chinese.

Missionary Ingrid Bergman—arriving in China in the 1930s—works as an innkeeper and a health inspector before fate gives her the chance to save 100 children by leading them over battle-pocked mountainous terrain.

Bergman's persuasive acting lifts the story out of saccharine pitfalls. Robert Donat is excellent as a Mandarin and romantic interest is personified by Curt Jurgens as a Eurasian officer.—M.N.

Missionary Bergman learns a lesson in humility.



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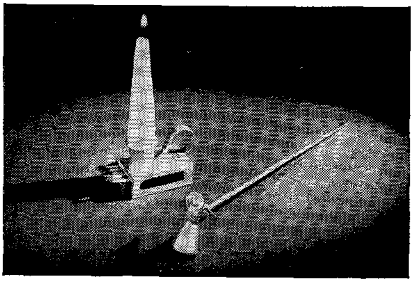
PRODUCTS ON PARADE edited by Florence Semon

For your Christmas shopping by mail—gift suggestions for everyone



Christmas glow candle caddy holds box of safety matches and comes with candle. Angel snuffer is 11″ long and has swivel head for putting out regular or hurricane-lamp candles. Both items gold-plated. $5.50 ea. pp. Plummer Ltd., COR, 734 5th Ave., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

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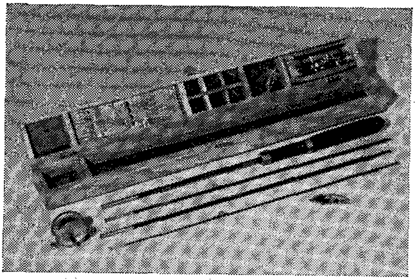

Youngster's fishing kit is small-size version of Dad's. 21 pcs. including rod with cork handle, automatic reel, float, 8 flies, 4 hooks on leaders, etc. In sturdy wooden carrying case. $6.95 pp. Panther International, Dept. COR, 108 E. 16th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

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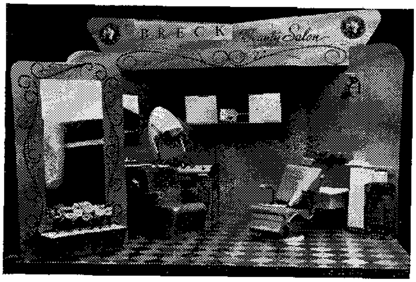

A moppet can glamorize her doll in this miniature beauty salon. 40 pieces include shampoo bowl with running water, hair dryer, bobby pins, furniture, etc. 24″ high, 18″ wide assembled. Will hold 12″ doll. $8.50 pp. Gifts by Gibbs, Box 345, Grand Central Sta., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

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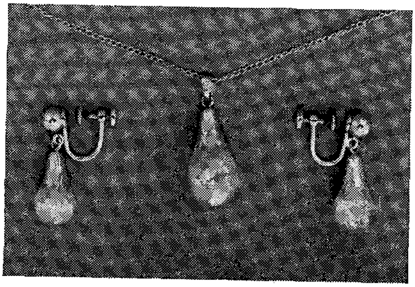

Give her this lovely pendant and earrings with genuine opals floating in the crystal drops. Sterling silver or 12 kt. gold-filled chain and settings. By Van Dell. Pendant $7.50; earrings $9.00 a pair. pp. Richter's Jewelers, Dept. COR, 589 5th Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

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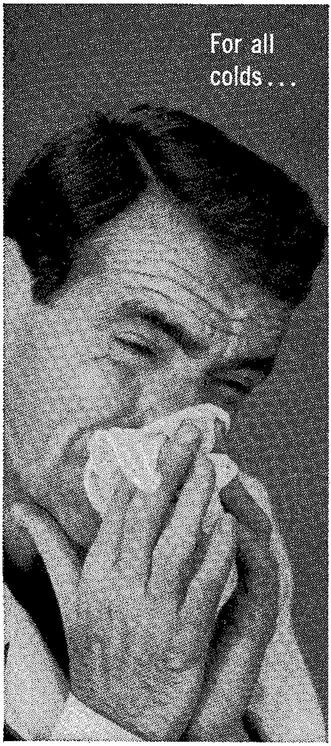
(Continued on page 20)



use VapoRub in steam . . .
VICKS

rub on chest and back
VICKS

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Atom tracer tests prove VapoRub acts in 7 seconds, works 10 hours

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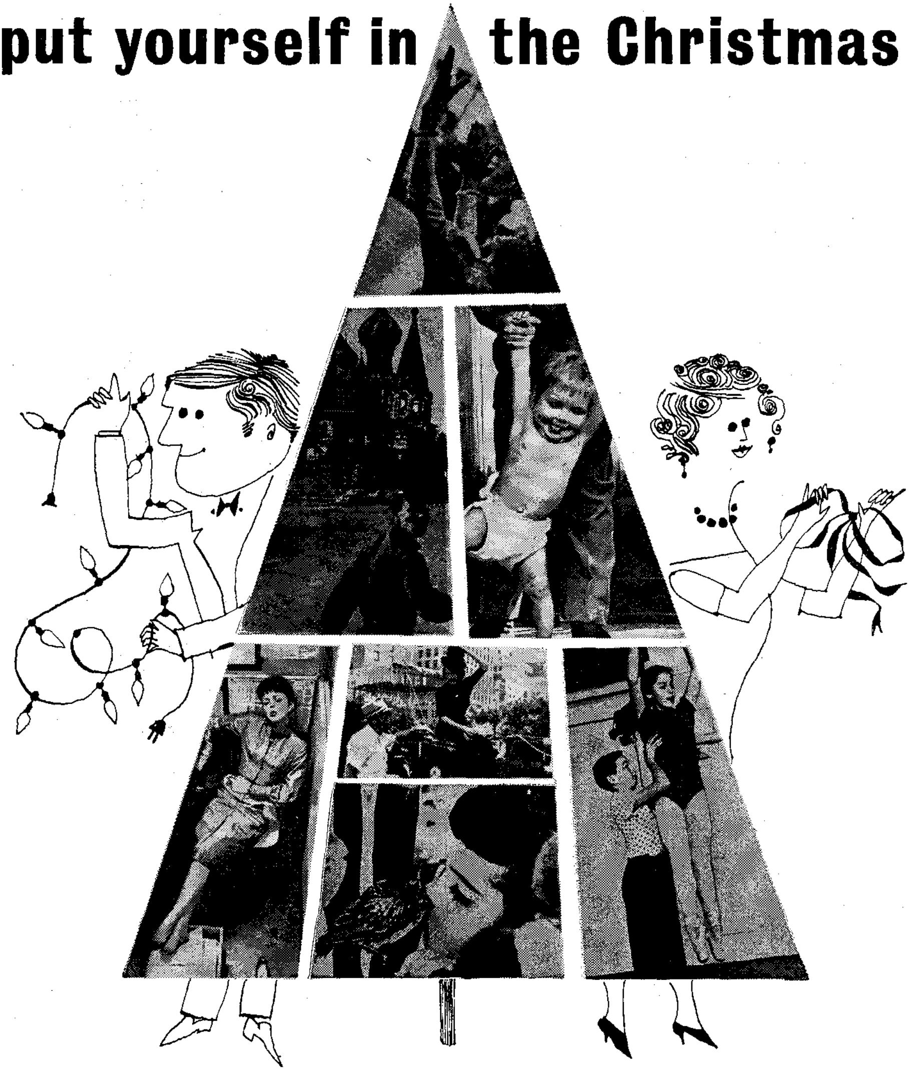
put yourself in the Christmas



And *stay* "in the picture"—all through the year—as each new gift issue brings your friends sweet thoughts of you. Your CORONET gifts say "Merry Christmas" *so* nicely. And they add up to a really "Happy New Year"—a year filled with 12 happy months of CORONET's reading pleasure.

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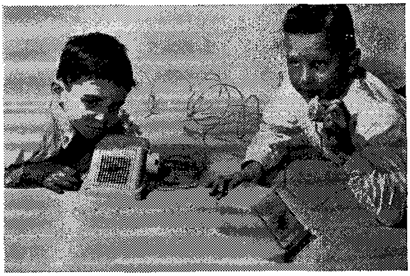

It's fun to keep in touch. 2-way intercom system operates on standard flashlight batteries. Complete with 2 microphones and 50 ft. of wire. Use room-to-room, etc. Sturdy styrene plastic in blue or gray. $9.95 pp. Bell Products, CO, 4251 Forest Pk. Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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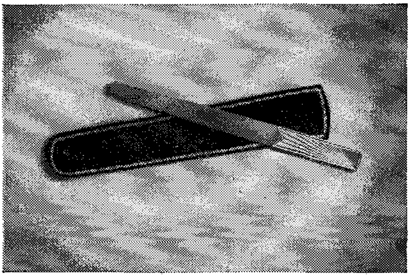

Lifetime nail file has 14-kt. gold top and emery surface made up of thousands of sapphire and diamond crystals. In 24-kt. gold-tooled leather case. In red for women or black for men. Truly elegant gift. $12.00 pp. Marchal, Inc., Dept. D-1, 745 5th Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

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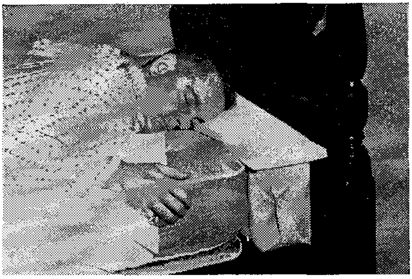

Gift fit for a king-size man. Mattress extender adds 6 inches to bed for more restful sleep. Fits at head or foot. Made with foam padding and innersprings. Height adjusts to any thickness. Twin size $8.55; double $10.50 pp. Better Sleep, Dept. CT, New Providence, N. J.

* * *

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

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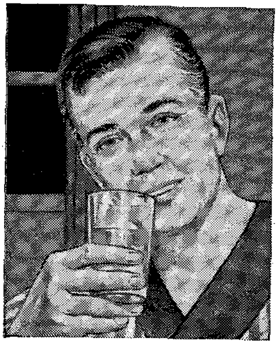

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NOW CONTAINS SP-8®

Get up fully rested, full of vim and vigor!

**CORONET MAGAZINE reports Sleep-Eze "well within the safe medication zone"—the only sleeping tablets so designated.*

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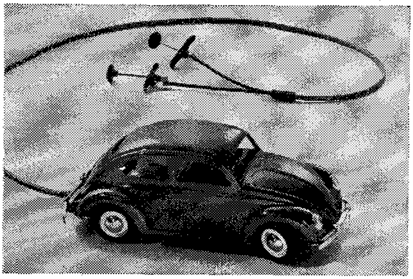

Miniature Volkswagen will run in the direction you want it to when you press the valves on the plastic tubing. No batteries. No springs. 9"x3"; precision-made in red, blue or green plastic. $4.98 pp. B. M. Lawrence & Co., C-158, 244 California St., San Francisco 11, Calif.

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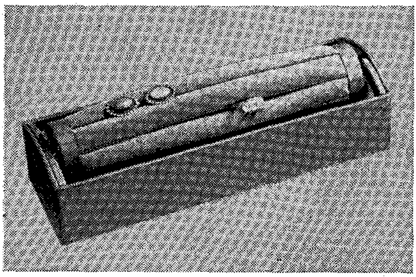

She'll think you're a gem if you give her this jewel selector. Beige suede cylinder in leather case rotates rings, earrings and cuff links for easy access and selection. Case in black, red, white or tan. $6.75 pp. Alfred Dunhill, Dept. C, 620 5th Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

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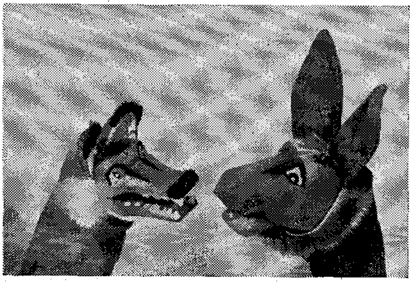

Lifelike puppets have hand-carved and painted wooden heads, movable jaws and felt bodies in color. Some are trimmed with fur. Available are fox, mule, owl, alligator and basset hound. $3.95 ea. pp. The Edwin House, Dept. COR, 145 W. 4th St., New York 12, N. Y.

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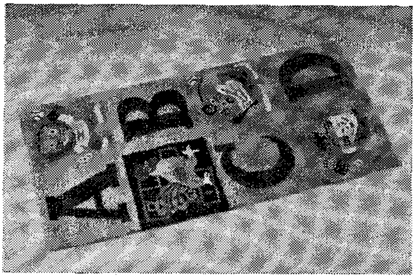

ABC rug is designed especially for the patter of tiny feet. Imported hand-hooked cotton. Gaily decorated with multicolored animal characters and block letters on a beige background. 2' x 4' $6.95 pp. Jay Norris Co., Dept. CN-1, 487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

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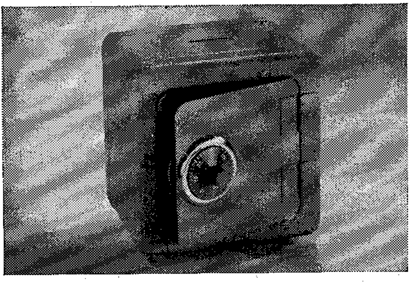

Safe bank has 2-number combination lock. All steel with gray, baked-enamel finish. Slot for coins from 1¢ to 50¢. Holds over $100 in coins. 5½" high, 5¼" wide. Every combination different. $3.50 pp. Industrial Business Equip. Co., C1, 343 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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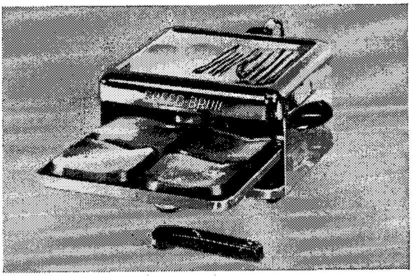

Broiler oven is a versatile home appliance. Toasts, grills, broils and has warmer top. Removable tray, wire rack and handle. Heavy gauge steel with chrome top; 12½" wide, 9" deep, 6" high. AC or DC. $9.98 pp. Best Values, Dept. C1, 401 Market St., Newark, N. J.

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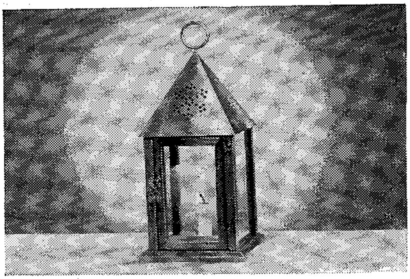

Grandma's lantern can be used indoors or out. Can be hung by loop handle or set on a table. Walnut or maple finish with copper hood. Has hinged door with latch and candle base. Measures 12½" high. $6.95 or 2 for $12.95 pp. Ray Products, CR-D, 259 Strader Ave., Cincinnati 26, O.

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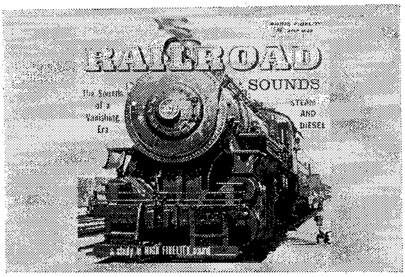

Nostalgic sounds of the railroad recorded in hi-fidelity. Included are steam, Diesel, AFLP 1843. Wonderful gift for hi-fi enthusiast or perfect sound-effect record for boy with electric-train set. $5.95 pp. Sabra Records, Inc., Dept. FSC, 766 11th Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

* * *

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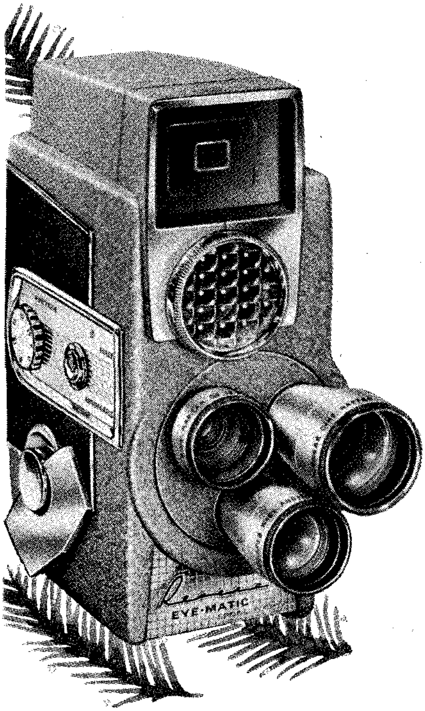

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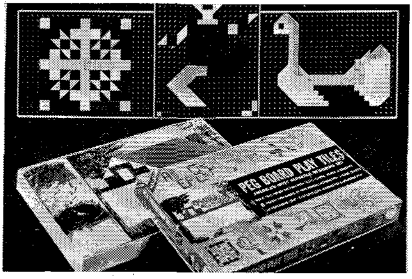

Children can express their creative urge with this Peg Board Play-Tile set. Colored tiles of 3 different shapes fit into a masonite pegboard and make letters, pictures, numbers, etc. $4.00 pp. Childcraft Equipment Co., CO, 155 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

* * *

Little fixers will enjoy this mechanic's apron with tools in the pockets. Of blue denim bound in red. Includes small saw, wrench, square, hammer, pliers and screwdriver. For 3-5-year-olds. $1.95 pp. Elder Craftsmen Shop, COR, 850 Lexington Ave., New York 21, N.Y.

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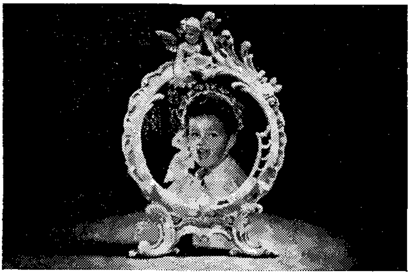

Handsome white frame flecked with touches of gold is a perfect setting for a loved one's picture. Made of wrought iron in circular shape; top is adorned by cherub. Stands 6″ x 4½″. A lasting gift. $2.50 pp. Armstrong, Dept. COR, P.O. Box 174, Philadelphia, Pa.

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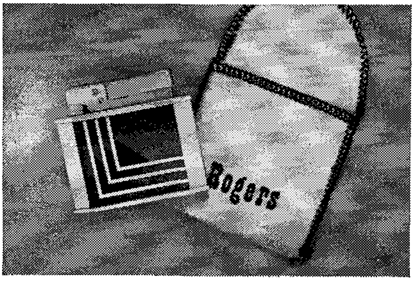

A gift that will make him light up. Automatic lighter is guaranteed for a full 10 years. Has new thumb slide that produces one-try light-ups. Stainless-steel case with black and red baked enamel trim. $2.23 pp. Rogers Lighters, CO, 419 4th Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

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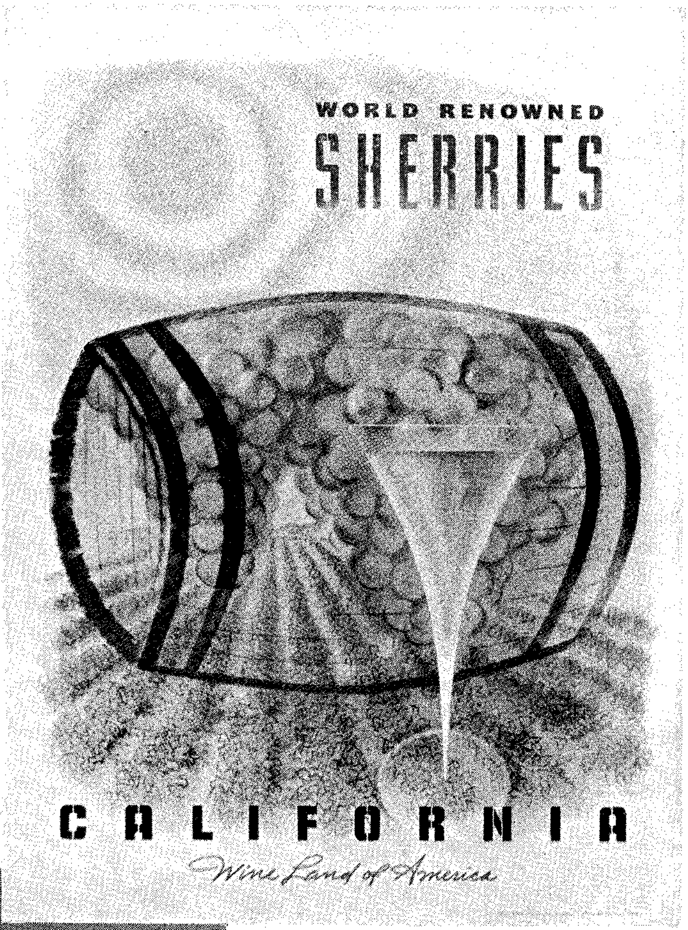
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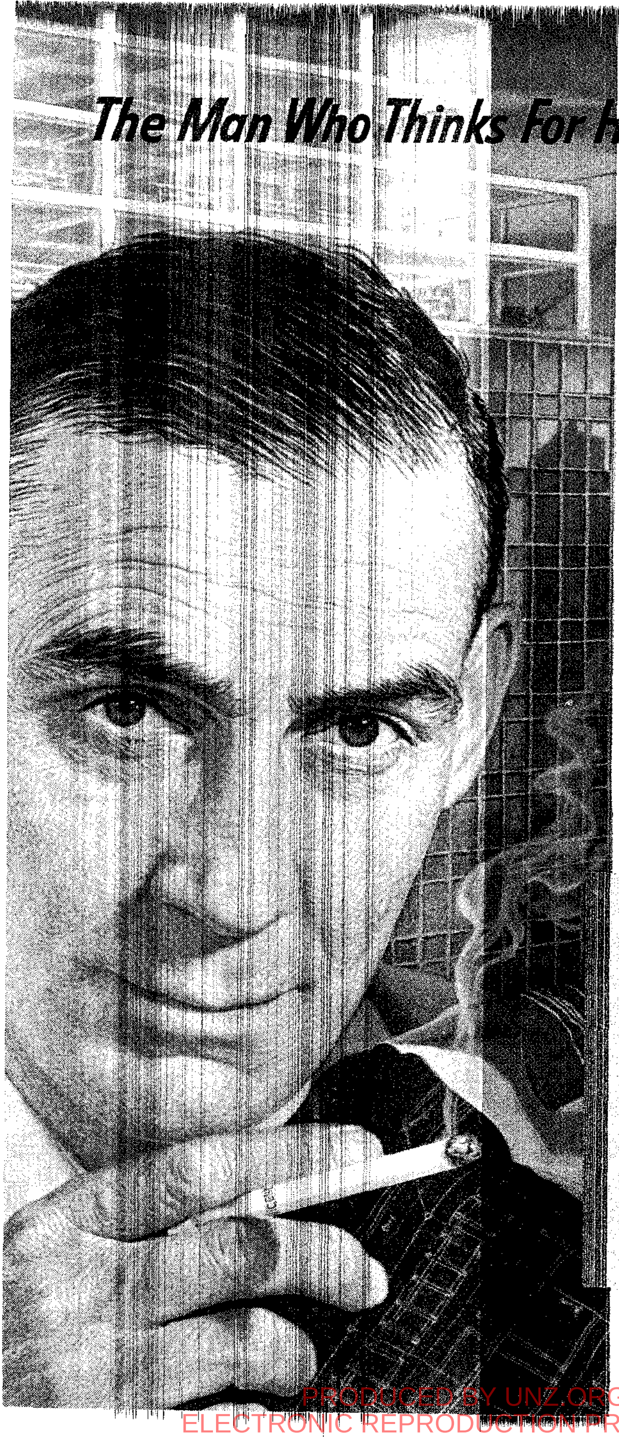

This man thinks for himself. Knows the difference between fact and fancy. Trusts judgment, not opinion.

Such a man usually smokes VICEROY. His reason? Best in the world. He knows for a fact that only VICEROY has *a thinking man's filter and a smoking man's taste.*

VICEROY
VICEROY
Filter Tip
CIGARETTES
KING-SIZE

Familiar pack or crush-proof box.

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CORONET ♛
DECEMBER 1958

NIGHTMARE
in the stratosphere

Ten miles up, the
jet bomber exploded, hurling
them into an icy void
where no man
had ever survived

by Flight Lieutenant Peter De Salis as told to Graham Fisher

THE ALTIMETER ON the instrument panel before me showed that we had taken our Canberra light bomber up to planned height, with everything behaving beautifully. Over the intercom I gave Pat Lowe, my navigator, the order to shut off the rocket motor. Without its aid, the two jets failed to deliver sufficient thrust at that rarefied altitude and we began to descend.

We had taken off from the Royal Air Force Bomber Command airfield at Hemswell in eastern England at three o'clock that afternoon in April, 1958. And now at 3:40 we were down to 56,000 feet. I told Pat to start the rocket motor again to burn up our unused fuel before we landed.

Back came his count-down: "Five, four, three, two, one. . . ."

At that moment, it happened. With a roar that people on the earth more than ten miles below said sounded like "a great clap of thunder," the Canberra blew up.

As the bomber pitched and rolled, hopelessly out of control, I knew I was lucky to be alive. The wonder was that I was still conscious. So, fantastically, was Pat. Though I do not remember it, he says I yelled "Get out!" over the intercom.

There was no time even to think about sending any sort of distress message. If we were to survive we had to get out, and get out fast.

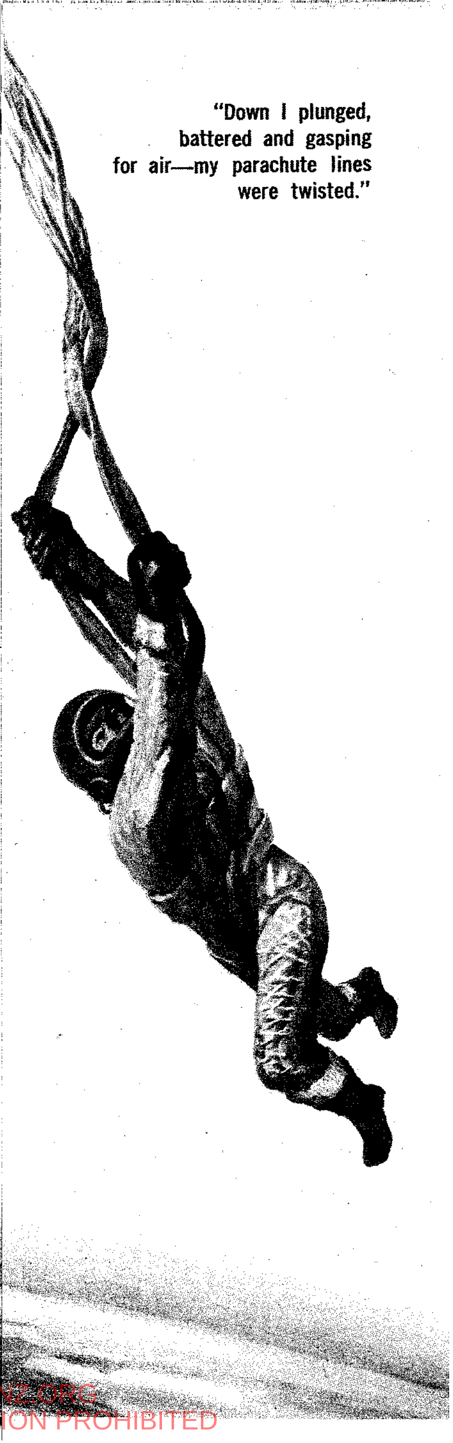
It was the most dramatic moment in all the 2,500 hours I have flown since joining the Royal Air Force in 1949. And since passing the Empire Test Pilot Course in 1956, that flying had been done as a test pilot with the Ministry of Supply.

For some time, Pat Lowe and I—Pat is a quick-witted, 23-year-old Londoner with the rank of flying officer—had been attached to the Napier aircraft company, which was preparing our Canberra for high-altitude flying. Together we had been to the Institute of Aviation Medicine at South Farnborough to learn how to use the new-type pressure clothing.

At the 56,000 feet we were flying when our Canberra blew up, atmospheric pressure was 1.2 or 1.3 pounds per square inch, compared with the 2.7 pounds experts say is the absolute minimum required if oxygen is to get through the lung walls into the blood stream.

Our pressure garments were devised to inflate automatically should the pressurization of the cockpit fall. Provided, of course, that we were still linked with the oxygen system of the airplane. But once we ejected, once we severed that vital link, it was no longer a pressure suit we were wearing but merely an oxygen mask. Furthermore, it was 97 degrees below zero out there in the stratosphere.

While at South Farnborough, I remember asking an expert on high-altitude equipment what he considered to be the life expectancy of a flyer ejected in the stratosphere.



"Down I plunged, battered and gasping for air—my parachute lines were twisted."

"He would be conscious for roughly 15 seconds, and dead within minutes," he said grimly.

That was the prospect facing me as I groped for the snatch unit—the lever which holds the control column forward so that it would not foul my knees as I ejected. Then I reached up with my hands to pull the ejection blind out of its housing and down over my face. When the blind reached below the chin, the ejection seat would fire automatically, I knew.

My feet floated up off the footrest and I remember telling myself that I must get them back into place. An ethereal white mist was creeping up on the right-hand side of the cockpit, the same sort of thing I had experienced in the decompression chamber at South Farnborough, and I knew that the pressure cabin had ruptured.

The next thing I remember was looking up at the transparent canopy of the cockpit and seeing the ejection blind half out of its housing. I must have been only semiconscious as I finally pulled it down below my chin. I have no recollection at all of being shot out of the cockpit ten and a half miles up . . . higher than anyone had ever made an emergency ejection before. The previous record was 45,200 feet, a full two miles farther down toward where the atmospheric pressure is sufficient to sustain life. But it would take me at least 45 or 50 seconds to fall to that level.

The next thing I remember, vaguely, was being clear of the cockpit and falling through space with my arms extended above my head. But there was no proper sensation of falling.

I tried to get my arms down to my sides, without success. Try as I would, the most I could achieve was to bend the left elbow slightly. I must have been spinning terrifically fast for centrifugal force to pin my arms like that. My head was forced violently backwards and every joint of my body—backbone, hips, shoulders—was being stretched almost unbearably.

What happened (as I found out later) was that the small stabilizing parachute attached to the ejection seat had failed to operate. Ordinarily, it would have opened a few seconds after ejection and kept the seat from spinning. Three seconds later a clockwork mechanism releases the seat harness, tipping the flyer into a free fall which continues to around 14,000 feet when a barometric release operates the main parachute.

The white haze was in front of my eyes now. Tiny red globules danced in the whiteness. Of sky and clouds I could see nothing at all, and there was one horrifying moment when I thought I'd lost my sight.

My rate of spin must have lessened, for a great straining heave enabled me to bring my left arm down to my side. It was only then that I found out that my ejection seat had already gone. I felt for my parachute pack and found it still on my back.

I had no idea what height I was at. My head felt bruised and battered and, mentally, I was completely numb when my main parachute finally opened, though without the characteristic jerk I had been expecting. There was just a mild pull; nothing more.

Looking up, I realized—with a great sense of relief—that at least I was not blind. But what I could see was hardly reassuring.

No nylon canopy billowed gently above me. Instead, the shroud lines of the parachute were twisted into a tightly wound spiral which prevented the mouth of the parachute from filling. It looked very much as though I had "bought a Roman candle," which is the Air Force expression for a parachute which fails to open.

I remember thinking: "This is stupid. I've gotten this far and now the bloody thing isn't going to work."

I MUST HAVE FALLEN another three or four thousand feet when I felt a violent jerk. The parachute was filling at last. It billowed out, pulling the twisted shroud lines apart at the top, and winding them even more tightly at the bottom.

Dizzily, crazily, I began to spin again as the shroud lines unwound. A moment's respite . . . and then I was twisting the other way as they wound up again.

Nauseated by this incessant rotation, with great difficulty I reached up to the webbing straps and forced them apart. Soon I was oscillating gently and normally beneath the nylon canopy.

Sick and disorientated, mentally quite detached from what I was doing, I employed the regulation drill to check the backward and forward swing of my body. I unzipped my helmet and let it dangle at the end of its oxygen pipe. The sudden rush of fresh air made me feel a lot better.

Looking down I could see wisps of cloud below me. Then ground appeared . . . green fields, deep gulleys and wild moorland. I was drifting toward a small field. Remembering my parachute drill, I brought my feet together and bent my knees. There was no need to remind myself to relax. I was completely numb and muzzy.

I got hold of the straps above my head and gave them a quick twist so as not to land drifting forwards. As a result, I hit in a backward somersault, ending up on my side in the middle of a grass field hemmed in by stone walls.

Never has hard earth felt so soft and comfortable. I undid my parachute harness, got rid of the dinghy attached beneath my knees, checked that my limbs all seemed to be functioning properly, and staggered to my feet.

I must have presented an incredible sight to Colin Slater, the farmer who came running across the field toward me. He gazed at me dumfounded, and no wonder. Blood was coming from my eyes, nose and left ear. My face had become completely distorted by that fantastic fall. Normally it is a long face. When Colin Slater saw me it was quite round, like a bladder of lard, and blue from internal bruising. It had swollen so much that my eyes were mere slits only a fraction of an inch wide. Both arms were blown up from elbow to knuckles.

I was never more surprised in my life to learn that Pat had landed in another field about half-a-mile away. It seemed quite impossible that two of us should have come through it alive.

At the hospital where I was taken, they X-rayed my head and arms. There were no fractures.

Pat was brought in soon after. For a man who had fallen ten miles, he sounded surprisingly full of beans, laughing and wisecracking with everyone around.

He said that he had no recollection at all of getting hold of the ejection blind. The first thing he remembered was spiraling gently earthwards, face down. He was not wearing gloves and, falling, he watched his hands turn white and then saw a layer of frost form on them. His visor misted over and was soon completely covered with ice.

He had a very bad moment when he realized that his frostbitten hands were quite useless . . . incapable of operating the parachute manually if the barometric release should fail to function. Fortunately, it operated correctly. Unable to control the parachute straps with his frozen hands, Pat landed flat on his back, knocking the breath from his body.

A man working nearby rushed over to help him. Pat managed to gasp out sufficient instructions to remove his helmet and parachute gear.

The following day, experts from the Institute of Aviation Medicine arrived to study the two unique specimens who had escaped in the stratosphere. For me, rest and quiet was the main treatment; for Pat, oxygen breathing and finger exercises to stimulate the circulation in his frostbitten hands.

The speed with which my body recovered from its terrific pounding was surprising. My eyes stopped bleeding after the first two days. Gradually I found I could open them more and more as the swelling of my head and throat subsided.

By the time we left the hospital, the blisters of frostbite had gone from Pat's hands and only patches of pink remained. My sinuses were still full of blood, but I was told this condition would gradually disperse. Happily, eye specialists assured me that my vision was unaffected.

On May 13, five weeks after our fantastic experience over ten miles above the surface of the earth, we appeared before a Royal Air Force medical board in London. The board passed us as fit to resume flying, though Pat, because of his hands, was restricted to temperate climatic conditions for a further three months. ♛

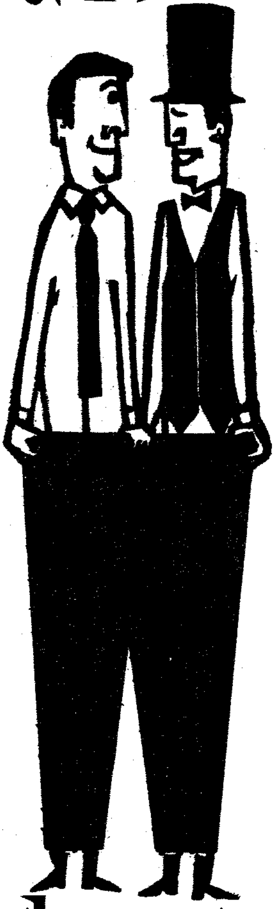
For The Birds

THE RANGER STATION in Everglades National Park near Homestead, Florida, displays this sign: "Fishing within one mile of this Ranger Station is restricted to the birds."

—JAMES P. WHITLOCK

AS A UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS professor spoke in Dallas on "The Water Problem of the Southwest," a water pipe broke and flooded his home. —H. W. GOODWIN

Grin and Share it



A DESTITUTE OLD FELLOW—the town character—had passed away of malnutrition.

Among those few who attended the last rites was the proprietor of the general store. He wept copiously until finally someone asked, "Were you and the old gentleman friends?"

"Very close," was the choked reply. "He never asked me for a nickel's worth of credit, though he knew that I knew he was slowly starving."

—A. E. DOWNEY

THE WIFE OF A FARMER given to profane language invited the pastor for dinner, hoping he would take the opportunity to point out the error of her husband's ways. Accordingly, the farmer drove his mule team to town to fetch the pastor.

The pastor got into the cart, but the mules refused to budge. Angrily, the farmer reached for the whip. "You blankety blank-blanks, get on there!" he shouted. Suddenly remembering his guest, he added lamely, "As I used to say."

—IDA DECKER

SLIGHTLY INEBRIATED, a man was homeward bound from a festive office Christmas party. He consulted his watch. It was 7 P.M. From the taxi window, he spotted a clock outside a jewelry store. It registered 6:55. Then he asked the driver for the time. "The time," was the answer, "is exactly 6:50."

"Turn around fast," implored the celebrant. "I'm going in the wrong direction!" —L. HOLMES

THE OFFICE SECRETARY presented the salesman's card to her boss, who promptly tore it in two and tossed it in the trash basket. "Tell him I can't see him," the boss snorted.

But when the secretary delivered the message, the salesman smiled, "Then ask him if I may have my card back; they're expensive." Sputtering, the boss gave his secretary a quarter for the salesman.

When the girl delivered the coin, the salesman gave her another card. "Tell him they're two for a quarter," he said.

The salesman got to see his client. —A. E. DOWNEY

WHILE FILLING out a job application, a woman answered "No" when asked if she had any dependents.

"You're married, aren't you?" I inquired.

"Yes," she said, "but he ain't dependable."

—ROBERT BECK

A MAN WHO RECENTLY taught his wife to drive is extremely proud of his pupil. He says she has developed a new driving maneuver—the O-turn. It's for the kind of women who start a U-turn but change their minds.

—MRS. S. LEE

IN HOLLYWOOD, when a movie star tells a child a bedtime story, it usually goes like this: "Once upon a time, there was a Mama Bear, a Papa Bear and a Baby Bear by a previous marriage. . . ."

—AREJAS VITKAUSKAS

FIVE-YEAR-OLD PATTY interrupted her parents' conversation by calling to them from her bedroom in a loud, clear voice, "Mommy, do flies have ears?" After a moment's hesitation, her mother answered, "Yes, I suppose so."

A heavy silence followed. It was broken only when Pat opened the bedroom door a tiny crack and asked in a barely audible whisper, "Then will you please hand me a fly swatter?"

—ELSIE BELOW

ASKED IF HE PLANNED to run again for President, Adlai E. Stevenson replied with this story: After an atomic blast had destroyed the world, one male gorilla emerged from a cave in Africa. Then a female gorilla emerged from another cave, and he said to her, "Do you have anything to eat?" She rushed back to her cave and brought out an apple. "And," said Stevenson, "the male gorilla, staring at the apple, said to her what I now say to you, 'Now don't start *that* all over again.' "

—LEONARD LYONS

I WAS WORKING at a Kansas drive-in ice-cream parlor when a car with a Texas license plate pulled up. Out popped an eight-year-old girl who eagerly ordered a malted milk. After serving her, I said, "That'll be 25 cents and a penny tax. I guess you don't have a sales tax in Texas," I added, with a smile.

"Oh, yes we do," retorted the young Texan, indignantly, "and it's bigger than any you have around here!"

—BILL HUNTER

A MAN WHO HAD JUST bought a plane was giving his wife her first ride. "What I like about traveling this way," he said, "is that all the strain is gone. There's lots of room once you get away from the airport, you don't have to worry about pedestrians, and there's no such thing as a traffic jam. Also," he continued with a smile, "I don't think I'll be troubled with back-seat driving up here."

Peering through the windshield, his wife snapped, "Watch out for those birds!"

—FRANCES BENSON

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

Photographs by Cornell Capa
Text by James A. Skardon

Peruvian boy in Wonderland

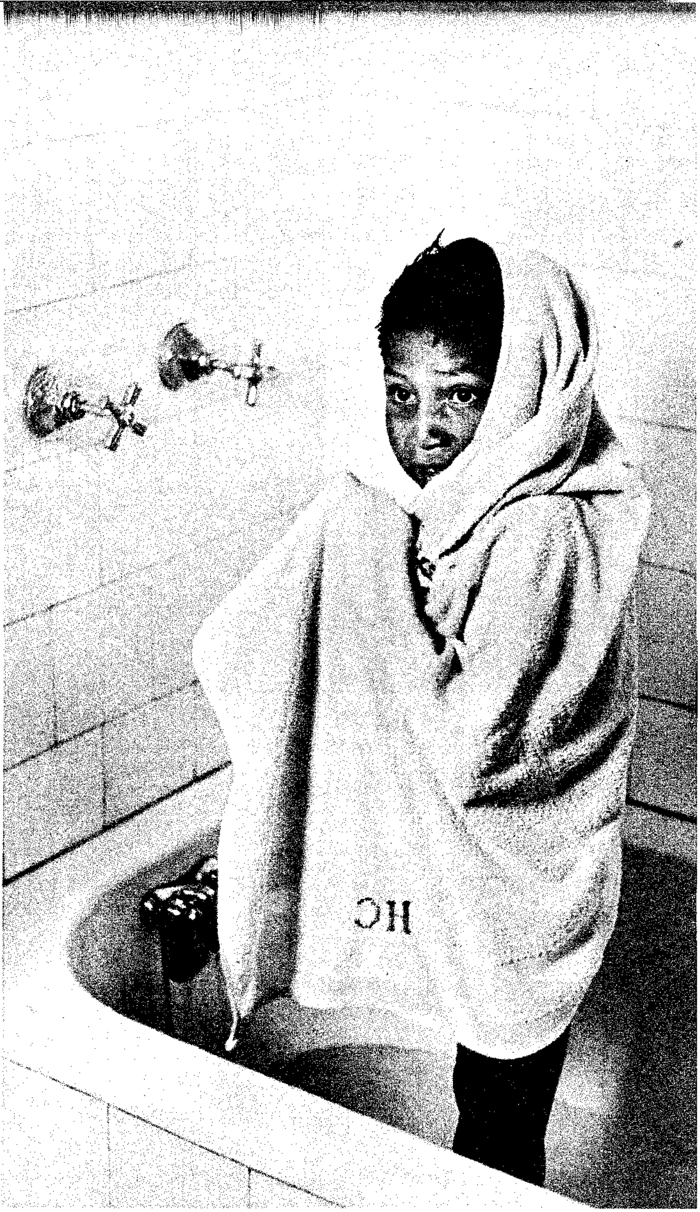
MARIO TTITO MESCCO (left) had never before seen a knife or fork. So he sits in bewilderment, unable to eat, during his first visit to a restaurant. For the world of this Peruvian Quechua Indian boy is a world almost entirely bypassed by progress. Forbiddingly inaccessible, it consists of the tiny village of Huila-Huila, atop the great sierra of the Andes, which hulk over Peru. Here, ten-year-old Mario's contact with life never reaches farther than his family, their adobe hut, animals, church and the school he attends. He had never heard of Mickey Mouse, electric trains—or even a tin whistle. Thus when photographer Cornell Capa took Mario to visit the city of Cuzco, ten miles from his home, it was as if Mario had been placed in a magic time machine. On the following pages is the story of his two days in wonderland.

Mario and sister, Eulogia, 9, with Capa. His car was first they ever rode in.

Mario tends sheep that furnish his family with meat, and wool for clothing.

For Mario, the city is a whole new world

Primitive home, made of mud, has no heat, electricity or windowpanes. On cold evenings family goes to bed early to keep warm. Mario sleeps with sister.



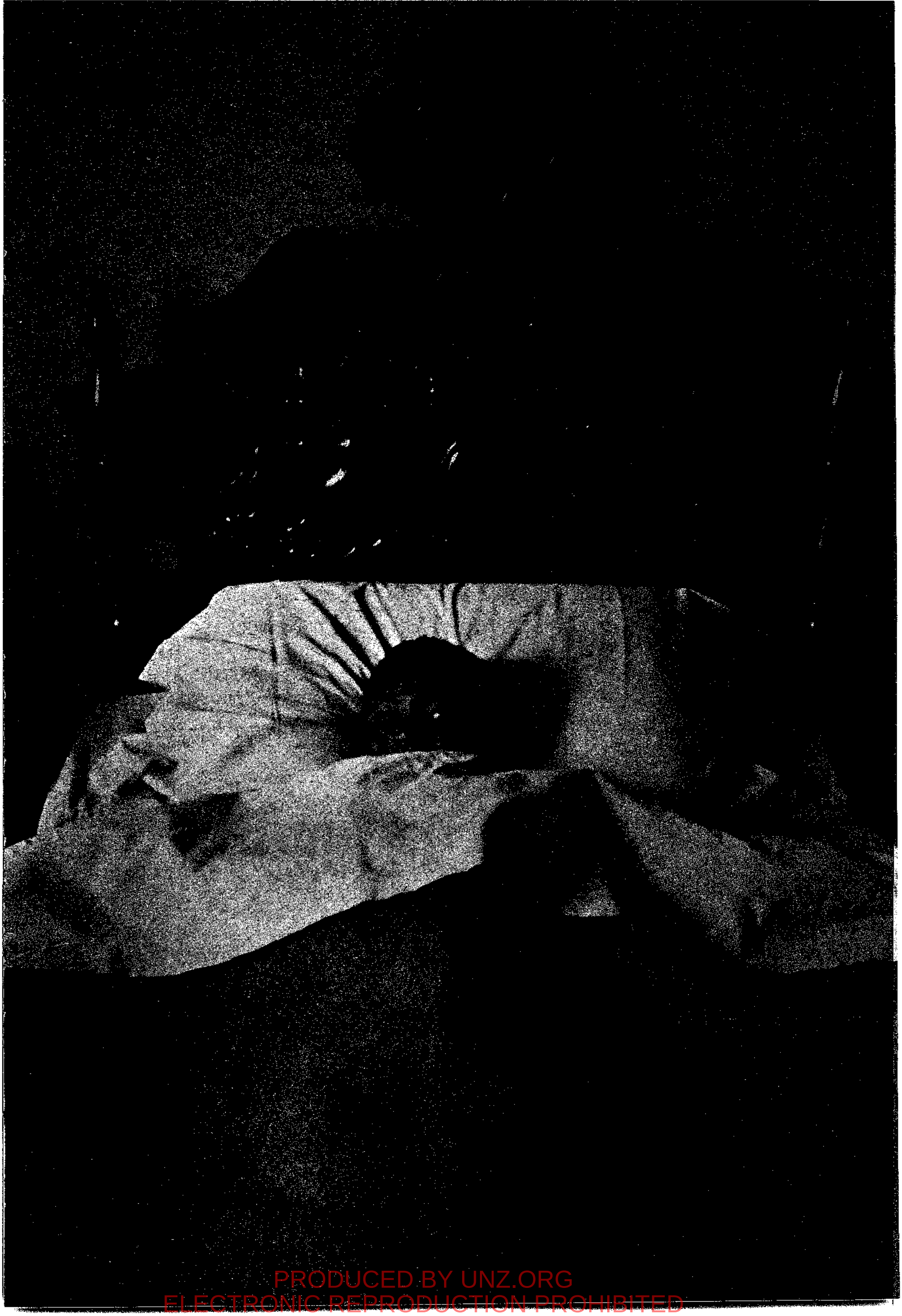
Accustomed to bathing in a lake, Mario was puzzled by hotel bath and shied at using towel because it was so clean.

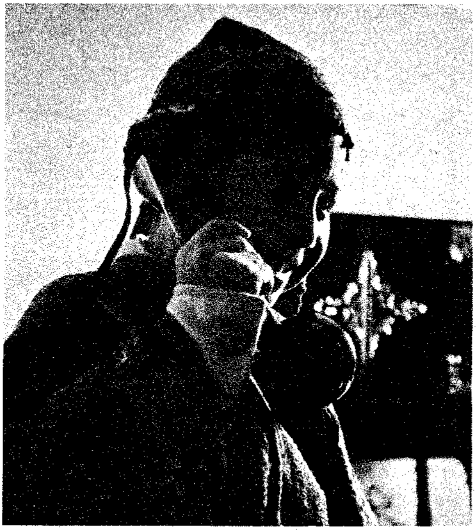
Amazed Mario hears brass horns played for the first time.

Each moment is filled with discovery

THE COMPLEX LIFE OF THE CITY contrasts sharply with the simplicity of Mario's existence. At home, for entertainment, he dances and sings to the accompaniment of castanet-like instruments, plays soccer or fishes for trout. He drinks milk and eats parched corn, potatoes, meat, beans and ground wheat and barley. Some meals are cooked in an outdoor oven Mario built of clods. On the rare occasions he goes anywhere — to the Catholic church in the neighboring village of Chincero, for example — he walks. He has never been on a train, has seen only one movie in his life — an educational film. Until he went to Cuzco, he knew nothing about radio, television or even newspapers.

A bed of his own with sheets is pure bliss for Mario.

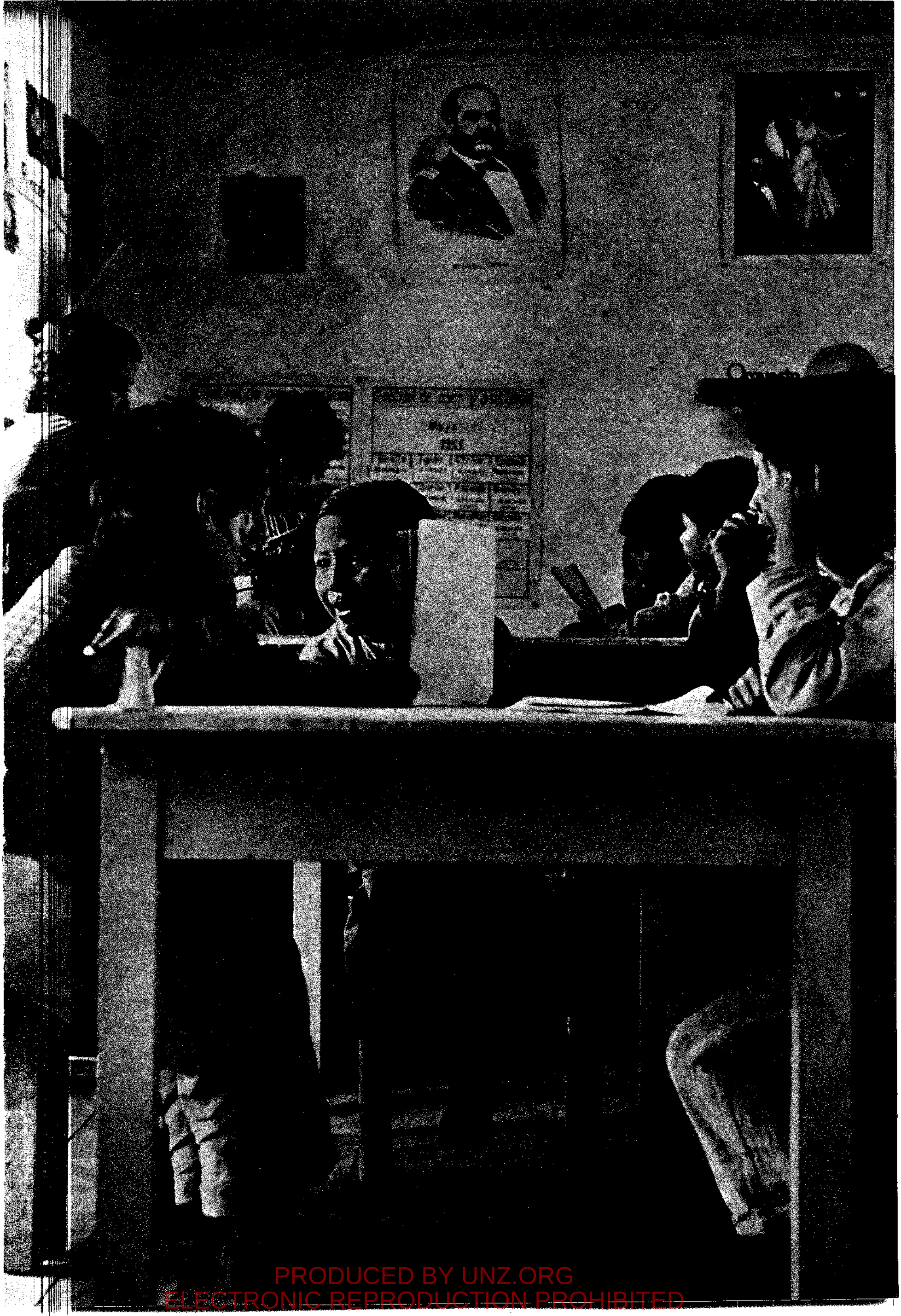




Afraid of the telephone at first, he smiled when he heard it speak his native language, Quechua. Below, he strolls in poncho his mother made.

MARIO AND HIS FAMILY continue a life-cycle formed by his people over the centuries. It revolves around family, home, land and the church. Yet, because of a new factor—the school—Mario has a chance for a better future than his father or forefathers. In school, where he is in the first grade, he learns about personal hygiene, farming techniques and arithmetic, and hopes soon to be able to read and write. Though his father is more prosperous than most of his neighbors—he has nine cows, nine pigs, 70 sheep, seven burros, three dogs, six hens and a rooster—he thinks farming is too hard a life for his son. He hopes Mario will go on to high school and perhaps become governor of their district. His mother would like him to be a doctor or a lawyer. As for Mario, he wants to be a policeman. For him, nothing is more glamorous—except another trip to the realm of strange and wondrous things—the big city. ♛

Back in school, Mario excitedly tells of his experiences.



NOEL NOEL

THE SMALL GIRL had spent the morning watching her mother do her Christmas shopping. Finally, she found herself in a big chair beside the department-store Santa Claus, telling him her wishes. "—and a big doll and a doll buggy and a doll house—" she finished the long list. Then, sliding from the chair and walking away, she suddenly turned back a pace, and called, "And charge it, Santa Claus!"

—E. ENEBORG

MY SIX-YEAR-OLD NIECE, Cindy, was deeply absorbed in helping her mother assemble the Christmas manger scene. With pride in her accomplishment, she placed Mary, Joseph and the Baby Jesus in their proper places. Then she paused a moment, looked faintly puzzled, turned to my sister-in-law and said, "Mommy, where do the three wise guys go?"

—MILDRED SCHELL

A LITTLE BLONDE-HAIRED, blue-eyed girl, about four years old, wandered away from her mother and over to the doll counter where I was working during the Christmas rush. After going through our stock with deep concentration, she chose a pair of dainty pink pajamas for the somewhat bedraggled and much-loved doll she carried with her. She looked about uncertainly for a moment, and then asked in a very serious, grown-up tone, "Where is the dressing room please? I'd like to try them on her."

—JEANNE SMITH

CHUCK, MY TEN-YEAR-OLD nephew, was thrilled when he was cast for the role of Melchior, one of the Magi, in the Christmas play his class put on last year. He had wanted to perform in a "real play" for a long time, his flair for the theatrical having been steadily nourished by television melodramas for several years.

His moment in the play was to come right at the beginning, when he would come out of a tent, accompanied by the other two Kings, point dramatically toward the West, and deliver a stirring speech, ending:

In the wide window of the night
shine forth the star
Forward, my fellows, and seek
the flame afar!

All went well in rehearsals, but when Chuck came out of the tent before his first audience, it was a different story. His memory was shattered by stage fright.

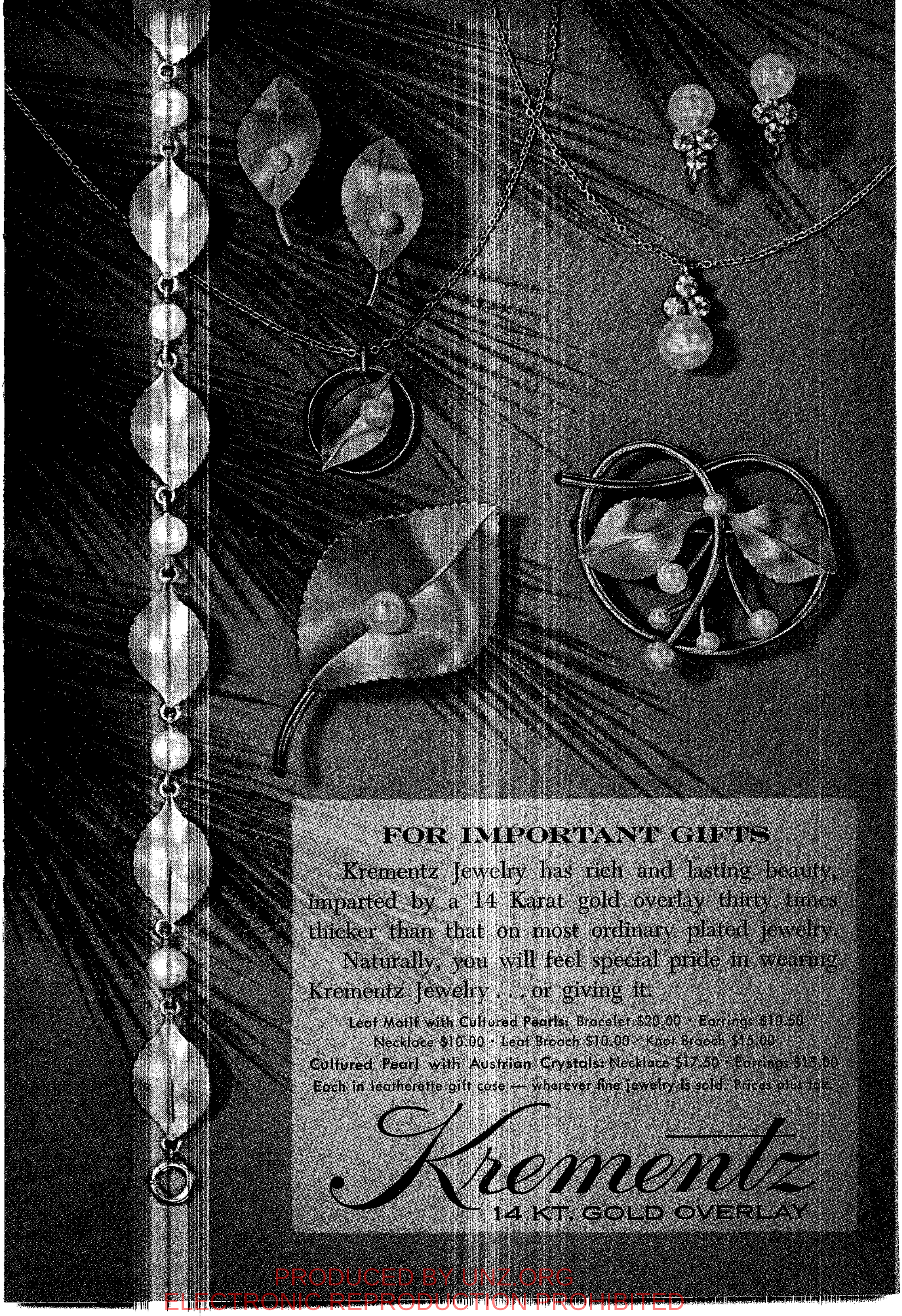
He extended a shaking arm toward the wings and swallowed painfully several times.

Then, convulsively seizing Caspar and Balthasar by the elbows, he cried, "Quick, fellows, follow that star!" and hustled the other Kings off-stage.

—J. K. MUELLER *(Catholic Digest)*

THE REVEREND Kenneth Snow, pastor of the Methodist Church in Scottville, Michigan, officiated at the marriage of Pearl Christmas to Leonard Noel.

—BETTY STEVENS



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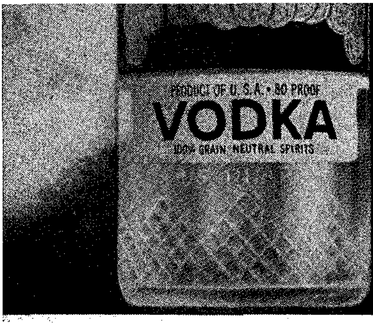

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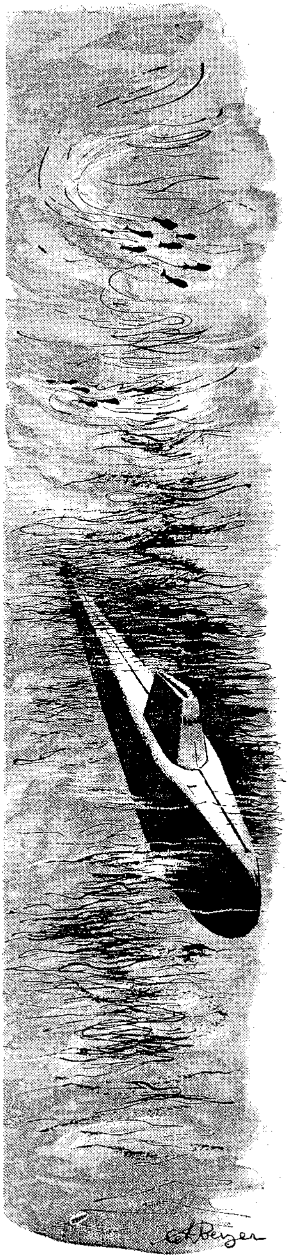


No sky, no sun, no moon

by Evan M. Wylie

Submerged for months, atomic sub crews will face awesome challenges in coping with their science-fictionlike existence

As vacationing Americans basked lazily on a Cape Cod beach one afternoon last summer, there passed by beneath the waves a few miles offshore a pair of the earth's first underwater satellites.

Within each was quartered a tiny community of Americans—sailors, electronic technicians and scientists. Nuclear fission was supplying them with power, lights, warmth, and all the modern comforts from air conditioning to juke-box music. But otherwise their existence bore no relation to any pattern of life ever before attempted by human beings.

The satellites were two of the newest American nuclear submarines, which are capable of circling the globe several times without once rising to the surface. Their destination was the frigid darkness of the ocean depths beneath the North Pole. Their objective was to learn how men may survive for months at a time in an environment where there is no sky, no sun, no moon, no vegetation, no woman, no child; in fact, no contact with any other form of earth life save the "beep" of code-radio messages, the rippling "ping" of underwater electronic instruments and the eerie noises made by invisible fish.

The subs' mission was urgent because many military experts now feel that, within a decade, armadas of such missile-launching underwater satellites will glide and hover about in the millions of square miles of ocean deeps which cover 7/10ths of the world. And that they will very likely replace jet bombers and giant surface aircraft carriers as the most deadly deterrent to Soviet ambitions to rule the world.

The key military frontier of the future, the experts predict, will be the Arctic Ocean, a vast body of water five times larger than the Mediterranean Sea, that sprawls across the North Pole from Greenland to Siberia. Always this frozen wilderness, swathed in darkness five months of the year, swept by gales and blizzards, has formed an impenetrable barrier to Russia's back door. But suddenly the development of the American nuclear submarine has transformed the depths beneath its shifting masses of pack ice into an attack route to the very heartland of the Soviets.

Running faster and deeper than was ever dreamed possible, the nuclear submarines will be able to maneuver in the icy blackness beneath the North Pole for months at a time. Concealed and protected by a radar-proof, weatherproof ceiling of snow and ice 12 to 85 feet thick, American undersea craft will be able to make high-speed runs to within five-minute missile range of Moscow and other key targets. If necessary, they can launch their deadly missiles while 100 feet below the surface.

The fantastic vessels in this new underwater navy actually will be space machines designed for traveling through water instead of air at speeds that may reach 60 miles an hour. Submerged, their movements will be directed by pilots and co-pilots strapped into bucket seats and manning airplane-type stick-and-wheel controls as the rest of the crew straphang from leather loops like those in subways, during these high-speed maneuvers.

They will probably be based in subterranean harbors blasted out of the sunken slopes of Alaskan mountains by nuclear explosions. They will lurk in the canyons of the ocean floor, dodge between the ragged peaks of submerged mountains in waters so deep no bottom has ever been found. Their sailors will see the surface for perhaps a few minutes out of months.

What manner of man is equipped to remain intellectually alert, emotionally stable and socially responsive in such an inhuman environment? With what strange new equipment, food, clothing, medical and mechanical aids may scientific ingenuity have to supply him to keep him at fighting pitch? The answers to these and many other vexing questions the Navy is pressing to find out. Much of this research effort is being carried out by the Submarine Medical Research laboratory at New London, Conn.

As pioneers on this new frontier, the favorite guinea pigs of this laboratory's scientists are the hand-picked crews of the *Sea Wolf, Nautilus, Skate* and other nuclear ships which in less than five years have blazed the trail to a startling new epoch in sea power. With varying degrees of enthusiasm, stoicism and humor they have submitted to scientific eavesdropping in prolonged submersion tests. They have stuck to their battle stations while the air they breathed was thinned down to the point where pipes and cigarettes would not burn. "If this keeps up," observed a torpedoman, "some wise guy is going to start peddling bootlegged oxygen."

ALREADY it has become obvious to the researchers that accepted concepts of combat, survival and even living patterns must be replaced by extraordinary gadgets and ways of life straight out of old science-fiction tales. The pre-nuclear-era submersible, for example, could operate submerged at very slow speeds for a very short time. After a few hours on the bottom during Pacific patrols in World War II, its atmosphere resembled a noxious steam bath. Until the submariner built up the anesthetized condition known as "dead nose," its stench was overpowering.

In nuclear subs of the future all hands may wear specially treated anti-putrefaction clothing which absorbs and neutralizes perspiration odors. Sealed away from the earth's surface for underwater voyages of several months' duration, they will manufacture their own atmosphere. The most complex air-conditioning equipment ever constructed continuously "burns" the carbon monoxide in the recycled air, frees it of carbon dioxide, "bleeds" in doses of fresh oxygen as necessary, and "rings out" mounting humidity.

The resulting crisp, dry air is exhilarating. But the ship's company is constantly menaced by the fact that every breath of exhaled air, every cubic centimeter of perspiration, every particle of sputtering galley stove grease, every puff of tobacco smoke, even the faint invisible decomposition of molecules of paint becomes a life-threatening gaseous contaminant. Medical corpsmen must run periodic checks on air samples.

"You might suppose," observes one researcher, "that the perfectly balanced atmosphere we'll be able to achieve on the new submarines would be ideal to live in—no pollen, dust, heat, cold or any other variables. We soon realized, however, that it could undermine alertness and efficiency. The normal terrestrial environment in which man's senses function at their best is subject to constant shifts in humidity, barometric pressure and temperature. To prevent the sailors' physiology from going haywire, it may be necessary to install equipment to simulate the morning, noon and midnight of the earth's surface.

"Moreover, all earth men save the Eskimos are conditioned to a 24-hour cycle of daylight and darkness. Our nuclear ships still "darken ship" at sundown even though deep under the sea. But what will be best for future voyages in which there really is no day or night, in which sun-time is only distinguishable on a clock dial? Will it still make sense to stick to sun-time sleeping and eating patterns or will we have to scrap breakfast, dinner and supper and come up with habits better suited for an ocean-bottom existence?"

If its future underwater battle

fleets are to operate efficiently, the Navy also realizes that entirely new means must be developed to preserve its sailors' physical and mental health when they are confined to quarters in which there is no sense of progressive movement, where for days only instrument gauges and notations in the ship's log indicate whether they are under polar ice or in the warmest waters of the South Pacific.

Already its prolonged submersion tests have revealed how the best adjusted, mature-minded submariner is capable of reacting to such stress with peculiar physiological and psychic symptoms. In the first days of an extended underwater voyage, for example, the crew usually is active, high-spirited, busily engaged in off-duty activities and conversation. As the confinement continues, behavior remains normal but mounting tension manifests itself in many of the ship's company in attacks of profuse perspiration, headaches and insomnia. Some men may experience marked difficulty in waking up and regaining full, alert consciousness.

In the latter stages of prolonged submersion, even the most conscientious, disciplined officer or enlisted man may find concentration increasingly difficult. Though he may have brought aboard a sea-bag bulging with books to read and study, he cannot force himself to focus on them. Instead, he may be beset by an insidious pattern of daydreaming and semi-cataleptic reverie.

While a man is in the grip of such a trance, there is always the danger that he may commit an absent-minded impulsive act. Thus one seaman was spotted just as he began dreamily to turn a valve whose opening could have endangered the entire crew. In other curious psychological shifts, good-natured, close friends develop feelings of intense hostility toward each other.

Future subs, the scientists theorize, will probably utilize *sound* for entertainment and education as it has never been employed before save in homes for the blind. Because books and magazines deteriorate quickly and take up valuable space, and because the human eye tires much more easily than the human ear, compact tape-recording equipment may be used to dispense mystery, dramatic and comedy shows, suspenseful serials and educational programs. With a flick of a switch, submerged sailors will tune in on tape-recorded sportscasts, novels, plays, math and language courses.

Popular games and exercises that might be adaptable to a submarine's tiny compartments so far have proven disappointing in solving obesity problems and providing tension outlets in the seldom-surfacing nuclear vessels. Gymnasts' weights and bar bells lose their appeal in a few days. Ping-pong aroused murderous rages in the nonplayers because of its nervous staccato rhythms.

The scientific planners believe they must come up with revolutionary game equipment which, while compact enough to be bolted into a cramped corner of a nuclear sub's hull, will supply exercise as strenuous, competitive and relaxing as bowling, golf or volleyball.

Electrical machines, known medically as neuro-muscular stimulators (similar to the one commercially called Relax-A-cizor), have proved helpful in sustaining muscle tone, a feeling of well-being, and even a slight reduction in girth, by supplying involuntary movement to various muscles without the need for extended exertion.

To keep in tiptop shape, scientists speculate, the submariner of the future may clamber into a weird-looking contraption, grasp hydraulically controlled levers with his hands and feet, clap earphones on his head and, with the proper sound effects roaring in his ears and synchronized action unfolding on a miniature movie screen in front of him, be off on a simulated road race or ski run.

Experiments have shown that to avoid monotony, nausea and depression, submarine interiors must be blended scientifically in delicate pastel shades which by ingenious designs make corridors seem wider, compartments more spacious and ceilings higher. In future subs, color will be supplied by vinyl plastics and tinted metals. Instead of being limited to "white" and "red" illumination, compartments may be fitted with light mixers that alter the color combinations from day to day or even from hour to hour.

Fathometers and automatic navigational computers will guide the nuclear submarine's course. But only the extraordinarily sensitive, highly trained ears and brains of its sonar men will be able to sort out and identify the cacophonies of underwater sounds picked up by its instruments as schools of squeaking, grunting fish, the thrashing rhythm of distant ships' propellers, the whine of an approaching torpedo or a carelessly dropped wrench in an enemy sub attempting a stealthy reconnaissance.

To select and train its future sonar men for such crucial work, the Navy is constructing unearthly sound chambers in which it will employ elaborate hi-fi equipment, tape-recorded libraries of the characteristic sounds of vessels of every description from fishing smacks to ocean liners, and underwater noises peculiar to each of the seven seas. With scientific detachment, its experts must consider whether human hearing might be sharpened by diet, drug compounds; if a man blind from birth might be ideally suited for missile sub duty; why female telephone operators have such an aptitude for patient sound monitoring.

Be he sonar man or missile specialist, it's a certainty that each member of the elite crews of the 1960s' nuclear boats will be subjected to the most intensive screening in naval history.

Today's volunteer for submarine service is sealed into air chambers where shrieking compressed air, lung-squeezing pressures, stupefying heat and the perils of bends, eardrum ruptures and attacks of claustrophobia push his emotional and physical resources to the breaking point. An endless succession of written, oral and visual cross-examinations analyze his motivations, personality quirks and weaknesses. Under direct or unseen scrutiny he is put through tedious tasks or purposely disturbing situations.

From these and other studies, the Navy has compiled a personality profile of the typical submariner which in many ways is as surprising as it is revealing. As might be expected, he is a man who loves a challenge. He has a strong taste for adventure and the kind of mind that enjoys the discipline, efficiency and teamwork of a smoothly functioning, compact military group.

"If you poke a submariner in the jaw," says one psychologist with a smile, "he may inquire politely, 'now why did you do that?' before he decides to clobber you.

"The marriage rate for submariners is almost 100 percent. There are few divorces, lots of children.

"Each crew is as cliquish and loyal as any family unit—fight one submariner and you've got to fight every one of his 'big brothers' in the boat. They like the 'family' comforts of home that go with sub duty—informality, fine food, camaraderie. They only act like heroes when they have to, but then their determination is a fearful thing."

Will the Navy be hard put to find more of this breed of men to man its missile subs? One scientist who has been concentrating on the problem predicts that, paradoxically, in the 1960s there will be more young Americans ready, willing and fit to serve on the strange undersea craft of the future than there are now. For all around us is evidence of how quickly man's primitive terror of the unknown can be dissipated through conditioning and familiarity.

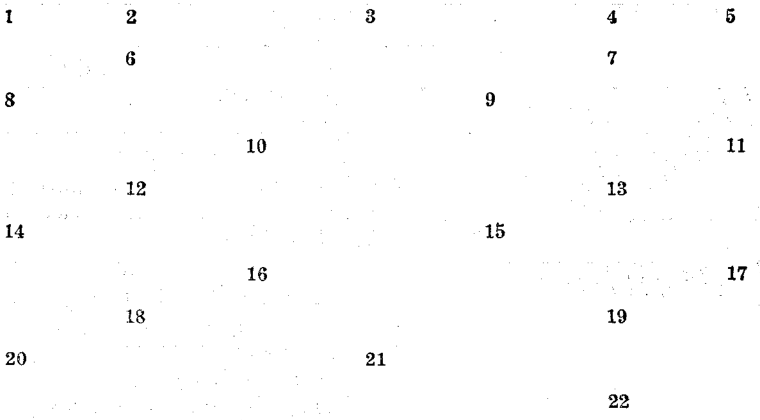
"We mustn't forget that this is an exciting new age of exploration—not only of outer space but of the depths of the seas that cover most of this planet," he says. "Skin diving is rapidly creating a generation of youngsters who are at home on the ocean bottom and much less fearful of the water. Soon man will be more at home in the undersea world than he has been since his ancestors crawled ashore several million years ago. And the decisive chapters of his struggle to maintain peace may take place under the sea, too."

Statement required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233), showing the ownership, management, and circulation of CORONET, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1958. 1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher: Arthur Stein; Editor, Lewis W. Gillenson; Managing Editor: Bernard Glaser; Business Manager: A. L. Blinder, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois. 2. The owner is: ESQUIRE, INC., 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois. The names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of the total amount of stock are: The Smart Family Foundation, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois; David A. Smart Trust, c/o City National Bank & Trust Company, 208 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; John Smart, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York; Edgar Richards, 9958 Durant Drive, Beverly Hills, California; Florence Richards, 9958 Durant Drive, Beverly Hills, California; Vera Elden, c/o Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company of Chicago, 231 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Northern Trust Company, John Smart and Edgar Richards as successor trustees (Sue Smart Trust, Joan Elden Trust and Richard Elden Trust), 50 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; A. L. Blinder, 5 Horseguard Lane, Scarsdale, New York; Arnold Gingrich, 273 West 12 Street, New York, New York. Stock to the extent of more than 1 percent is registered in the name of the following company, but the company is a nominee for a number of stockholders, no one of whom is known to own more than 1 percent: Wood Walker & Company, 63 Wall Street, New York, New York. 3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. A. L. Blinder, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this eighteenth day of September, 1958 (Seal) Dorothy R. Rogich. (My commission expires March 30, 1960.)

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

calling card quandary

One name leads to another in this name-dropping game, says Guest Quizmaster Hugh Downs, host of the game-quiz "Concentration" (NBC-TV, Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 A.M., EST). Follow the clues below, inserting names instead of letters in the blanks of this crossword puzzle. These names link together; for example: **John Gilbert—Gilbert Roland—Roland Young.** (Answers on page 68)



ACROSS
1. German multiple turncoat
4. Legendary Negro strong man
6. Late Chief Justice
7. Prolific mystery writer
8. U.S. Socialist leader
9. "The Great Engineer"
10. Gave name to Europe aid plan
12. Scottish poet
13. Revolutionary War figure
14. Has briny locker
15. "The Big Train" baseball pitcher
16. Late Emporia, Kan., editor
18. Former Notre Dame coach
19. Original "Henry Aldrich"
20. Silent-screen comedian
21. Deceased "Mr. Republican"
22. Grandson of Henry Ford

DOWN
2. American baritone
3. Movie-oil-plane tycoon
4. F.B.I. head
5. 1948 Presidential candidate
8. "The Naked and the Dead"
9. British-American film actor
10. Gracie's spouse
11. Mrs. Ernie Kovacs
12. Golf all-time great
13. Subject of Boswell
14. "King of the Wild Frontier"
15. Former NAACP head
16. Admiral, FDR's Chief of Staff
17. Feminist and suffragette
18. Dean of U.S. architects
19. Secretary of Agriculture
20. World War II double amputee
21. New Jersey's Governor

Handicapped since
birth, he struggled to
rise above all
his previous failures—
with this
one simple task

Happiness and a buttonhook

by Fred Sauer, Jr.

MY TEETH WERE clenched. The muscles of my arms ached with tension. A fly buzzed in large circles around the bedroom. From the open window an autumn breeze, like a cool hand, brushed away the beads of sweat that had formed across my forehead.

But I neither heard the buzzing of the fly nor felt the coolness of the breeze. My attention was centered on my task.

I was 27 years old . . . and for the first time in my life I was attempting to button my shirt . . . myself . . . with no one else to help me.

I have had cerebral palsy since birth. It has affected me most severely in the upper part of my body—the hands, arms, shoulders, head and neck. Here there is the greatest amount of muscular tension, lack of co-ordination and involuntary movement.

Curiously, the handicap is aggravated most when I consciously attempt something that is difficult; the more conscious the attempt, the more difficult it becomes.

Many simple, everyday tasks, such as buttoning buttons, had always been impossible for me to accomplish. Though I had made slow but steady progress through the years, my mother still helped me with them. But I wanted very much to do them myself—more for her sake than for any other reason.

After graduating from college in Los Angeles last spring, I began making a concentrated effort to learn to perform these tasks. I hoped to learn to shave myself, wash my hair, and—among other things—button my shirt.

So here I was, sitting on my bed trying to do a thing most children learn before their fifth birthday. If I could really learn to do this, then I would be able to dress myself.

I was using an old-fashioned white-handled buttonhook. This idea had come through the force of necessity. My thumbs, the least controllable of all my fingers, were useless for buttoning.

Holding the buttonhook between the last three fingers and the palm of my left hand, I finally got it through the buttonhole after several shaking misses. Steadying my arm against my side, I tried to catch the hook around the thread of the button. Missed it. . . . Steady. . . . There, almost. . . . Now I had it.

After a moment's hesitation I pulled the open halves of the front of the shirt toward each other. The button was almost in place now. . . . Slowly . . . slowly. . . . But just as it was halfway through the hole, my arm jerked and the button slipped away from the hook.

My breath rushed through my lips. I straightened up, trying to relax, took a deep breath and looked out the window. The soft, warm sunlight shone upon the leaves of a camellia. They were Christmas-candle green. And in that moment of rest, this buttoning of a button seemed to represent all the efforts, all the successes, all the failures of my life.

I saw myself as a little boy of three who sat in a blue and white walker. The wheels squeaked a little as he pushed himself across the kitchen floor with his feet. He needed the walker for balance; it was not until he was four years old that he could walk by himself.

Then I saw myself as a boy of 12, who sat at an old round table in a mountain vacation cabin. He was trying to feed himself. The edge of the table cut into his flesh as he supported his arm against it. He could hardly taste the pancake and maple syrup.

Hold the fork tight. . . . Stab it at a piece of pancake. . . . Hold the arm steady against the table. . . . Down with the head and up with the fork.

The bite of pancake landed on the floor.

But his mother only laughed, her brown eyes sparkling with loving encouragement. "Don't worry, Freddy, there's plenty more pancakes." So he went on.

He wanted very much to feed himself.

From the age of seven he had gone to a school for the handicapped. But until he was 12 years old he had been in an ungraded class. This class was for the most severely handicapped children—those who, it was felt, could not progress satisfactorily in an ordinary group.

Then a new principal came. Under her guidance a greater effort was made to place these children in graded classes. He was told that he would be placed in a regular class according to his age and scholastic progress. It was a trial. If he succeeded he could go to high school.

Go to high school! He had almost been afraid to dream of that till now. And now—now he wanted to be more like his new classmates. He was ashamed he could not feed himself.

He succeeded in his new class, and went on to high school. But there were numberless hours of practice, and many other tables after the round table of the mountain cabin, before he could really feed himself.

There was the card table at a high school dinner. He sat with another boy and two girls. Every time he took a bite, the table shook as though there had been a minor earthquake. His only thought was, what if he knocked those stupid peas on her lap—anyone but her, the girl with the long hair and beautiful dark eyes. He made a joke with her to hide his feelings. There was laughter, and he was laughing with the rest. And even though the peas were still there, he felt better.

But there were other even more painful times. The lonely nights when he knew that all his friends were at a party; and that he was not there because there was no girl for him. And, in his adolescent self-pity, he wondered if there could ever be a girl for him.

Yet, there were good memories too—memories that seemed hardly memories, they were so near the present.

There were the happy college years; the nights of study with books piled helter-skelter over a little coffee table that sat near the living-room couch. The wonderful days of finding new friends, friends who might be loved not for their looks but for something within them—something that radiated from them like sunlight. With them it did not matter that he could not feed himself exactly as they did.

There were also the afternoons of dictation with his mother. It was usually a term paper or a short story.

Strange that he should have chosen writing as a profession. He could not write his own name in longhand, and could only type with the little finger of his left hand.

Yet he wanted to write just as much as he had once wanted to feed himself.

Writing was like the buttoning of buttons. Catch a button with the hook, and pull it through the button hole—find the right word and get it on paper.

This thought somehow blended with the green leaves of the camellia, as they came back to my vision. And now I felt the fresh coolness of the autumn breeze, and heard the lazy buzzing of the fly as it circled about the room. I turned back to the buttons—a little steadier, a little calmer.

Push it through. . . . Now, catch the button . . . pull. . . . There now . . . there. . . . The topmost button slid into place—it was buttoned. Then another, and another; till, with a final tug, the last button was in place. It was done. I had buttoned my shirt.

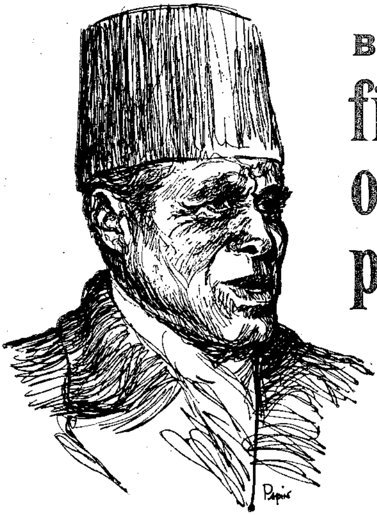
A great, good happiness went through me.

And I realized, then, something that I must have subconsciously felt for many years: that the smallest act, even the buttoning of a button, if it is done with all oneself, if it is done with love, becomes an exaltation of life. I saw that the happiest man is the man who can see God in the movement of an ant. ♛

Why Editors Leave Town

A TACOMA, WASHINGTON, newspaper prints a monthly report on the number of baby boys born in that city as compared with the baby girls. One month, this headline appeared over the usual story: BOYS AND GIRLS NECK AND NECK.

—NEAL O'HARA (McNaught Syndicate)



BOURGUIBA: firebrand on a powder keg

by Hal Lehrman

A friend of France who aids Algeria, his contradictions may explode in his face

THE EGYPTIAN border guards put him under arrest, the ragged, wild-eyed little Arab who shuffled out of the Libyan desert that sun-baked April morning in 1945. He talked about a daring escape from the French in faraway Tunisia. But he showed no identity papers.

"Deliver this evil-smelling one to the prison in Cairo," the commandant instructed a corporal.

On the train, the prisoner suggested craftily: "Why should you sleep on the floor of a jailhouse? Let us go instead to a friend of mine, who will give us clean shelter for the night."

The man who opened the door in the great apartment house to them was a Frenchman, a Christian. He gazed hard at the Arab's dirt-caked countenance, then embraced him like a brother. Next morning the prisoner, impeccable in a tailored suit and jaunty fez, went cockily off with the awed corporal to establish his identity and be released from custody.

"That European, the only living soul I knew in Cairo, was a friend of my wife's family," Habib Bourguiba told me recently, while recounting this modern Arabian Nights' tale. "Just imagine! I had come to enlist the Arab world's help in the fight for Tunisia's liberation from France. But I spent my first night in Egypt—in a French home, and under Arab arrest!"

This paradox of being a North African Arab politician in love with France has dogged Habib Bourguiba throughout his contradictory life—and never so closely as in the present struggle between North Africa and France. Tunisia has already won its liberation fight. For almost a year and a half that pint-sized country, no larger than the state of Louisiana, has been a republic; and Habib Bourguiba, who is now 55, has been its President and unchallenged boss.

Tunisia's five-foot, five-inch strongman is on a hot seat. The fledgling republic desperately needs French (and Western) economic help; and her miniature "George Washington" wants nothing better than to mold his people in the image and spirit of France (and the West). His chief abomination, personally and politically, is Gamal Abdul Nasser, the West-baiting dictator in Cairo.

But right on Bourguiba's doorstep lies unhappy Algeria, as Arab and as Moslem as Tunisia. Algeria is still in bloody revolt against France. And until and unless an Algerian settlement is reached, Bourguiba feels he must be as pro-rebel as Nasser and twice as noisily anti-French.

Tunisia's vest-pocket iron man speaks French more fluently than Arabic. His wife is French. Their son, Habib Jr., was a French citizen until Habib Sr. named him Counselor at the Tunisian Embassy in Washington and, later, Ambassador to Rome.

The flashing blue eyes in the copper-tinted, finely chiseled face soften as he recalls his boyhood education in a French school. But they harden as he adds: "The classroom was one French world; outside in the street was another, the French colonial world. I always felt, in fighting against that colonial world, that I was fighting for the real France."

Bourguiba has no sympathy with cold-war "neutrality." He is firmly anti-Moscow, for he knows that to be pro-Moscow means courting eventual takeover by the Reds. Every week he makes a "fireside" radio speech to his people, and he never misses a chance to put in a plug for the Western democracies.

Bourguiba, being a responsible Chief of State, is careful to talk diplomatically in public of "my Arab brothers" farther East. But he says, "The mere fact that a Syrian speaks Arabic or that a Saudi believes in Allah, like me, is no reason why I should admire him more than an Englishman who builds good bridges or an American who has absorbed Thomas Jefferson. The Egyptians behave as if they have a monopoly on Arab nationalism; we think nationalism means helping one's own people, not swallowing others."

To aid Algeria in her fight for independence, he has turned Tunisia into an arsenal and arms-smuggling station. He has enabled the Algerian National Liberation Front (FLN) guerrillas to use his territory as a rest camp, hospital, training center and escape-hatch. He has permitted their war chest to raise "donations" from Tunisia's inhabitants. He has even opened his frontier for hit-and-run raids by FLN *fellaghas* on the French Army in neighboring Algeria.

All this, plus a steady barrage of pro-FLN statements, interviews and speeches, has naturally earned him the furious resentment of the French. They have retaliated by cutting off financial assistance, and by mounting an air assault on a presumably FLN-held Tunisian border village last February which took 79 lives and nearly started a Franco-Tunisian war.

The terrible irony of it, in Bourguiba's view, is that the whole thing is a waste. After four years of savage war, with hundreds of thousands dead, he sees the Algerian struggle hopelessly stalled. The FLN leaders, he has told intimates, cannot back down on the principle of full independence without having their own followers revolt against them—while no government in Paris has dared breathe a hint of eventual liberation.

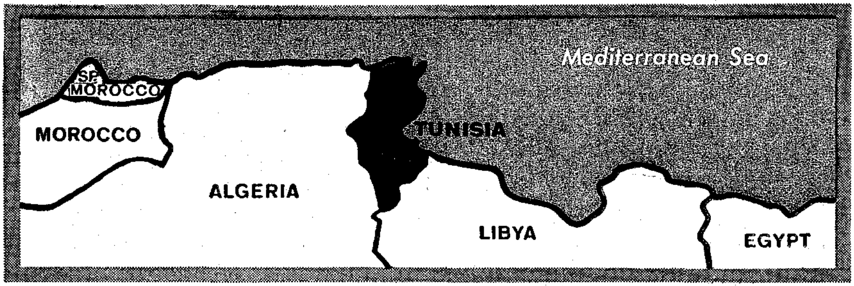
If the deadlock and the bloodshed go on, he predicts a fatal deviation of the Algerian fighters toward Nasser, or even beyond, and disaster for France if not the West. "Since 1945," he says with anguish in his voice, "France has been endlessly waging and losing colonial wars, going from humiliation to humiliation. Where will it end? I can see France torn by civil war, anarchy, fascism. . . ."

Bourguiba is also bleakly worried for Tunisia and, though he won't admit it, for himself. First of all, Tunisia—where over 75 percent of the population has less than $40 income a year—must have peace in North Africa and friendship with France to avoid further descent toward economic ruin. Secondly, the very existence of an angry Algeria is a threat to Tunisia's survival.

Some say Bourguiba is a "prisoner" of the FLN because the guerrillas could seize Tunisia tomorrow. They are well-trained, armed and already in "occupation" of important parts of the country. They outnumber Tunisia's operetta police and defense forces almost two to one.

But such a grab would turn the Tunisians into enemies and outrage friends of Algerian independence in the free world. The fact is that the FLN keeps its *fellaghas* on Tunisian soil sternly disciplined and tucked out of sight.

Nor does Bourguiba act scared. When the guerrilla high command wanted to step up its transfrontier



Map shows Bourguiba's dilemma: he's trapped between Arab extremists in Algeria and Egypt. With his consent, Algerian rebels now use Tunisia as base for raids on French outposts.

raids and goad the French into the folly of invading Tunisia, he put his foot down hard. When he needed weapons last spring for the roadblocks which he threw around French-held military posts in Tunisia, he helped himself to rebel stores despite FLN outcry.

The danger to Tunisia, rather, will rear up should Algeria ever become independent. Its native population is nearly three times as big as Tunisia's 3,500,000; its area over 17 times as large, including an enormous expanse of oil-rich Sahara Desert. Directed by a victorious, battle-hardened FLN, Algeria would be an ominous neighbor.

Bourguiba's brilliance makes the Algerian guerrilla chiefs suspicious and uneasy. He can't stomach their primitive, eye-for-an-eye bloodthirstiness. Certain Algerians make little effort to conceal a desire to dispense with Bourguiba altogether, once they have settled with the French.

Bourguiba understands this. But any move to clip the FLN's wings would only cut his own throat. Tunisia's masses—of the same language, race and religion as the Algerians—have been sold so completely on the FLN that they would not tolerate a reversal of policy.

Even in Bourguiba's own inner circle, most are bitterly anti-French—and not too cordial to the United States, for that matter. His former lieutenant, a slick lawyer named Salah ben Youssef, nearly won the masses away from Bourguiba in 1955 by playing on their Moslem prejudices and branding him a pro-French "traitor." Ben Youssef now lives exiled in Cairo—on a pension from Nasser. Early this year, an agent of ben Youssef was reportedly intercepted trying to get into Tunisia with an Egyptian passport and instructions for Bourguiba's assassination.

Faced by such perils, Tunisia's strongman can only pray the Algerian war will somehow end before the hotheads in the FLN take over entirely. He wants the French to negotiate with the rebels, and the rebels to use political astuteness as he did. He called off Tunisia's revolt against France in exchange for mere "internal autonomy"—and then he wangled full independence anyway.

Right now Bourguiba is busy encouraging an embryonic North African federation of Tunisia, Morocco—and Algeria. He feels that the more the semi-bandit Algerian chieftains can be coaxed to come down out of their wild hills and get themselves "civilized," the less likely they will be later to try conquering the rest of North Africa instead of co-operating with it.

BOURGUIBA lives in a small but splendid seaside palace near ancient Carthage. Mathilde, his graying French wife, is ten years his senior. He married her when he was a student in Paris. She washed and cooked for him during the years of revolt, and smuggled messages to and from his prison cells. At least once weekly Bourguiba visits her tidy villa in the fashionable Belvedere Park quarter of Tunis.

Habib Bourguiba was born the son of an obscure Army officer on August 3, 1903. From a French high school in Tunis, the Lycée Carnot, he went to Sadiki College, and then at age 19 to Paris, where he studied political science, law—and revolutionary doctrine. He returned to Tunis in 1927 and began simultaneously to organize a law practice and a resistance movement.

Self-contradiction never bothered him if it advanced what he had come to regard as his "mission." Though inwardly detesting religious excesses, he fanned fanaticism in 1933 by joining with a mob of the faithful to drive pro-French Arabs from the mosques and prevent the burial of native "renegades" in holy Moslem ground.

In 1934, however, he broke off from the "Old Turbans" of the Destour (Constitution) Party and rallied his "Young Turk" faction into a militant Neo-Destour Party. This group soon became the revolutionary nucleus, with himself as its "Supreme Combatant."

Thereafter, Bourguiba was inside jail as much as out. In all, he served three long intermittent jail stretches, without ever being convicted.

Once he was so close to execution that advance notice went to the press. At the last melodramatic moment he was remanded instead for trial, at which he won freedom. He did time in the broiling Sahara; and sent political messages from his tent in balls of rice. For two years he lived in solitary confinement in a cabin on a barren island off the Tunisian coast, without electricity or firewood.

The Axis brought about his release from wartime imprisonment in Marseilles and tried to enlist him against the Allies. He thanked them politely in public for their help—but his secret instructions to his followers were to stick with France and the democracies. He had been sure of three things even in 1942: Hitlerism would be destroyed; a revived France would ultimately have to make peace with Tunisia; and he, Bourguiba, would dictate the terms.

Again a prisoner in September, 1954, when France began negotiating with the Bey of Tunis, it was Bourguiba who chose the Bey's negotiators from afar, and it was from him that they took their orders. The French found themselves appealing to him in the end to break a deadlock barring final agreement. In June, 1955, all Tunisia seemed on hand to cheer him when he stepped ashore in triumph.

Ten months later, the Bey made Bourguiba his Prime Minister. Then, systematically, Bourguiba wore away the ruler's popularity with the masses by press attacks on the royal household's idleness and extravagance. Sensing the time was ripe, on July 25, 1957, the Prime Minister convoked a Constituent Assembly packed with his own followers. That body abolished the monarchy, proclaimed a republic, and unanimously chose Habib Bourguiba as President.

Some day, presumably, Tunisia will get the elections and the democratic constitution which Bourguiba and his "New Constitution" Party have been preparing for three years. Meanwhile, "State Secretaries" direct various ministries under his close surveillance.

Bourguiba's excuse has been that

the crisis with the French over Algeria has delayed internal reforms.

But some of Bourguiba's political allies have grown restive while waiting for the new Constitution. They complain that Bourguiba has become too dictatorial, reportedly forcing foreign ambassadors to *salaam* to him the way they did in the days of the Bey.

Bourguiba's sharpest critic has been the newspaper *L'Action*, one of his early supporters. Its editor, Bechir ben Yahmed, quit the President's cabinet last year in protest against Bourguiba's increasing autocracy. Shortly thereafter, Bourguiba had *L'Action* banned, then dismissed one of its owners, Mohammed Masmoudi, as Ambassador to France, appointing his son, Habib Bourguiba Jr., to the post.

"If they accuse me of dictatorship, I accept," Bourguiba says defiantly. "I am creating a nation . . . all this preoccupation with liberty is not serious."

Right now Bourguiba's portrait hangs on every wall. The main street in most Tunisian towns is called "Habib Bourguiba Avenue." He has arranged for his statue to be erected in Tunis, and in his native Monastir he has already built a great mausoleum to house him after death, like a Pharaoh.

There is nothing Oriental, however, in Bourguiba's phenomenal energy, in the amount of work he does, and in the intimate, almost individual, contact he keeps with his adoring people. Scorning a prepared text in his speeches, he rambles, grimaces, roars and whispers, archly addresses friends in the audience by name, reveals an adroit knowledge of local jokes and conditions. The crowds love it.

He snatches a brief afternoon siesta but, as if to make up for it, arises at 4 o'clock each morning. His bodyguard brings in all the latest papers from France, which he reads ravenously. By 6 A.M. he has heard the radio news bulletins and is ready for callers in his bedroom or while he exercises with an assortment of pulleys, weights and stationary bicycles.

Noting the bright paintings on the walls of the President's palace at Saida, I asked a private secretary if there was an artist like Sir Winston Churchill in the house.

"No," he replied solemnly. "Mr. Churchill found Britain all built. He had time for painting. *M. le Président* has had to creat Tunisia. That is *his* painting. . . ."

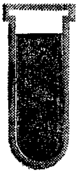
IN JANUARY CORONET

H-BLASTS FOR PEACE

Gushers of vital oil, water for arid land, new harbors, medical isotopes—all these may be the boons to mankind when cheap, "clean" underground H-blasts are perfected.

BEWARE OF MEDICAL FAKERS!

Quack medical cure-alls are at an all-time high. A dramatic exposé by a courageous Texas woman who feigned illness and trapped a typical charlatan at his vicious practice.



Black sheep vaccine

by Bob Liston

The anti-TB serum, BCG, has been safely given to 150 million people. But in America it is still little used. Here are the reasons

IN THE ENLIGHTENED area of preventive medicine, an anti-tuberculosis vaccine called BCG seems to be a "black sheep" that has lost its way—at least in the U.S. and Canada. To date, about 150,000,000 people in nearly every nation of the world have received BCG (Bacillus of Calmette and Guérin)—with dramatic results. Yet due to a strange combination of misunderstanding and medical necessity, it has never been extensively used here.

Aside from medical personnel, few Americans have ever heard of BCG and the controversy that has raged around it. Yet some physicians feel that its scientific use in those areas of the U.S. where TB is still a menace could be a final step in its eradication. (TB is still our number one infectious killer. In 1957, there were an estimated 67,019 newly reported active TB cases in the U.S.—and 13,260 deaths.)

BCG is safe, easily administered, has few side effects, frequently leaves only a small scar, if any, and may protect up to 80 percent of those receiving it for as long as five years.

About 25 years ago, a careless error, resulting in the deaths of 77 German babies, plus the disproved findings of an American experimenter, first built a wall of fear around BCG. Yet this same vaccine cut the Swedish tuberculosis death rate—which was 191 per 100,000 people in 1900—to just 15 per 100,000 in 1953. And the rate is still dropping.

Named after its discoverers, the Bacillus of Calmette and Guérin, BCG, has been shrouded in controversy almost from its inception. And, for more than 35 years, argument has raged between those who urge its widespread use and others who worry about its safety and value.

BCG began its stormy career shortly after the turn of the century in the Louis Pasteur Laboratory in Lille, France. There bacteriologist Dr. Albert Calmette began working with lethal tubercle bacilli isolated from the milk of a tubercular cow. Egged on by epidemics of the "white plague" in Lille, he sought to create "attenuated" bacteria—too weak to cause disease, but strong enough to create immunity.

Calmette began growing the germ in a mixture of potatoes, ox bile and glycerin. Together with prominent veterinarian Dr. Camille Guérin, he tested the cultured bacteria on guinea pigs and rabbits. The bacilli which once had killed these animals now failed to make them ill. More tests were run until it was definitely established that the once-lethal germ could no longer cause disease but could immunize.

The experiment was graduated to cattle. Calmette and Guérin placed five diseased adult cows in one row of stalls and ten calves in the next. Six calves received BCG, four did not. After 32 months all animals were killed and autopsies performed. The findings: three of the four non-vaccinated animals were diseased. Only one of those vaccinated showed a small spot in the lung.

Later, tests on monkeys had even more conclusive results. And thus, after 13 years of research involving 230 consecutive cultures, BCG was ready for trial in humans. But Calmette and Guérin wanted more tests.

At this point, Dr. Bernard Weill-Hallé, a Paris pediatrician, came to them with a startling proposal. He had a patient, a newborn boy, whose tubercular mother had died in childbirth. He was to be cared for by a consumptive grandmother.

"What chance has he?" he argued. "Let me give the infant your new vaccine."

So it was that in July, 1921, a confident Paris doctor mixed a few drops of colorless liquid with a baby's milk. In ensuing months, the child was watched closely. Despite fondling by a diseased grandmother, he grew strong and healthy.

In spite of this achievement, the first steps were only a mild success. Giving the vaccine by mouth was safe, but immunity resulted in only a small percentage of cases. Weill-Hallé tried injecting BCG under the skin. He felt that this was far more effective. But it created sores which were slow in healing.

Still, both orally and by injection, about 600,000 doses of BCG were given in the next nine years. Then, in Lübeck, Germany, 77 babies out of 271 supposedly given BCG became ill with tuberculosis and died.

An official German government inquiry was launched. Men from the Robert Koch Institute (named after the discoverer of the tubercle bacillus) investigated and found the BCG had been mixed accidentally with a deadly, virulent strain of bacteria. Both had been kept in the same incubator and, through careless handling, had gotten mixed up.

Those responsible were imprisoned, but the suspect vaccine's use was practically stopped.

The survival and ultimate popularization of BCG is credited to famed Swedish pediatrician Dr. Arvid Wallgren, who had begun experimenting with BCG in 1927, three years before Lübeck. Dr. Wallgren specified several principles which still guide the use of BCG today. Among them are these three:

First, he said, vaccination should cause a reaction to tuberculin, the liquid used to test for tuberculosis, within a reasonable time. To this end he pioneered a new method of vaccination. He injected BCG not under the skin, but between the layers of skin. This method created a high degree of immunization, while minimizing the troublesome sores.

Second, Wallgren maintained that vaccination must be preceded by a tuberculin test, and only those persons showing a negative reaction—completely free from tuberculosis—should be vaccinated. It would be superfluous to vaccinate a "positive" because he either has active disease or natural immunity from a previous infection. BCG would do no good in either case.

Third, the vaccinated person should be protected from infection until the immunization has taken effect. At that time, the tuberculin test should be made again to see if immunity resulted. Dr. Wallgren determined the dosage, the limitations and advantages of BCG, and when it is best given.

The bugaboo of BCG, ever since Lübeck, has been fear it would produce, not prevent, tuberculosis. The scientific basis of this fear is a study by S. A. Petroff, an American. Petroff reported in 1929 that he had divided BCG into two forms, one of which could, at times, cause the disease in animals.

Dr. Sol Roy Rosenthal, distinguished University of Illinois professor and a leading advocate of BCG in this country, answered Petroff with a report that "working in an isolated laboratory where only BCG was cultured, using many thousands of cultures and animals over a period of 13 years" he never saw BCG vaccination cause tuberculosis. As much as 300,000 times the human dose was given, he said, and still no disease resulted.

Dr. Esmond R. Long, of the University of Pennsylvania's Henry Phipps Institute, reported to the Annual Clinical Conference of the Chicago Medical Society, "The great bulk of evidence from untold thousands of animals and millions of human inoculations . . . is that the vaccine does not produce progressive tuberculosis."

ANOTHER QUESTION faced by BCG: Does it immunize or just lull the recipient into a false sense of security? There is unanimous agreement BCG is to be used in addition to, not instead of, other control methods—X-ray detection, isolation, treatment.

In support of its effectiveness, adherents of BCG point to hundreds of controlled studies. One of the finest is that of Drs. Joseph D. Aronson and Carroll Palmer, who worked among American Indians. They vaccinated 1,550 and used 1,457 others as controls. Fifteen years later, 12 of the vaccinated had died of tuberculosis and 65 of the controls.

In April, 1957, the World Health Organization, reporting on its postwar campaign in which 80,000,000 children in all parts of the world had been vaccinated declared: "Recent reports confirm that the principles on which its use is based are sound and that BCG vaccination has real effect in reducing the incidence of tuberculosis. . . ."

BCG has won its fight for worldwide recognition. Its use is mandatory in France, Norway, Denmark, Japan and Brazil.

The basic position of the United States in regard to BCG was made by the 5,400-member American Trudeau Society, medical section of the National Tuberculosis Association, in 1949. The stand, reviewed without major changes in 1956, has been accepted by the U.S. Public Health Service and the Council on Drugs of the American Medical Association.

In short, the Society recommends BCG for any tuberculin-negative individual "unavoidably" exposed to tuberculosis. Such persons are doctors, medical students, nurses, hospital and laboratory workers, patients and employees of mental hospitals, prisons and other institutions, persons with "inferior resistance" and living in places where the disease is rampant, and members of a tuberculosis patient's family.

The chief reason mass BCG vaccinations are not made in this country, according to Dr. James E. Perkins, managing director of the NTA, is "most of our new tuberculosis cases are coming from that large segment of our population (about 30 percent) which has already been infected with the tubercle bacillus and which is ineligible for BCG vaccination. The only place BCG can exert any effect is on new infections, and fortunately there are relatively few places where the new infection rate is high." Dr. Perkins grants that vaccination might be able to prevent active disease in 80 percent of these cases, but "it could not significantly affect the major problem for many, many years."

BCG also has one serious drawback. Patients given the vaccine later show a "positive" reaction to the tuberculin skin test. In this test, diluted tubercle bacilli, called tuberculin, are injected into the skin. If the area becomes inflamed within 48 hours, the patient either has TB or has at one time been infected and built up a resistance to the disease. This is a "positive" reaction.

Thus, it is hard for doctors examining BCG-injected patients to tell if they actually have TB or are simply displaying a normal "positive" response. This confusion often can delay accurate diagnosis and treatment. For this reason, even the pro-BCG American Trudeau Society feels mass vaccination would be impractical in areas where the TB rate is low; it would soon destroy the value of the tuberculin skin test.

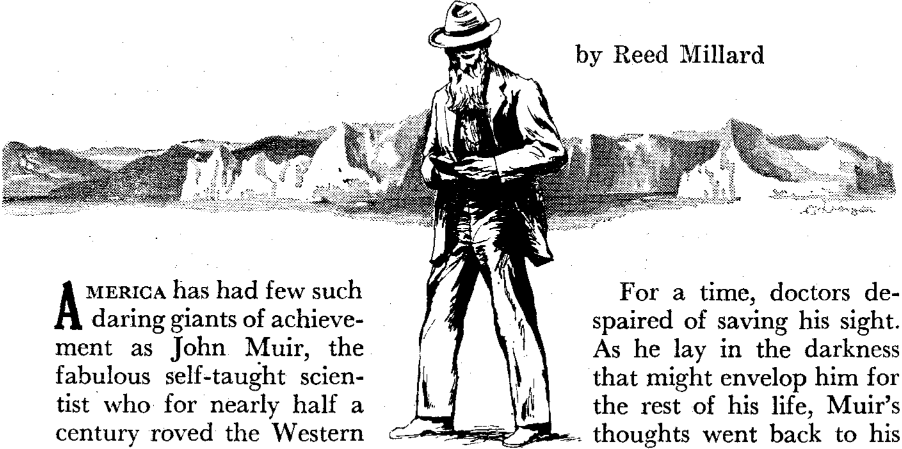
There are those who point to steadily declining incidence without mass vaccinations. There were 109,837 new cases in 1952, 106,925 the next year and 100,540 in '54. They argue that the new miracle drugs, streptomycin, isoniazid and PAS, have taken much of the sting out of the disease.

It is impossible to say whether a mass campaign, as urged by some prominent physicians, will ever be started in this country. However, increased use is certain.

Influential medical men have endorsed BCG. But it remains to be seen whether their words will add new fuel for controversy, or foreshadow the day when tuberculosis joins rabies, typhoid fever, diphtheria and polio in man's gallery of medical conquests. ♛

John Muir: shepherd of the wilderness

by Reed Millard



AMERICA has had few such daring giants of achievement as John Muir, the fabulous self-taught scientist who for nearly half a century roved the Western mountains and startled the world with his revolutionary discoveries about glaciers. His keen observations of plants, animals and the wilderness in which they lived helped millions find a new appreciation of nature. His epitaph, fittingly, is written on today's maps—Mount Muir, Muir Woods National Monument, Muir Glacier.

Muir's career as a naturalist began, strangely enough, with an industrial accident.

As a young man, Muir, who had been brought to America from Scotland in 1849 at the age of 11, was hailed as a mechanical genius. One night he stayed late at his job of designing machinery in an Indianapolis factory. As he was adjusting a belt, the sharp file he held in his hand slipped and pierced his right eye.

For a time, doctors despaired of saving his sight. As he lay in the darkness that might envelop him for the rest of his life, Muir's thoughts went back to his wanderings after he had left the University of Wisconsin. He had taken long journeys through the wilderness around the Great Lakes. Now, unable to see, he realized how much the outdoors meant to him. He vowed that if he ever regained his sight he would become a naturalist.

Miraculously, his sight did come back, completely in one eye, partially in the other; and he chose the Sierra Nevada mountains and the Yosemite Valley as his first place to settle. When he reached California in 1875, he took several humble jobs, eventually becoming a sheepherder in the Sierra. Later he ran a small sawmill that was cutting up fallen logs in the Yosemite itself.

Muir was thrilled by the mountains with their towering walls of rock and their great white waterfalls. Every spare moment he could find was spent exploring them. Though he had never climbed mountains of any size before, he became one of the most sure-footed of mountaineers, calmly taking what appeared to be fantastic risks. He seemed to have an uncanny sixth sense that protected him in the most desperate situations.

Once, when climbing the Sierra Nevada's Mount Ritter, Muir was clinging to a sheer rock face when he discovered a horrifying fact. There were no crevices, no protruding rocks, only a smooth flat surface.

He was trapped. He could neither go ahead nor back, for he had known as he climbed that no man could descend by that route. As he realized his danger, hope failed him and he broke out in a cold sweat.

Minutes that seemed like hours passed, and then suddenly something happened to him.

"I became possessed of a new sense," he marveled afterward. "My quivering nerves, taken over by my other self, instinct or guardian angel—call it what you will—became inflexible. My eyes became preternaturally clear, and every rift, flaw, niche and tablet in the cliff ahead were seen as through a microscope."

With this marvelous new power, he observed handholds invisible to him before and safely made his way to the top.

Prowling the dangerous slopes of the Sierra as few men had done before, Muir made a startling discovery that soon threw the scientific world into an uproar. Most great geologists of the period believed that the Yosemite Valley had been formed by some stupendous cataclysm. But young Muir saw a different story written on the rocks. Not earthquakes but glaciers, he held, had created the lakes, valleys and other marvels of the mountain wonderland he had come to love. He pointed out the sweeping path he believed the glaciers had followed.

Scientists scoffed, referring scornfully to the crazy utterances of "that ignoramus of a shepherd," until one day the great geologist, Joseph Le Conte, visited the Valley to hear what the "shepherd" had to say. He listened respectfully as Muir led him along the slopes, pointing out the evidence that, to him, was marked so plainly in the rocks.

Le Conte went away staggered by Muir's knowledge of the mountains, the more so because Muir had learned so little of it from books, so much of it from the rocks themselves. Soon the geologist announced that he believed Muir was right.

The controversy raged for years, but eventually all scientists came to agree with Muir. He was hailed for his great contribution to the understanding of our earth and how its features were fashioned.

Muir continued to confound the experts with his discoveries about glaciers. He not only read the records of past ice movements, but in his bold explorations of the mountains found live glaciers which he invited them to study. On Mount Shasta alone he discovered no less than three "living" glaciers.

It was here that he had one of the most terrifying and disastrous experiences of his venturesome life.

One day he and a companion, Jerome Fay, set out to climb the 14,162-foot peak, making barometric studies at three-hour intervals. In the afternoon the mountain was lashed by a violent hailstorm, the temperature dropped over 20 degrees in a few minutes, and the two started back down in almost pitch blackness.

Scrambling over rocks they could hardly see, Fay became convinced they could not make it to their camp at timberline. Huddled in the lee of a lava mass, the two men held a shouted conference and Muir, though believing they could get back safely, agreed to stay with his companion who felt their only chance to stay alive was to take refuge among a strange group of hot springs.

They lay there in utter misery as snow piled around them. The wind lashed at them from above and the hot steam came up from the springs—so that they were almost boiled on one side, all but frozen on the other.

From time to time the lava would give way and they barely escaped being scalded to death. Then there was another danger—deadly fumes from the volcano.

For 13 terrible hours they huddled there until the storm slackened and they staggered down the mountainside. Muir's feet were frozen and he was unable to walk for weeks. Though he never complained about them, his injured feet troubled him the rest of his life.

For a time after his marriage, Muir gave up mountaineering to become a successful fruit grower on a huge ranch in Contra Costa County. Yet eventually the lure of the wilderness became too great, so he sold part of the ranch and again devoted his life to the study of nature. His writings about its wonders made him world-famous and drew to his campfire such men as John Burroughs, the great American naturalist, and Theodore Roosevelt.

Muir's greatest dream was to give others a chance to share the Western wilderness he knew so well. Yet each time he returned to the Sierra he found shocking evidence that the forests were being ruthlessly slashed away by lumbermen and that great flocks of sheep were turning the grassy meadows to dusty deserts.

MUIR determined to fight to turn large wilderness tracts into national parks. He started by writing letters to the newspapers. When public interest was aroused, friends told him he should lecture.

A shy man, afraid he would not be able to open his mouth before an audience, Muir finally agreed to give a speech in Sacramento. Beforehand he hung a large picture of a mountain scene on the wall. "Look at that," one of his friends had said, "and you'll forget your shyness."

Just as he feared, Muir was terrified of the large audience. He stumbled in his speech and squirmed miserably. Then suddenly he forced himself to look at the picture and imagine he was there, and magically the words flowed from his lips.

From then on Muir gave hundreds of speeches to vast audiences all over the country pleading that the wilderness be protected for the use of everyone. Due largely to his efforts, Yosemite became a national park in 1890. Along with it, General Grant National Park (which later became a part of Kings Canyon) and Sequoia, covering the great section of the Sierra Nevada that Muir knew better than anyone alive, were also created national parks.

When he discovered that the railroads were hauling away carloads of the amazing stone logs in Arizona, Muir persuaded President Theodore Roosevelt to set up Petrified Forest National Monument.

Though he loved every aspect of nature, glaciers always fascinated Muir. In 1879, his interest in them took him to Alaska, where he was sure he would find great live glaciers. The region he wanted to visit was almost totally unknown and all he had to guide him was an old chart made by the explorer, Vancouver.

To reach the fiords in which he figured the glaciers must lie, Muir needed the assistance of Indian boatmen. Yet he found them desperately afraid of these terrible ice gorges.

Muir assured them he had wandered in wilderness just as dangerous and had always returned home safely. "God warns me when it is time to leave a place," he said. "You will be safe with me."

After listening gravely to Muir's words, Toyatte, an old chief, sprang to his feet. Let the young men stay behind; he would go with Muir. Shamefaced, others rose too. With their help, far back in dark fiords that no human being had ever gazed on before, Muir discovered the gleaming expanse of ice that bears his name—the mighty Muir Glacier.

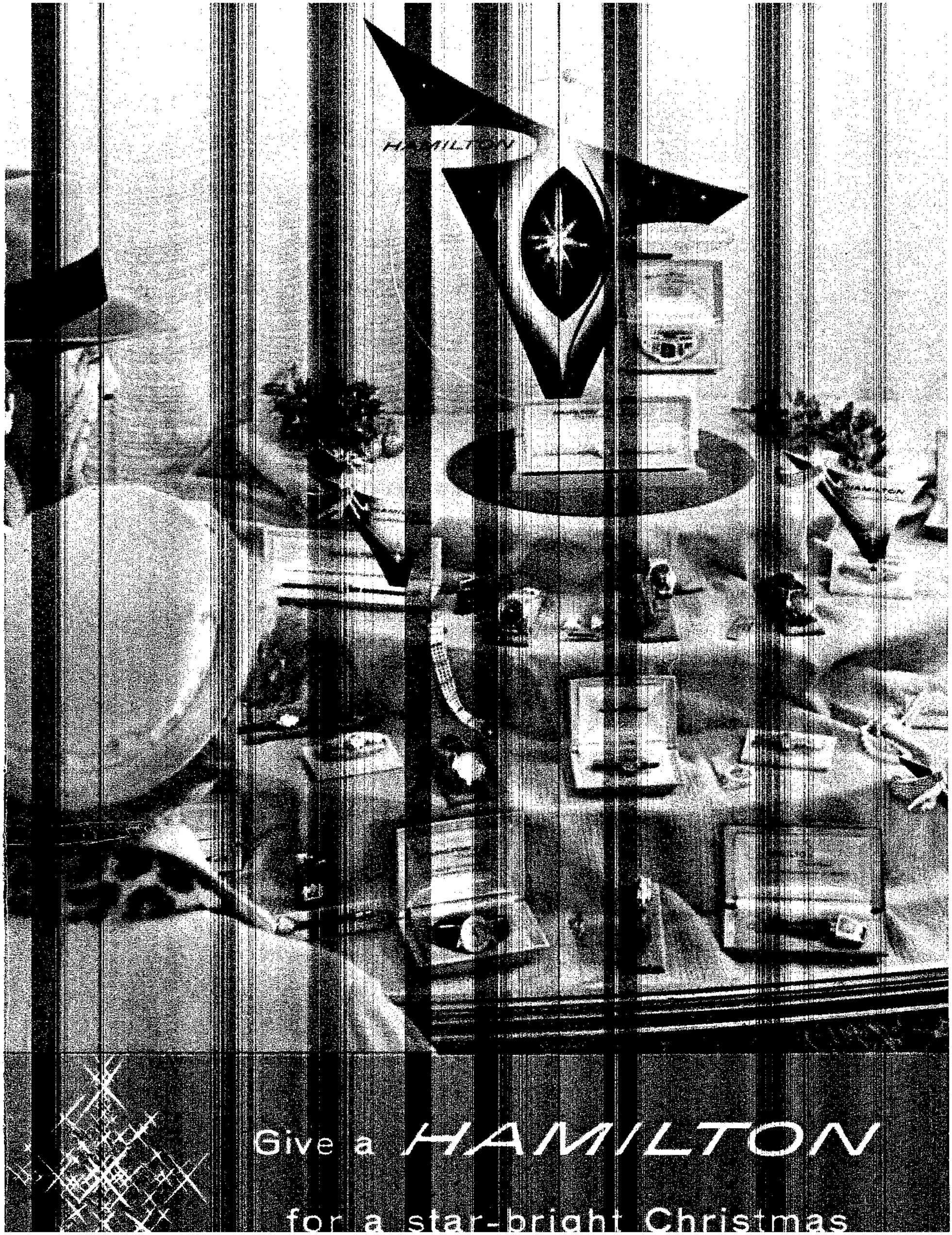
To the end of his life, Muir continued his high adventures in the wonder world of nature. At 74, he made a hazardous trip into the jungles of the Amazon. He went to central Africa to get a glimpse of the exotic baobab tree and studied trees along the Nile.

When he died of pneumonia in a Los Angeles hospital in 1914, his face bore the serene expression of a man who had kept faith with a vow made half a century before: "As long as I live I'll hear waterfalls and birds and winds sing. I'll interpret the rocks, learn the language of flood, storm and avalanche."

Quiz Answers

(Answers to Quiz on page 51)

Otto	John	■	Howard	■	John	Henry
■	Charles	Evans	Hughes	■	Edgar	Wallace
Norman	Thomas	■	■	Herbert	Hoover	■
Mailer	■	George	Catlett	Marshall	■	Edie
■	Robert	Burns	■	■	Samuel	Adams
Davy	Jones	■	■	Walter	Johnson	■
Crockett	■	William	Allen	White	■	Lucy
■	Frank	Leahy	■	■	Ezra	Stone
Harold	Lloyd	■	Robert	Alphonso	Taft	■
■	Wright	■	Meyner	■	Benson	Ford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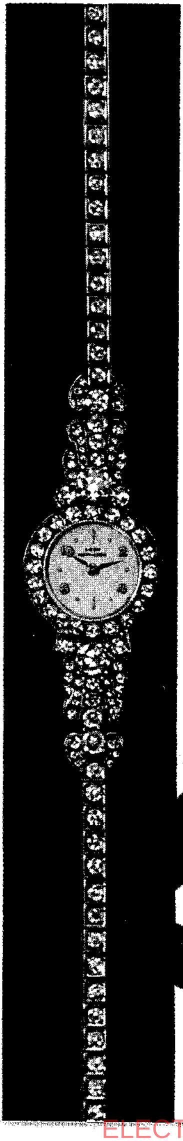

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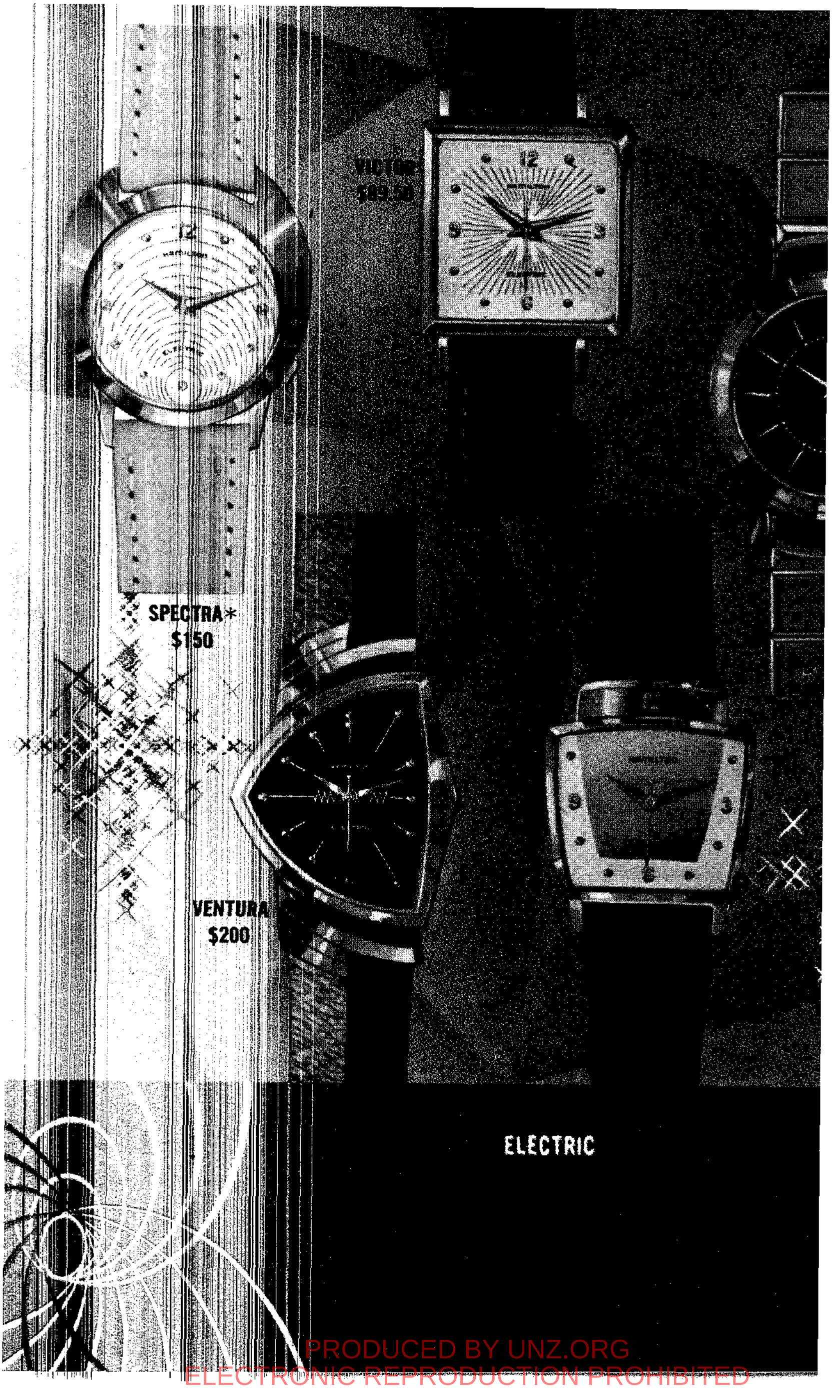
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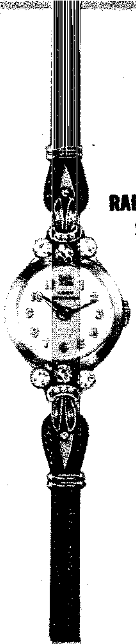

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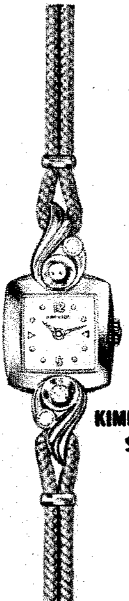

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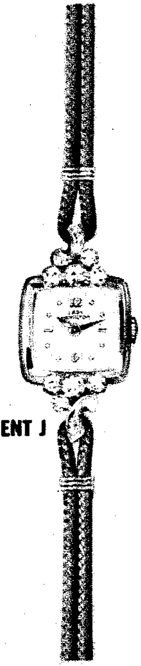

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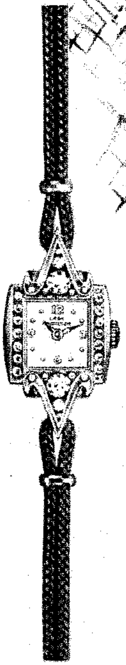

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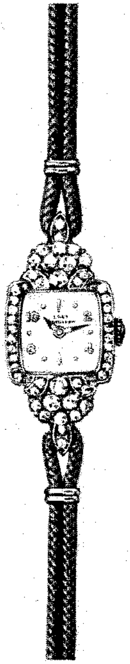

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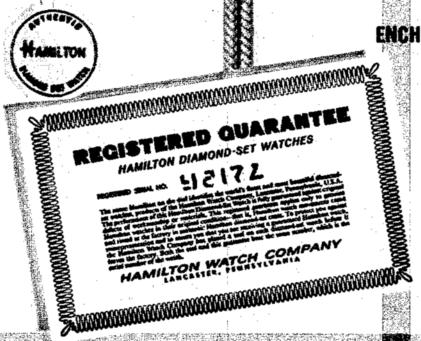

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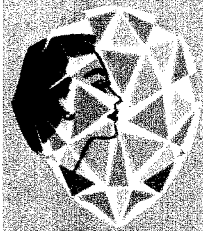

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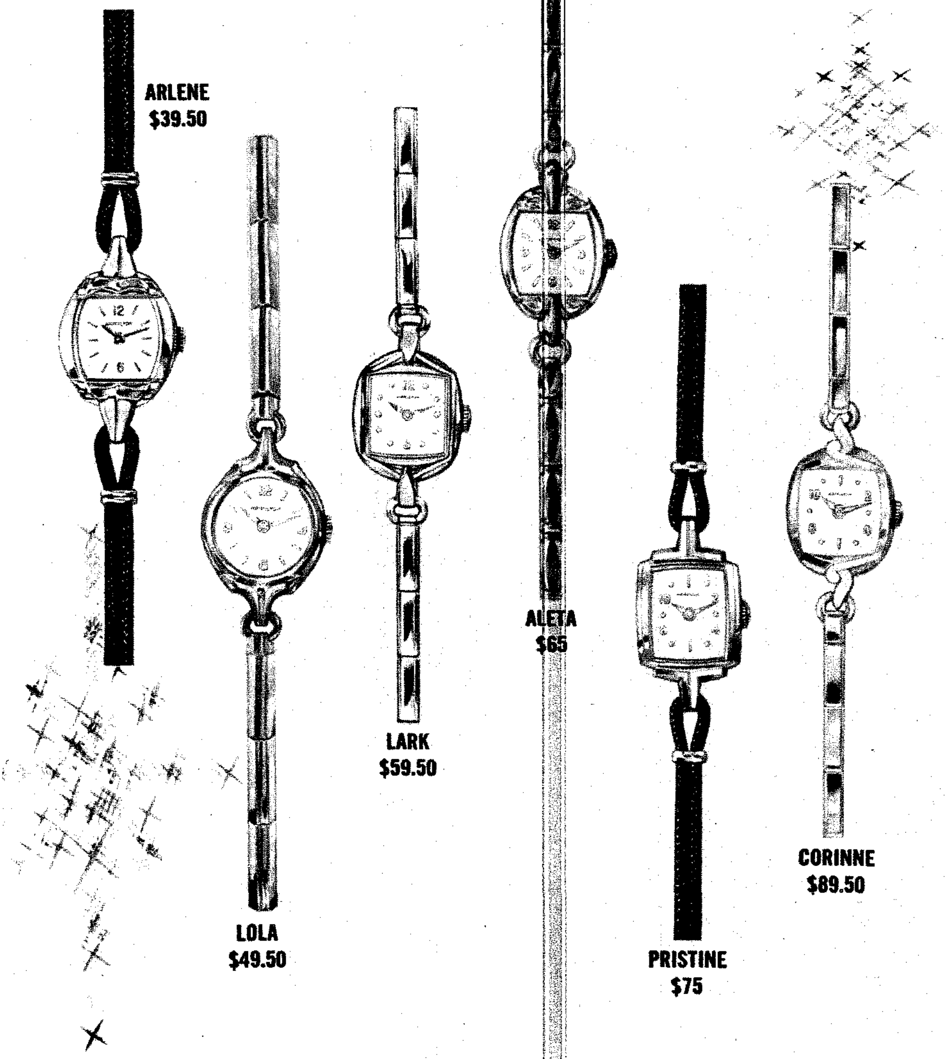
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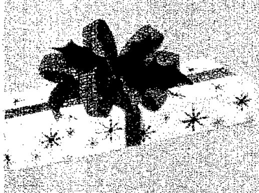

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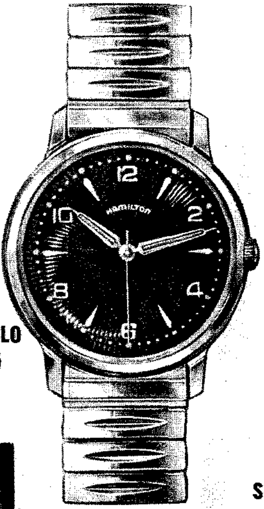

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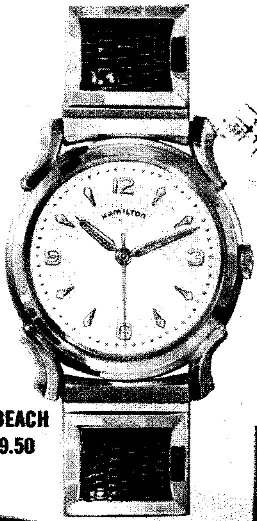

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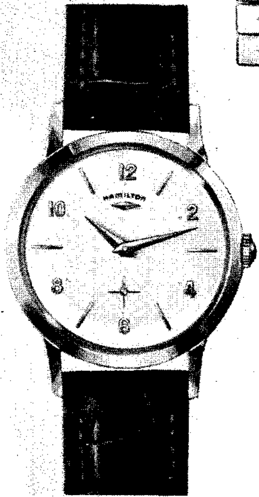

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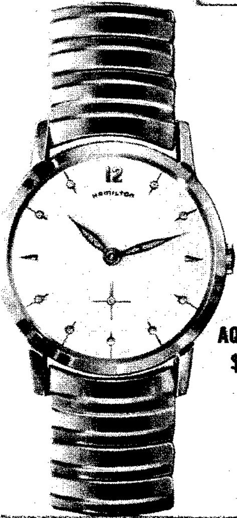

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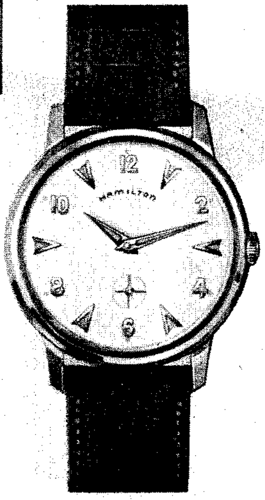

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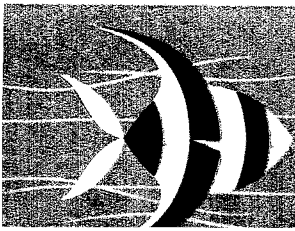

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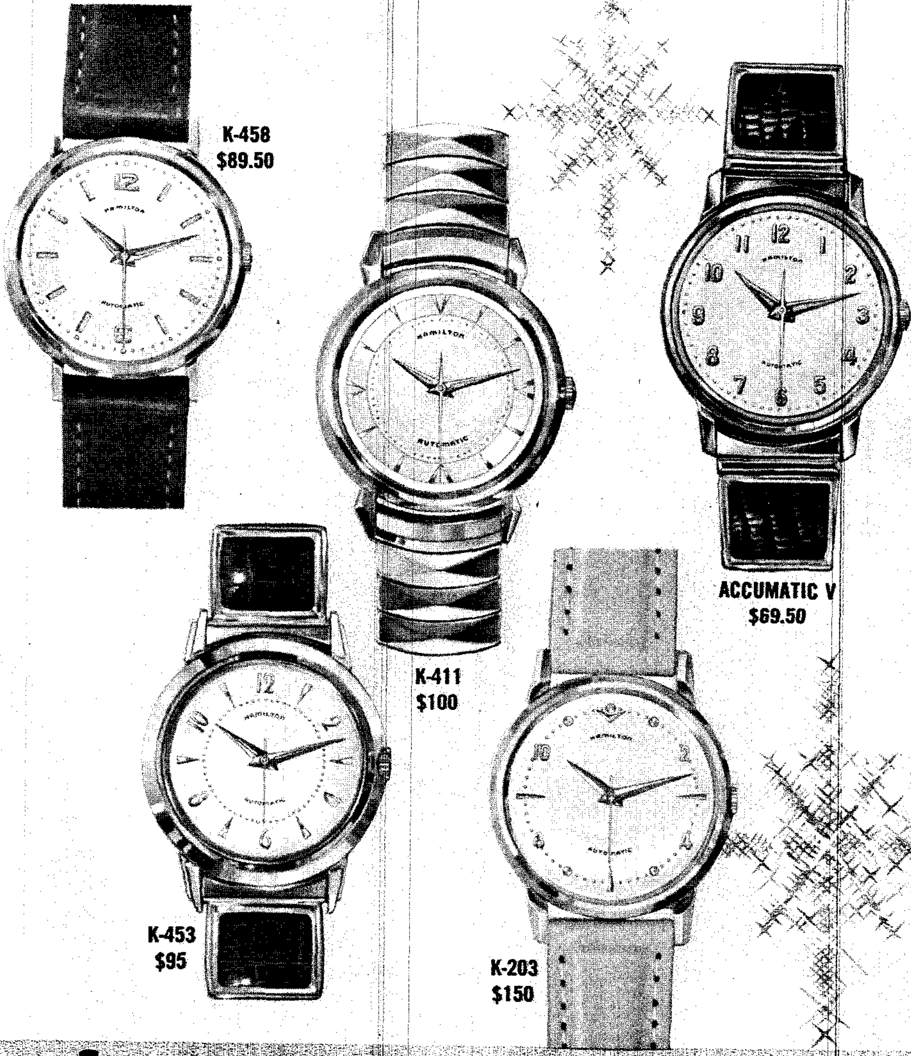
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Baylor's earthy highbrow

by Al Dewlen

Prof. Paul Baker's "fourth dimension" is revolutionizing theater technique

DEEP IN THE BLACK MUD, tall cotton country of Texas, where advanced art is about as expected as summer snow, burly 47-year-old Paul Baker is pioneering an amazing new look for the American stage. The "discovery theater," he calls it. At his Baylor University drama school in Waco, he is developing weird new concepts of acting and staging. And, somewhat surprisingly, the theater world is applauding.

This moody, conventionally reared Presbyterian minister's son is a striking combination of imagination, energy and courage who puts on his productions in a unique six-stage, swivel-chaired playhouse he designed for Baylor. His costumes, sets, make-up, and even the dialogue and characterizations, are strictly from fantasy. In place of realism, he emphasizes modern psychology which, he says, is the only way the theater can hope to communicate with today's audiences.

Entertainment bigwigs from throughout the world appear at almost every Baylor opening. Some, like Charles Laughton and Burgess

Meredith, find themselves too fascinated to leave.

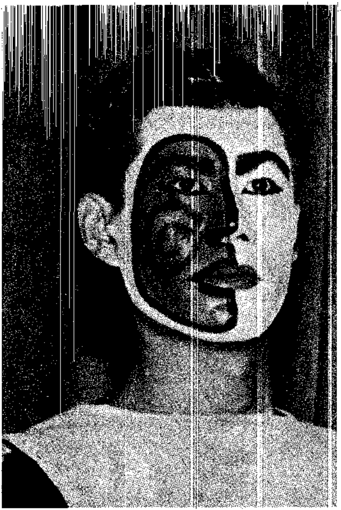
Meredith, for example, resigned his profitable role of Sakini in *Teahouse of the August Moon* so that he might donate two months to Baker's streamlined *Hamlet*. On several occasions, Laughton has canceled tour dates in order to work with Baker as an unpaid assistant director, or to coach Baker's drawling students in diction.

"We need a breath of fresh air in the theater," says Laughton, "and this is it."

Spectators at a Baker play revolve in swivel seats to follow a drama that is played around, above and among them. Actors work on three or four stages simultaneously. Often a scene is performed with the actors on stages across the theater from each other. Their speeches are exchanged across the audience, so that the drama seems to involve everyone in the house.

When undertaking Shakespeare, Baker and his seven-member staff begin by "re-thinking" the play. They revise it in line with Freudian psychology, then adapt it to their latest technical innovations. Out of this comes a striking oddity called "schizophrenic Shakespeare" and described by critic John Rosenfield as "the goldangedest thing you ever saw."

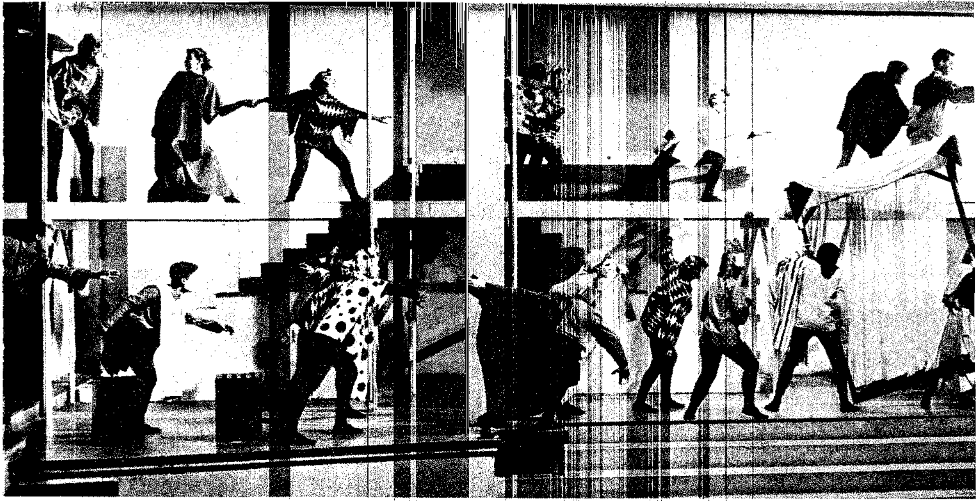
Baker divides the Shakespearean characters into their psychiatric parts. As a result, he may use as many as four actors to portray one role. This method creates a Hamlet who is shadowed throughout the play by his three other selves. These alteregos appropriate lines, they wisecrack and argue among themselves, and they echo in chorus while hounding the real Hamlet along to his doom. For playgoers, it is like eavesdropping beside an analyst's couch.



To show split personality, actor in "Othello" wears weird "facial mural."

Black leotards have become the basic costume for both men and women, no matter what the time and place of the play. The actors' faces are painted luminescently with the geometric designs of impressionist art. Thus each wears a facial mural intended to disclose the meaning of his role. These actors may speak their lines while hanging acrobatically on ladder rungs, roosting on stark ramps, or moving through a cubist maze made of colored steel pipe.

To achieve his "vertical pictures," Baker may use a stage with a floor slanted at 45 degrees and painted into the background. Viewers get both a horizontal and a bird's-eye perspective while watching actors who, wearing sneakers for traction,



Cast acts "Hamlet" on two-level stage (above). In "schizophrenic Shakespeare," four actors play Hamlet—one for each inner self—and sometimes speak while dangling from a ladder.

appear to be climbing the wall.

The sound accompanying all this is a sort of educated noise. Students pound on wrecked pianos, water tumblers or other makeshift instruments. But the furor is themed and timbred so studiously that it has been recorded commercially and is being marketed as a new form of music.

Baker considers lighting to have the major role in a play. Aside from its ordinary use for emphasis and to direct audience attention, he calls upon light for a score of new tricks. By changing the intensity of light against chemically treated backdrops, he is able to cast colored silhouettes. He can even make them change hue. He has astonished crowds by showing the growth of a child to adulthood *on stage* by teaming movable backdrops with slowly changing light angles which enlarge and reshape a silhouette.

Rarely does Baker allow a curtain to break the audience-actor contact. Instead, the players simply move from one stage to the next. When a set change is necessary, the job is done by costumed stagehands who make it a part of the drama.

Baker's discovery theater has been exhibited nationally on TV's *Omnibus* and *Wide, Wide World.* His filmed production of *Hamlet* recently won a special award at the Brussels World's Fair. His experiments have been adopted by the State Department as propaganda toward raising foreign opinion of American culture. Producer Robert Joseph closed his Broadway production of *Major Barbara* for a night so he and members of the cast could fly to Texas to see the Baylor *Hamlet.*

Baker takes his bows, but does so indifferently. "We are just trying to help our students discover their creative abilities," he says, "and we hope to help the theater catch up with the progress made in the other arts. We want a theater able to speak to the modern mind in the language it understands."

Paul Baker is a stocky man, slightly bowlegged in the tradition of his Texas pioneer ancestors. He has powerful arms and big hairy hands that can lift and tote with the strength of two ordinary men. He has won bicycle races, he can lay brick expertly, he was once the star of a sand-lot baseball team. His language can be blunt and salty. In contrast, his hair is wavy and dark; he has a sensitive, cherubic face, gentle green eyes, an upturned nose, and dimples.

SOME of Baker's friends worry about him as being habitually melancholy. Others admire him as a jubilant, carefree rebel. Baylor students idolize him, but show him a deference akin to fear. Early in their acquaintance, Laughton said of him: "The man is crude, irritating, arrogant, nuts and a genius."

Mrs. Baker, a Baylor math professor, and their three daughters know him as the kindly, sentimental fellow who sometimes isn't late to dinner. The girls, Robyn, 20, Retta, 16, and Sallie, 11, are already immersed in his theater. Interviewers find Baker to be an earnest, non-evasive man who is full of confidence and treats the theater as more of a faith than a profession.

When directing, Baker wears the same beat-up T-shirt, unpressed trousers and soiled tennis shoes that, at home, he dons for gardening. Students notice that he often shows up wearing mismated socks. His associates are aware of his statement that "if I am connected with a thing, then I run it," and they willingly concede him the right.

Baker was born at Hereford, in Deaf Smith County, where his father held a pastorate. The church was the community's recreation center, and Paul cannot remember when he wasn't acting in skits and plays. Although he cannot recall ever having had high ambitions as an actor, he is sure he always intended a theatrical career.

Until he entered Trinity University, however, he showed more prospect as an athlete than an aesthete. But after majoring in speech and drama there, he studied theater at the University of Wisconsin and the Central School of Speech in London. He ultimately earned his Master of Fine Arts degree in George Pierce Baker's famous drama workshop at Yale.

When, at 23, Baker arrived at Baylor, he was a handsome, warm-eyed idealist. But he did not seem, then, under any compulsion to remake the theater before sundown.

It was not until several years later, when he set out on a lonely globe-trotting study that put him in theater galleries in Japan, London, Moscow and at the Comédie Française in Paris, that he became an outright revolutionary. As his friends put it, "Paul discovered modern art that year."

He was excited by the idea that its principles could be applied to the theater just as they are being applied to architecture and music. He returned to Texas determined to prove it.

Eventually he was permitted to

design and build a magnificent theater flexible enough for the testing of his ideas. Completed in 1941, it has a conventional proscenium arch stage at front, two stages along each of the side walls, and an enormous Elizabethan stage extended across the rear. The stages are separated by removable walls, so that they can be converted into one enormous stage surrounding the audience.

The key to Baker's new techniques, he says, "is the attitude toward the use of space. If a play is to have its maximum impact, it must be free in space so as to use the actor-audience relationship that best projects the idea of the playwright.

"We try to make the most of peripheral awareness. In our theater. you are aware of many things simultaneously, just as people are in real life. Each customer gets a refreshing new perspective every time he turns his chair toward a new stage. For one scene he is in the front row, for the next one he is in the back. With this changing aspect, and with the play both facing and flanking him, he gets the feeling that he is living peripherally."

Baker blames lingering 19th-century creeds for a present-day theater that is "weak-kneed, gutless, and loaded with sentiment and elaborate manners. It makes mere traffic cops out of directors—the director has only to tell the actors how to get on and get off, and when to light their cigarettes. I believe theatergoers deserve, and want, a more exciting menu."

The experience at Baylor tends to bear him out. For tickets for the half-dozen plays that he produces each season become unavailable long before opening night, despite the five-week runs.

Baker cites his sensational *Othello* of several years back as his best production. This followed his summer in Paris. "It was our ultimate break with all theater history," he says. "It was the first time that we set out deliberately to break every rule we knew." But he considers his finest triumph to be not a play but a drama course he calls, cryptically, "Integration of Abilities."

Here he forces students to work in all the arts. They must paint and write; even those who can't read a note are required to compose music. Baker pushes the youngsters into public charades to rid them of inhibitions and awaken them to their own creative powers.

"We are searching for all the basic strengths of the medium, for those possibilities for the stage that have never been uncovered," he explains.

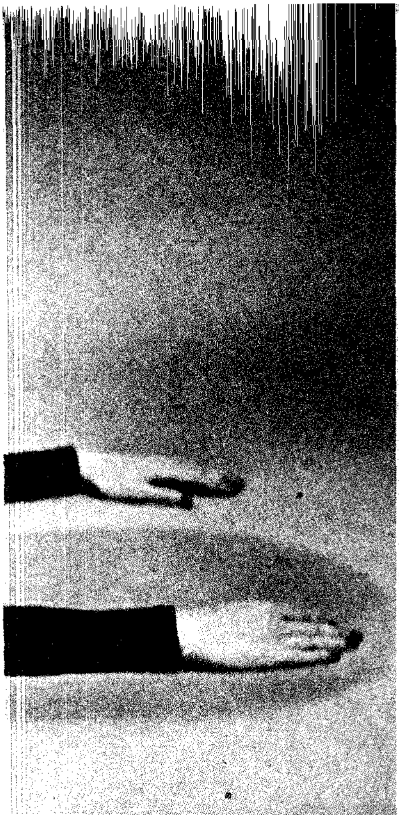
Only a few of Baker's experiments have been labeled by critics as failures. And, as one reflects, "even those were worth seeing. When Paul pulls a boner, he does it so imaginatively you're glad you didn't miss it. The man has the touch."

Matter of Taste

FROM THE MENU of a Dallas, Texas, café: COLLIE FLOUR.

—*Dallas Morning News*

Glamorous and athletic, Russell Lee's in a



EILEEN DARBY

by *Edward Hymoff*

TV action model

NO ONE ASKS for her autograph, yet blonde, 28-year-old Russell Elizabeth Lee has one of television's most familiar faces—and figures. Amazingly athletic but charmingly feminine, this blue-eyed descendant of Confederate Gen. Robert E. Lee earns $17,000 a year as one of TV's top action sports models. Millions of viewers know her as the girl who zooms along on water skis for a cigarette commercial, slams a golf ball for a bra manufacturer and helps other sponsors sell soap, coffee, cereal, auto-

class by herself—doing what others can't

mobiles, gasoline, and plane trips.

A decade ago, when TV was in its infancy, the advertising agencies that handle the filming of commercials preferred to hire glamorous stars to huckster the sponsor's merchandise. But TV watchers began to write letters ridiculing obviously artificial scenes in which stars jolted around wooden-leggedly on the tennis court or bounced on horses like terrified dudes.

Abruptly, Madison Avenue changed its tack. Out went the inept glamor mannequins and in came the comely and talented Russell E. Lee. Since she was ten, Russell has been winning athletic awards. Trained as a dance instructor by both the Arthur Murray and Fred Astaire studios, she ran her own ballroom school for four years. She plays a fine game of tennis, golfs in the 80s, bowls an average of 170 per game, swims with speed and style, rides horses like a cowgirl and operates a car so skillfully that she is one of the few women in the U. S. licensed to drive a fire engine.

Before Russell was born, her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Russell E. Lee of Charlottesville, Virginia, were hoping for a son. When a daughter came, they resolutely named her for her father anyway.

Until his death in 1938, Dr. Lee devoted most of his spare time to his daughter, who always preferred playing ball with boys to cuddling dolls. "Dad and I would go ice-skating together, see ball games and go on fishing and camping trips," Russell recalls.

As a teenager, she attended Chevy Chase Junior College, a fashionable girls' finishing school, in Washington, D.C., then the University of Virginia in her home town of Charlottesville. She was graduated in 1949 with a B.S. degree and the paradoxical nickname—"Tiger"—because she was so even-tempered.

For a while, Russell taught American history in a high school, worked as a dance instructor in Miami and as an athletic director at a resort hotel in the Bahamas. In 1953, she came to New York, hoping to land a job on television.

Within a year, she had "starved down" from a robust 139 pounds to a more photogenic 105. She also toned down her athletic stride and took speech lessons to lose her Southern accent.

In 1955, Russell made her first big splash in the New York press. As a publicity stunt for a new department store, she lived in its front window for 11 days, eating, sleeping, undressing and taking showers (behind a curtain) as passing thousands gaped entranced.

"It was embarrassing but profitable," Russell recalls. "Manufac-

At beauty parlor (right), Russell has hair set to match blonde wig she sometimes wears on TV.

EILEEN DARBY

turers who wanted me to wear their garments kept giving me gifts. I wound up with 100 cashmere sweaters and $2,000 in salary."

Shortly thereafter, Russell got her first TV break. A big airline was set to shoot a travel film and several commercials in Arizona, but couldn't find a model athletic enough for the assignment. "All I had to do," Russell says, "was ride, ski, golf, play tennis, dive off a high board—and be natural."

Russell did the job to perfection, and ever since has been doing rugged TV chores that other models can't or won't do.

It's not unusual for her to start work at 6 A.M.—any day of the week—and go right through to 11 P.M. She often gets assignments on short notice, and this bedevils her social life. "A lot of men misunderstand when I break a date at the last minute," she says ruefully. "They never invite me out again. But if I've got to work in front of cameras the next morning, dates are out. I can't afford to stay up late because the camera will often catch even the faintest suggestion of fatigue."

Last January, Russell flew to Coral Gables, Florida, on five hours' notice to do a cigarette commercial that involved some hazardous water skiing. Eleven takes and four spills later (it was winter, and Russell was out of practice), the outdoor shots were

completed. "I had gone down to Florida with a bad cold," she remembers, "thinking the sun would do me some good. So what happened? I came home all blotched with black and blue marks."

In New York, Russell lives at the Barbizon Hotel for Women. Her day ordinarily starts at 8 A.M. with a long workout in the hotel pool followed by calisthenics. Then, depending on the season, she goes ice-skating or horseback riding in Central Park.

After her workouts, Russell makes the rounds of the ad agencies, either drumming up jobs on her own or following leads supplied by her model agency. Four years of competitive experience have made her a practical businesswoman. She often turns down jobs that may conflict with longer-running commercials she knows are in the planning stage.

On one occasion she lost out on a cigarette commercial job that would have netted her $5,000. All she had to do was light the sponsor's product and inhale deeply. She did—and broke into a spasm of coughing. A nonsmoker, she hadn't realized inhaling would be that tricky.

On another job interview, she was asked to sip a spoonful of the sponsor's cough medicine. "They turned me down," Russell says, "because they didn't think I was enjoying myself enough.

Left: Russell has been on 15 Phil Silvers shows in dramatic and dancing roles. She's girl at far left.

Right: to attract customers to new department store, she lived in front window for 11 days.

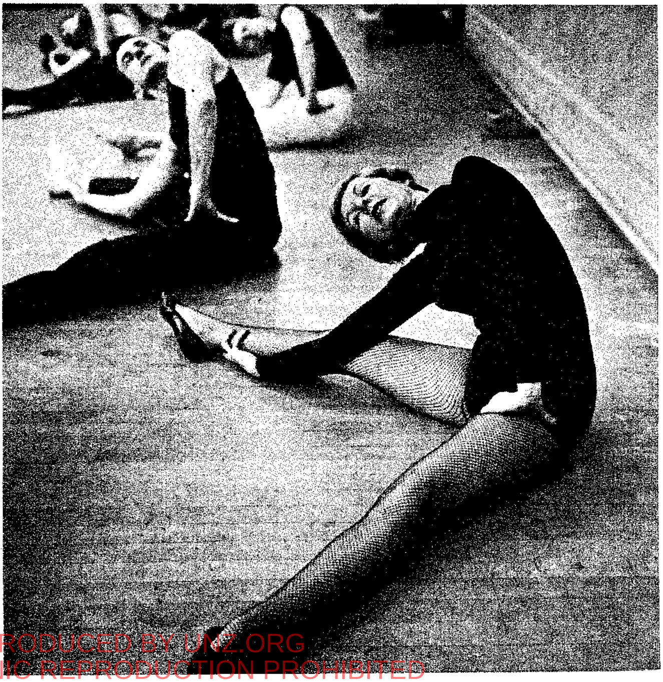
who really *enjoys* cough syrup?"

It was just the opposite, however, during the filming of a commercial in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Cameras ground away as Russell and a male actor kept drinking the hotel's famed coffee. The director had to shout "Cut!" seven times. "He told us we were enjoying ourselves *too much*," says Russell.

While Russell's $17,000-a-year income is in the upper bracket, so are her expenses—nearly $1,000 a month. There is her rent at the Barbizon; trips to the hairdresser (at least twice weekly at $10 a visit); her 13 weekly classes in dancing, voice control, and acting run to $500 a month; and she must pay to practice her sports.

But clothes are her largest single expense. Russell maintains two separate wardrobes—one for her private use and the other for TV work. And because they must be modish and fresh-looking, they require frequent replacement. For herself, Russell prefers dark shades, but they often don't look best on camera. Therefore she stocks up on beige and medium tones—light blues, pinks, checked and striped pastels. She must watch her shoes, too. Black footwear, for example, blends into the floor on TV, and extreme light and dark shades cast a ghostly outline. She also has two ski and riding outfits, along with special

Left: before mirror in her two-room hotel suite, 5′5″ Russell does morning exercises.



Right: dancing lessons twice a week help keep her figure a trim 34-24-34.

Photos by EILEEN DARBY

e starting workday, Russell swims a
in pool, then does strenuous exercise
e). Later, she checks day's schedule
announcer Brooke Taylor (below).

swim and play suits for TV work.

Since commercials are filmed months in advance, Russell usually wears out-of-season clothes to work. Her on-the-job jewelry consists of metals with a dull finish, since reflections from bright rings, earrings or bracelets can spoil costly TV scenes.

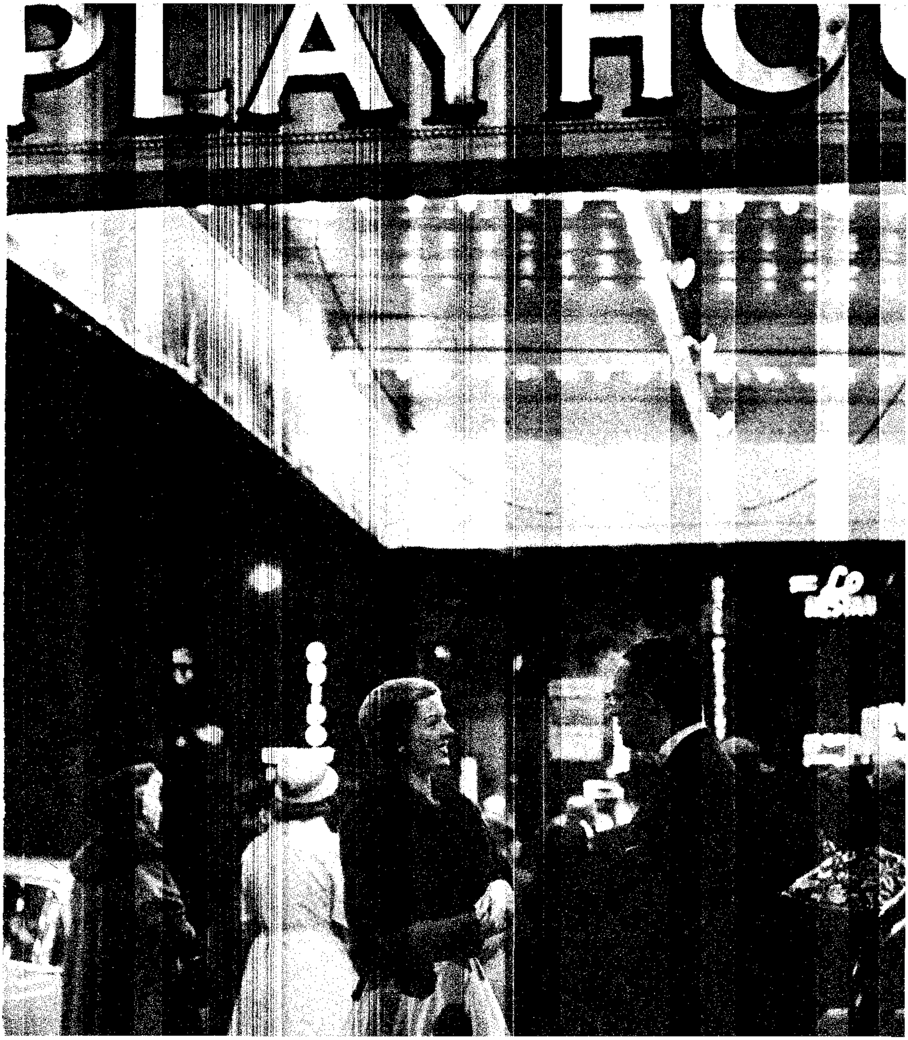
As a top TV model, Russell ordinarily charges $160 a day, plus overtime and expenses. Her agent gets ten percent. But Russell also receives Screen Actors Guild fees ranging from $35 to $140 each time one of her commercials is televised. These are called "residuals" and comprise the bulk of her income. She is paid the larger sum for network use; the smaller, for spot use on local TV stations.

The fattest "residual" check Russell has ever received added up to $2,000. It came from a soap company that had used her filmed commercial twice a week for almost six months.

For the moment, career comes before marriage for Russell, and her next goal is to become a TV "spokeswoman," one of the "talking" people who actually deliver the sponsor's message. Ultimately she hopes to conduct a daytime program in which she could put all her show business and athletic skills to full use.

Like any other girl, she enjoys spending an evening at the theater with her date (right).

Photos by EILEEN DARBY


PLAYHO

by Lester David

NEGLIGENCE SUITS CAN BANKRUPT YOU

Here's how to protect yourself against tricky laws that may trap you—even when you seem blameless

One bright sunday morning a young man left his wife sleeping peacefully and hurried away to a public golf course. He got a long drive off the first tee, but unfortunately the ball took a wide hook and struck a woman driving along the road adjoining the course. She lost control of her car.

After being in the hospital for several weeks, the woman sued the young man for $75,000. The claim was eventually whittled down to $50,000 but, to pay the judgment, the golfer lost his home, his car and his savings.

Tragically, hundreds of people actually have been forced into bankruptcy because of the tricky negligence laws of our various states. Many others, held legally liable for injuries someone suffered, have been forced to liquidate securities and property, even to mortgage their future earnings.

The significant point is this: even though you never in your wildest imaginings thought you were to blame, a judge or a jury can assess a painful cash verdict against you if a person is hurt or property is damaged because of something you did or did not do.

A pool player miscued in a billiard parlor, for example. His ball flew off the table, bounced out an open window, sailed across an alleyway and through the kitchen window next door. There it frightened a cat, which leaped upon a table, upsetting a coffee percolator and causing the tablecloth to catch fire. The tenant, a woman with a bad heart, became so agitated she died of excitement.

The courts did not hold the pool

player who hit the ball liable. By some strange legalistic quirk, it was the pool hall owner who had to pay.

A top insurance claims executive points out: "Each of our 48 sovereign states has its own idea of what constitutes negligence, which generally is defined as failure to use the same standard of care which the average person exercises in the things he owns. You may do something in one state and be considered entirely blameless. In a neighboring state, that same action may cost you thousands of dollars."

A particularly dangerous aspect of the situation is the astonishingly inflated verdicts judges and juries are bestowing these days.

If an old lady injures her leg on your property in a fall, for instance, it would not be at all unusual for her to get from $5,000 to $10,000. If the injured party is a child, the awards can come with lots of zeros after the initial digit.

According to the International Association of Insurance Counsel, the highest verdict in Los Angeles in 1940 for a personal injury case was $33,000. By 1947, it had risen to $100,000, and three years later it was $156,937!

Have you ever heard of an "attractive nuisance?" In most states, an attractive nuisance consists of anything belonging to you which can lure children and cause them harm, even though they may be trespassing on your property to get to it.

For example, not long ago a contractor left a box of lime near a house where he was working. Two pre-teeners walked by and were attracted to the box. When the owner of the property came out and tried to shoo them off the premises, the kids pelted him with the lime, striking him in the eye.

The man lost the sight of the eye and collected $34,914—from the contractor who, the court felt, had left an attractive nuisance on the property.

Play equipment in your yard is an attractive nuisance. So may be your automobile. If a child gets in and starts it moving, injuring himself or someone else, you are the one who can be made to pay for the damages and lawyers fees.

The area where you are extremely vulnerable to negligence suits is—your own home. Every person who has a legitimate reason for being on your premises is a possible claimant against you if anything should happen due to your negligence: your guests, the meter reader, the postman, neighbors' children, maids, delivery boys, repair men, salesmen.

These are the ones who have fallen down stairs, slid on Junior's roller skates, stepped into the hole you were going to fill up tomorrow, snagged themselves on nails—and who have been awarded huge sums of money for their pains. Like the woman in Tulsa, Oklahoma, who went sprawling when one of the scatter rugs in a living room slid out from under her. She received $5,250 for a fractured hip.

Dog bites on the premises have caused pet owners sums ranging up to $20,000. Even off your own premises you can be liable for heavy damages. Your umbrella can stick someone in the eye. The flame of your cigarette lighter can sear someone's face. Your valise can fall from a rack and cause painful injuries.

Most states brand you as negligent if you knowingly put a dangerous or harmful toy in the hands of a child. Recently, for instance, Mrs. Carmen Padilla of New York City, who permitted her nine-year-old grandson to shoot a bow and arrow, was ordered to pay $15,240 for an accident that caused the loss of a small girl's left eye.

The court's words should sink in deeply: "The indulgence of a doting grandmother, no matter how well-intentioned, cannot in circumstances such as these condone her negligent conduct."

How do you protect yourself?

1) *Be careful!* Use common sense. Don't give a carpenter a rickety stepladder. Keep Junior's wagons, bikes and assorted toys off the walks. Clear away snow and ice immediately. Don't leave lawn mowers around where intrigued youngsters can start them and cause trouble. Always lock your car. Keep a biting dog leashed.

2) *Be insured!* Available in any community are comprehensive personal liability policies which shift the worry from your shoulders to those of the insurance companies. In many states, you can be covered for $10,000 and $250 in medical payments (regardless of whether or not you are at fault) for as little as $10 a year in premiums. For $12, you can get $25,000 coverage; and for $15, coverage of $100,000 is available.

These policies protect an entire family against legal liability for bodily injury and property damage claims resulting from accidents involving their home and personal actions. They will also pay the costs of investigating a claim against you, court costs and lawyers fees, premiums on necessary bonds, and medical expenses up to stated limits.

The policies, incidentally, protect you if anything happens while you are on a trip anywhere in the world. Bear in mind, though, that they do not cover accidents involving automobiles, aircraft and certain boats, for which there are other policies available.

A word to the wise—be careful, and be insured! ♛

Candid Comments

THE POOR MAN brags about his rich ancestors, the rich man of his poor ones. —HAROLD COFFIN

OUR GREAT GRANDMOTHER had to haul the wash water from the well—but she didn't have to sit up nights figuring out how to meet the payments on the bucket. —*V.F.W. Magazine*

THE FIRST THING a new stenographer types is the boss. —*Enginews*

TO A MARRIED MAN, it is known as the law of demand and supply. —*Quote*

Shopper's Guide
TO BEAUTIFUL GI

16E Salad Serving Set. Generous size tulip wood salad bowl with sterling silver base to match handles of salad serving spoon and fork, $24.95 Set.

17E Hors d'oeuvres Dish. Five compartment black styrene dish mounted on sterling candlestick base $7.95

14E Water Pitcher, two quart $49.95

5E Compote Candlestick. Removable black styrene bowl mounted on sterling candlestick base . . . . $9.95 pair.

13E Candlesticks. $7.95 pair.

10E Jumbo Jam Set. Clear crystal jam jar, with sterling cover and spoon $5.95

Federal Tax extra.

Serving Pieces in International Sterling SILVER RHYTHM *pattern*

Cheese Serving Knife	$7.50
Cold Meat or Buffet Fork, (large)	$17.50
Serving Spoon (large)	$18.75
Lemon or Pickle Fork	$5.75
Gravy Ladle	$14.75
Jelly Server	$8.75

Prices include Federal Tax.

☆*Preceding page:* Magnificent 5-pc. Tea and Coffee Service in precious International Sterling. Beloved PRELUDE pattern. Includes 10-cup tea pot, 9-cup coffee pot, sugar, cream and waste. Regularly, $455.00. Specially priced through Dec. 31, 1958 only $275.00

Federal Tax extra.

Sterling Silver

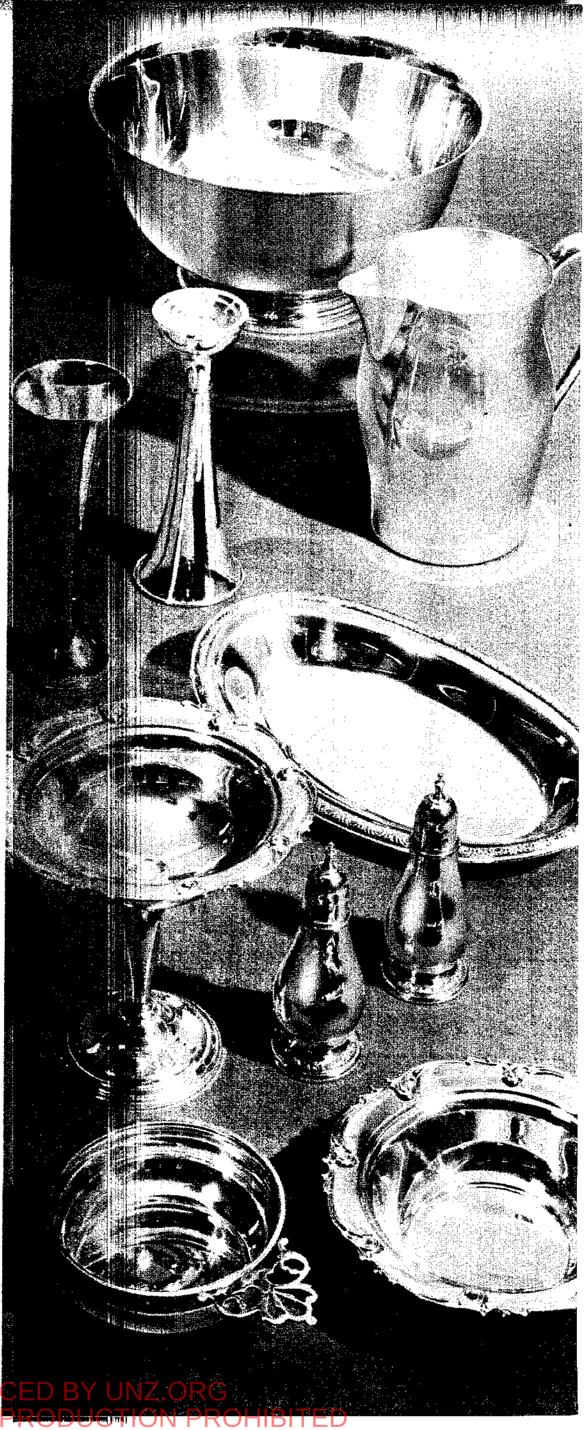
to start a family tradition

For your own home, or a welcomed gift, there's nothing like gleaming sterling to start a delightful family tradition. A treasured possession for comfortable assurance you have the best . . . ageless in genuine beauty and ever useful to bring generations of pride and pleasure in ownership.

D261 Paul Revere Bowl. 5 pints, 9 in. diameter	$67.50
V177 Vase-Candlestick. Height 7½ in.	$27.50 pair.
E115 Paul Revere Water Pitcher. 2 quart	$90.00
J57 Bread Tray. Length 11½ inches	$30.00
T232 Compote. Height 6 in.,	$22.50
S118 Salt & Pepper. Height 5 inches.	$20.00 pair.
K106 Porringer, plain, 4⅜ in. diameter	$15.00
B213 Bon Bon, 6½ in. . .	$15.00

Prices include Federal Tax.

Fine Products of
The International Silver Company



Sterling

for Her . . . for Him

Lustrous stemware in beautifully matched pieces, and drinking cups with rugged masculine appeal . . . all in heavy weight sterling for lifelong use.

top row

P714-1 **Jigger or Whiskey**, 2 ounce, $5.00

P709 **Highball**, height 5¼ in. $19.50

P710 **Old Fashioned**, height 3¼ in. $15.00

bottom row

P664 **Goblet**, gold or silver lined, height 6⅝ in. $18.50

P713 **Wine Cup**, height 4¾ in. $12.00

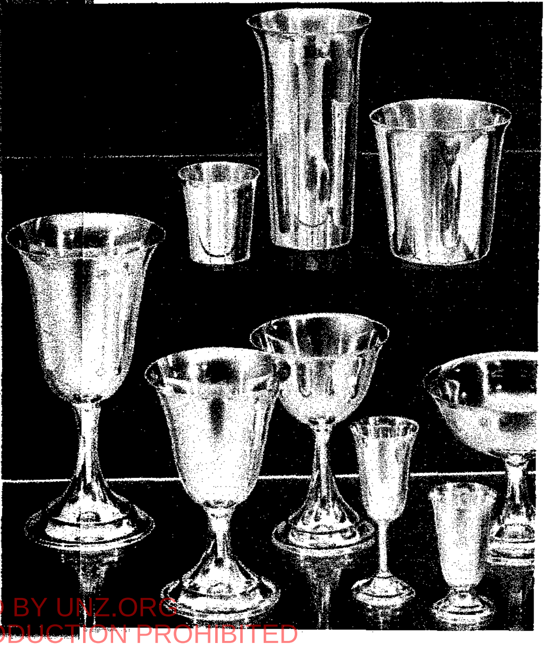
P697 **Cocktail Cup**, height 4⅝ in. $11.00

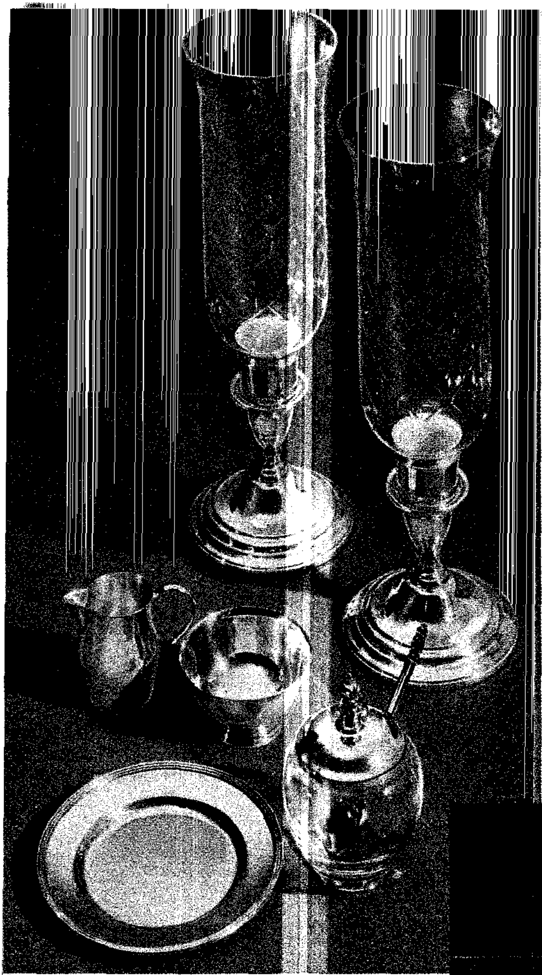
P706 **Cordial**, height 3½ in. . .$8.00

P712 **Cordial**, height 2⅝ in. . .$7.00

P122 **Sherbet**, height 3½ in. $13.75

All prices on this page include Federal Tax.





above

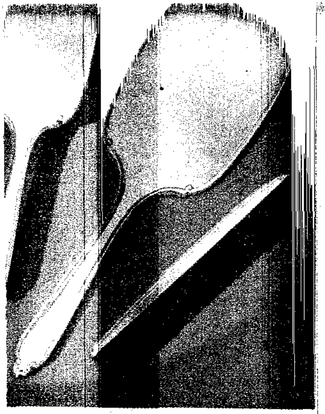
N211-28C **Hurricane Lamps**, removable clear crystal etched globe, Hgt. 15⅝ in. $50.00 pr.

C120 **Paul Revere Sugar and Cream Set** $33.00

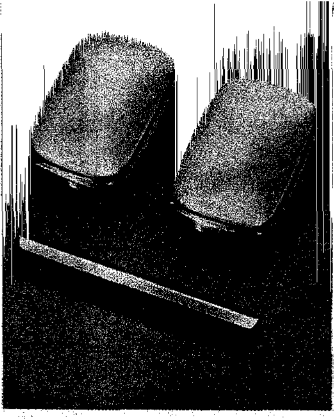
P307-NX30 **Marmalade Set**, clear crystal jar with sterling silver cover and spoon, height 3⅝ in. $11.00

H413-9 **Bread and Butter Plate**, 6 in. diameter . . $7.75

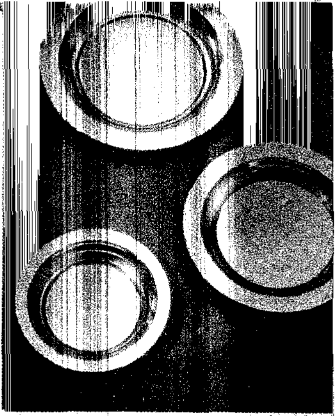
Fine Products of
The International Silver Company



LADIES' DRESSER SET, DAPHNE, plain, bright lustrous finish, oxidized border. 3 piece Set, $50.00



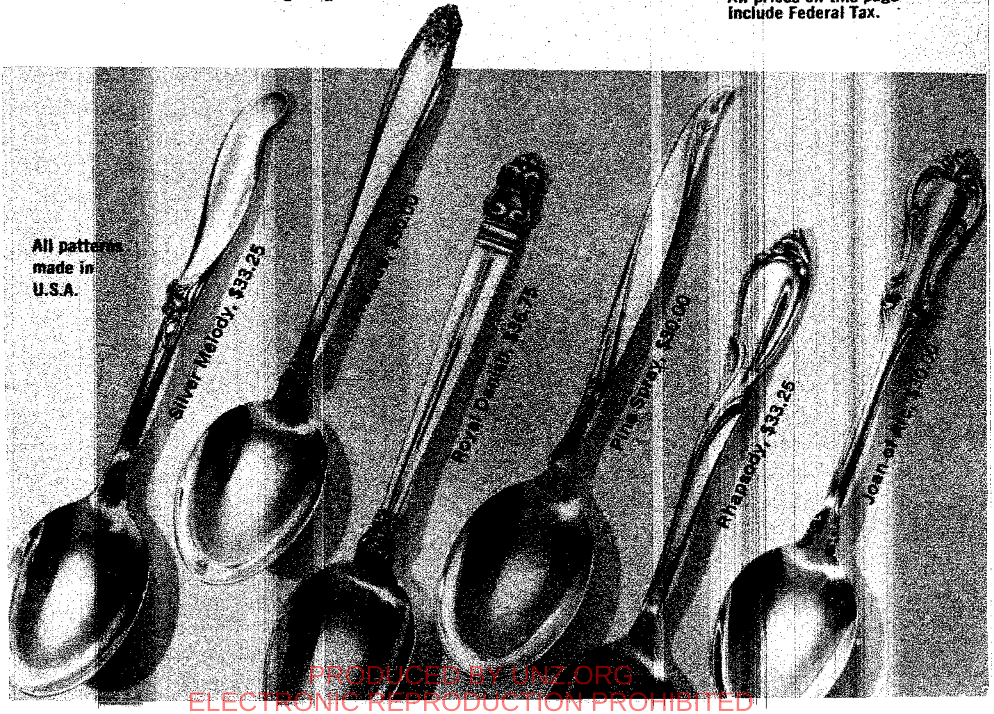
MEN'S MILITARY SET, GUARDSMAN, plain, bright lustrous finish. 3 piece Set, $25.00



UTILITY TRAYS, NA30, 4 in. diam., $5.00; NA32, 5 in. diameter, $7.50; NA33, 5¾ in. dia. $10.00

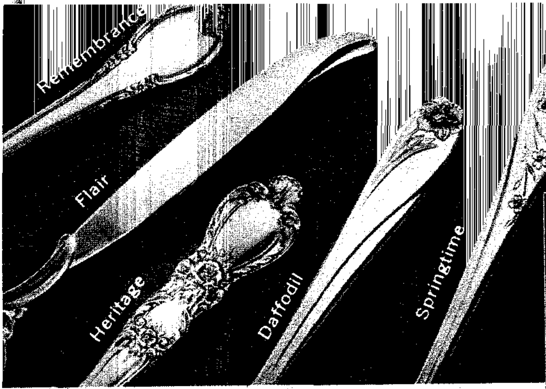
For Rich Artistry and Finesse in Craftsmanship, nothing surpasses International Sterling . . . patterns run the gamut from classic simplicity to sleek modern silhouettes for pride in starting a happy family tradition. Prices shown for 5-pc. place setting (teaspoon, place knife, place fork, salad fork, place spoon or iced beverage spoon).

All prices on this page include Federal Tax.



All patterns made in U.S.A.

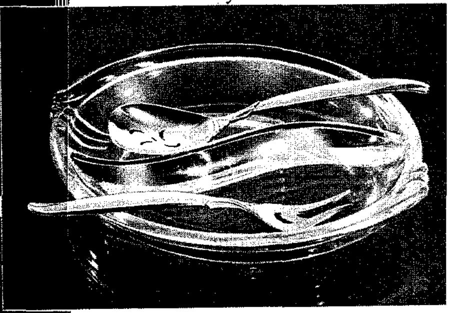
Silver Melody, $33.25
Royal Danish, $36.75
Pine Spray, $30.00
Rhapsody, $33.25
Joan of Arc



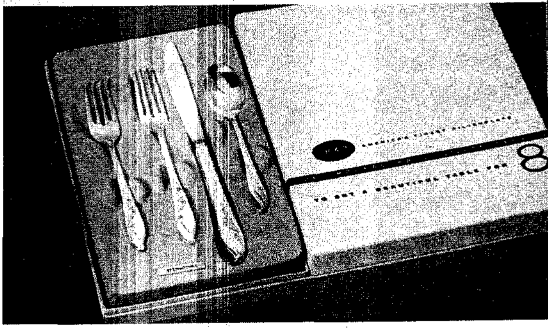
1847 Rogers Bros.

America's Finest Silverplate

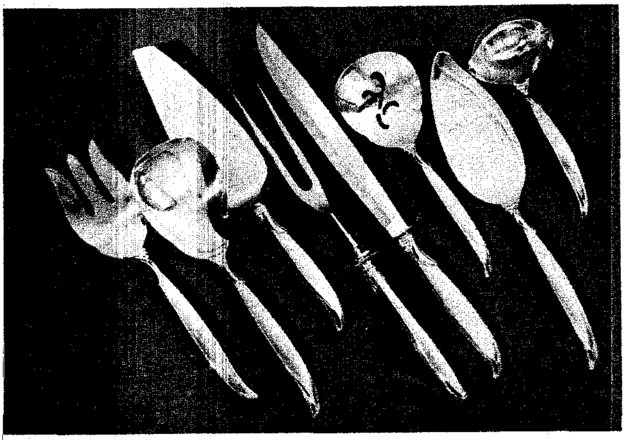
Enduring quality and beauty have made it "fine family silver" for over 110 years.



3-piece Flair Relish Set, $3.95



Basic Set. Service for 8, eight 4-pc. place settings plus 1 each butter knife, serving fork, pierced tablespoon, serving spoon, sugar spoon, tablespoon, $66.00. Other Basic Sets available for 6 or 12 people.



Serving Pieces (left to right).

Serving Fork	$4.50
Serving Spoon	$4.50
Pastry Server	$6.50
Roast Set, 2-pc.	$17.50
Round Server	$4.50
Long Server	$5.75
Gravy Ladle	$4.50

Choice of above patterns.

63-piece Service for Eight in Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate Available in four patterns. $49.95

Prevent Tarnish Chest, $7.95

There is no Federal Tax on silverplated flatware.

Silverplate

for sparkling table accent

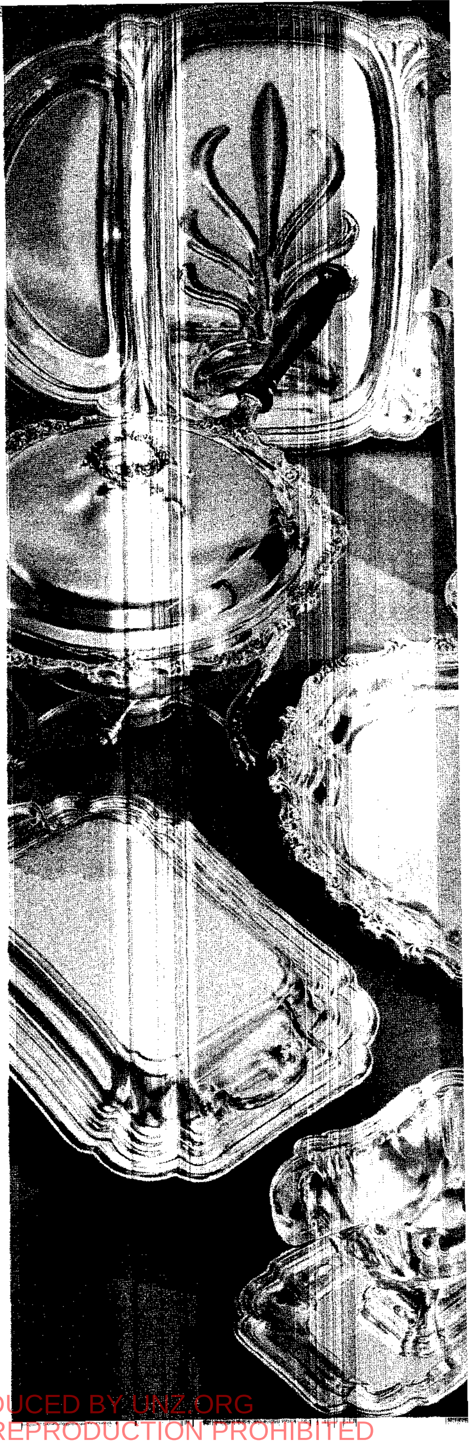
For beautiful gifts the entire family can enjoy, we offer a variety of suggestions in finest quality silverplate . . . flatware and holloware meticulously fashioned with careful attention to detail by America's foremost silversmiths for sparkling distinction on any table.

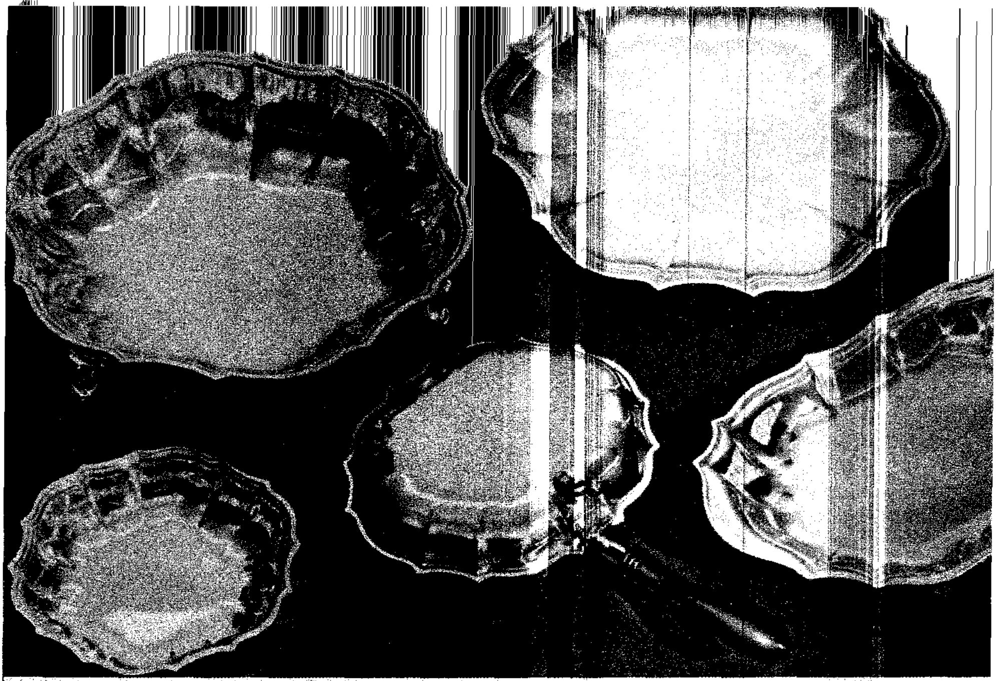
top to bottom

1557 **Dinner Dish**, length 20 inches	$25.00
6275 **Chafing Dish** with alcohol burner and hot water cooking pan, 1¼ quart	$45.00
8118 **Beverage Server**, 1½ quart	$22.50
8118s **Swizzle Stick**	$2.50
6243 **Serving Tray**, length 15¼ inches	$17.50
1512 **Double Vegetable Dish**, length 12 in. Cover serves as a separate serving dish,	$17.50
1513 **Gravy Set**, 12 ounce,	$17.50

Above prices subject to Federal Tax.

Fine Products of
The International Silver Company





Fine Products of
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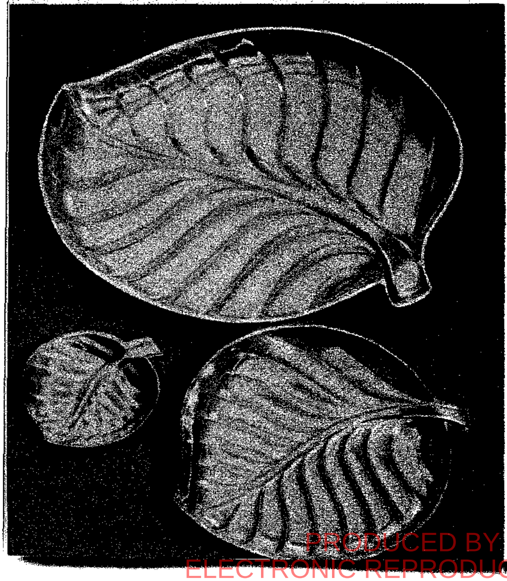
left to right

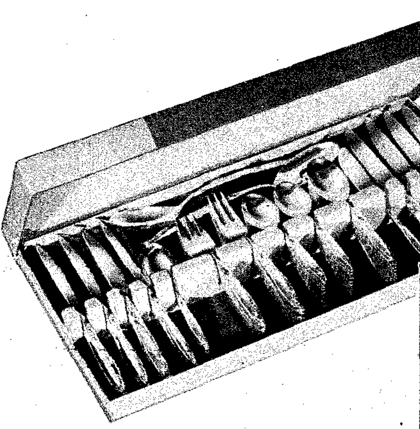
6335-F Footed Round Bowl, 10½ in. diameter	$12.50
6321 Sandwich Tray, 11 in. diameter	$6.00
6395 Bon Bon, 5½ in. diameter,	$3.50
6323 Silent Butler, length 7 inches	$10.00
6319 Bread Tray, length 12 inches	$6.00



Tropical Leaf Dishes

8199, 15 in. diameter	$10.00
8198, 9 in. diameter	$5.00
8197, 4 in. diameter	$1.50

All prices subject to Federal Tax.

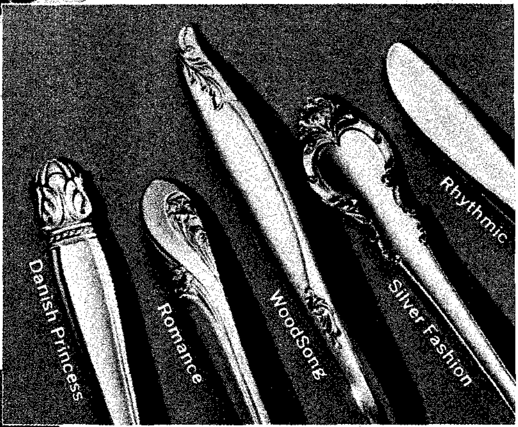


HOLMES & EDWARDS DEEPSILVER

adds sparkling beauty to the table. A new concept in silverplate . . . every piece lavished with extra silver inside and out for lasting beauty.

All Patterns made in U.S.A.

HOMEMAKER BONUS SERVICE FOR 8. Consists of eight 6-piece place settings in gift package, $88.00 *Plus* 4 Bonus Pieces (2 pierced tablespoons, 1 butter knife, and 1 sugar spoon) at no extra charge.



left

PARTY PAIR. Two-tined fork and pierced server in WOODSONG or RHYTHMIC patterns only, $2.95

CONVERSATION PIECES

WEDDING CAKE KNIFE, length 16½ inches	$12.50
CAKE BREAKER	$7.50
BOTTLE OPENER	$4.50

SILVER FASHION pattern only.

VERSATILE SERVING PIECES

ROUND SERVER	$4.50
STEAK SET (2 pieces)	$12.50
BUFFET LONG SERVER	$5.75
BUFFET MEAT FORK	$4.50
BUFFET SERVING SPOON	$4.50

Choice of above patterns.

There is no Fed. Tax on Silverplated Flatware.

A striking selection of useful accessories in fine silverplate.
Distinctive gifts that make the occasion memorable.

top row

335/9 PAUL REVERE BOWL, 9 inch diameter	$15.00
4470/c SALVER, chased, 11¾ inch diameter	$20.00
477 ICE BUCKET, 1¾ quart	$37.50

middle row

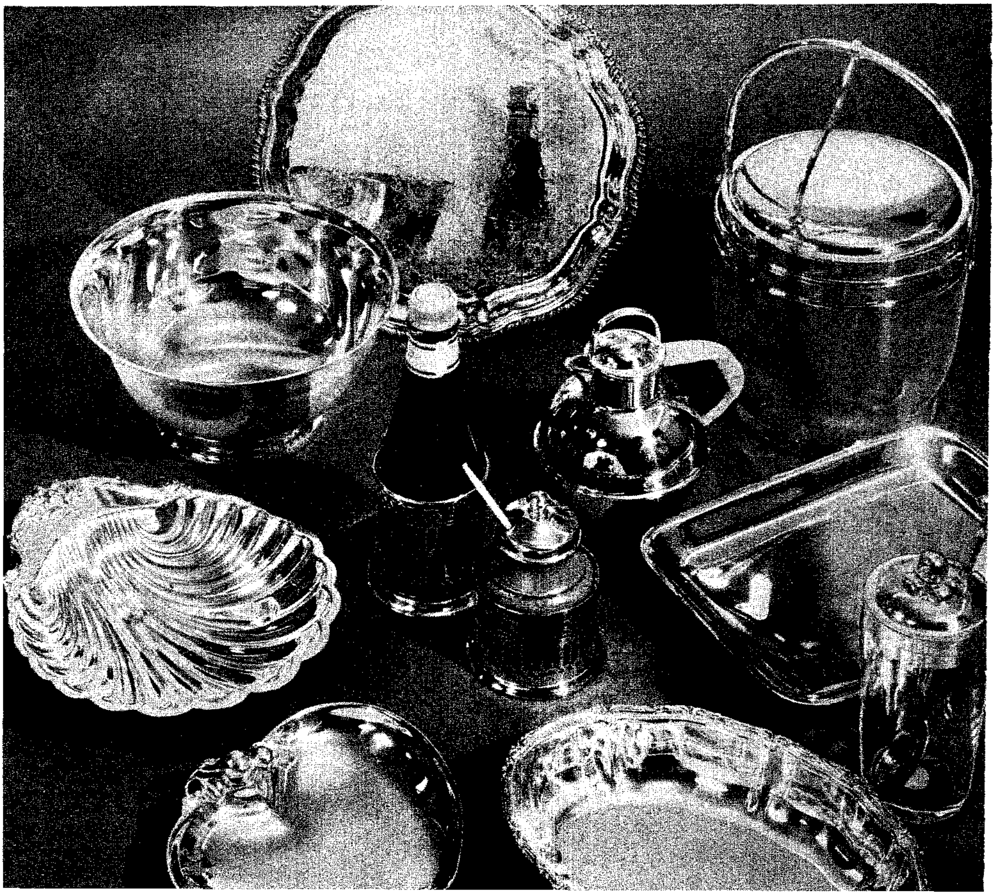
997 SHELL DISH, ORLEANS pat.,	$15.00
251 KETCHUP HOLDER (large)	$6.50
551 MUSTARD JAR with cover and spoon,	$8.00
60/3 GUERNSEY JUG, 1½ pint	$15.00
2642 SNACK DISH, length 11¼ in.,	$15.00

bottom row

2548/c CANDY DISH, length 7 in.,	$16.50
5412/s OVAL DISH, lgth. 10¼ in.,	$17.50
2568-68s COCKTAIL SERVER and spoon, height, 6¾ inches	$12.50

All prices include Federal Tax.

Fine Products of The International Silver Company



silverware for your favorite "YOUNG ONE"

For those who care to give the best, these are only a few items from our splendid selection.

TERRY, THE TERRIER, Holmes & Edwards DeepSilver, 2 pc. Educator Set, $4.00

K82 PLAIN CUP, Sterling, $5.50

K76 PLAIN CUP, Sterling, $8.50

K105 PLAIN CUP, Sterling $8.50

TRAINEE SET, Sterling, 6 pieces, $25.50

H11 KO-KO, 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate, 3 pieces, $3.00

P13 PETER RABBIT, Holmes & Edwards DeepSilver, $4.50

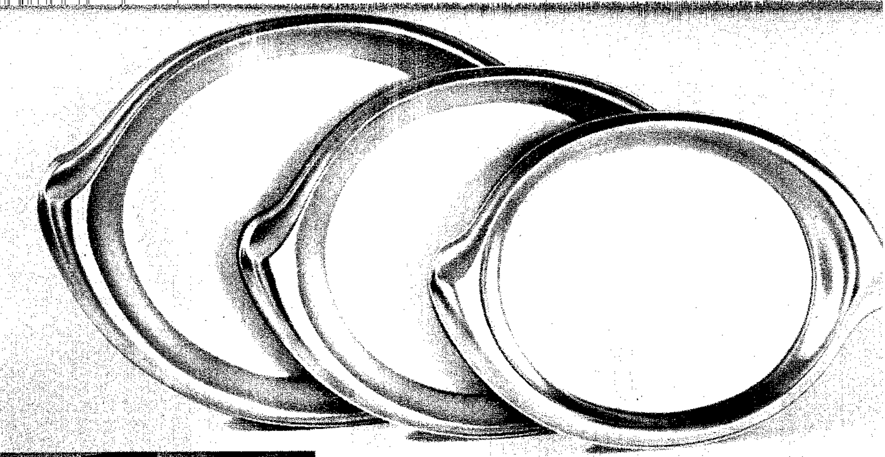
P41 MY OWN SET, Holmes & Edwards DeepSilver, $3.50

H-3 YOUNGSTER SET, 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate, 3 pieces, $5.75

H-1 INFANT FEEDING SPOON, 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate, $1.50

H-4 CURVED HANDLE BABY SPOON, 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate, $1.50

Prices on Sterling items include Federal Tax.

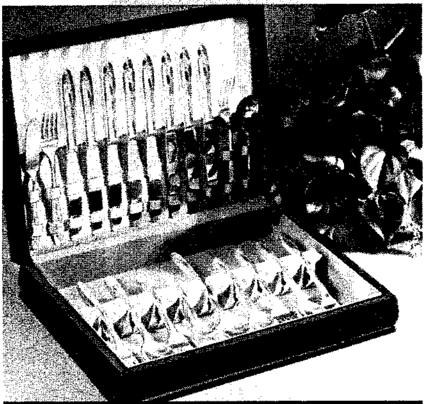


TERRACE TRIO, 3 multi-purpose serving trays	$34.95
8326 SERVING TRAY or PLATTER, length 18 in.	$14.95
8380 SERVING TRAY or PLATTER, length 16 in.	$12.95
8309 SERVING TRAY or PLATTER, length 14 in.	$9.95

Stainless

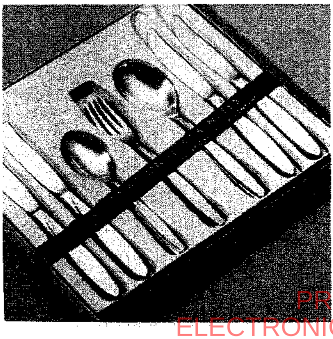
versatile tableware for casual elegance

To match the mood and tempo of modern living . . . the clean-lined simplicity of contemporary design translated in stainless steel of luxurious weight.



52 Piece Service for 8. SILVER-PLATE, Lady Fair pattern, with storage chest, $29.95

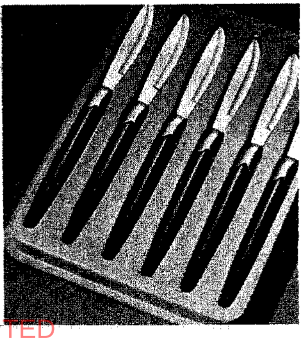
16 PIECE SERVICE FOR 4, hollow handle knives, SCOPE pattern $19.95

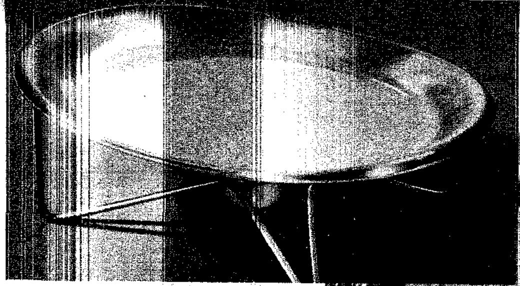


SIZZLING STEAK PLATTER SET, Two individual steak platters complete with matching wooden serving planks . . . . Set, $14.95

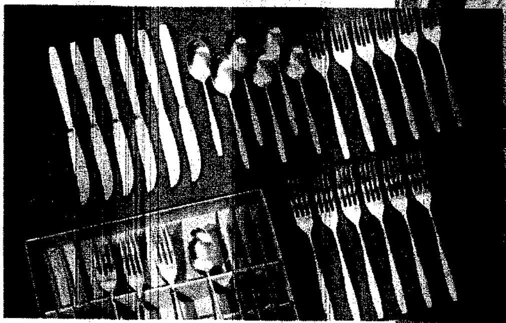
STEAK KNIFE SET, Six knives with stainless steel blades and Melmac® handles $9.95

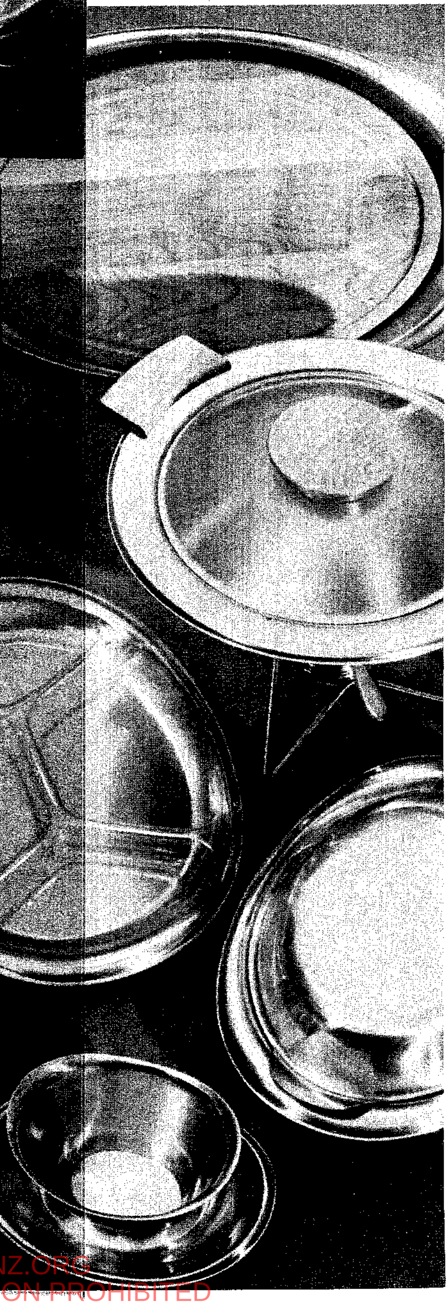
®TRADEMARK AMERICAN CYANAMID COMPANY





8509/16S HORS D'OEUVRES PLATTER, length 16 in., with stand and candlelamp, $19.95





THE BASIC TWENTY FOUR, 6 ea. teaspoons, place forks, place knives, salad forks. Available in four patterns $29.95

top to bottom

8509/16W PLATTER with reversible oak board, length 16 inches $13.95

8575 TABLE CHEF. Individual pieces styled for multiple use on the buffet or combined to form chafing dish. With stand and sterno burner $39.95

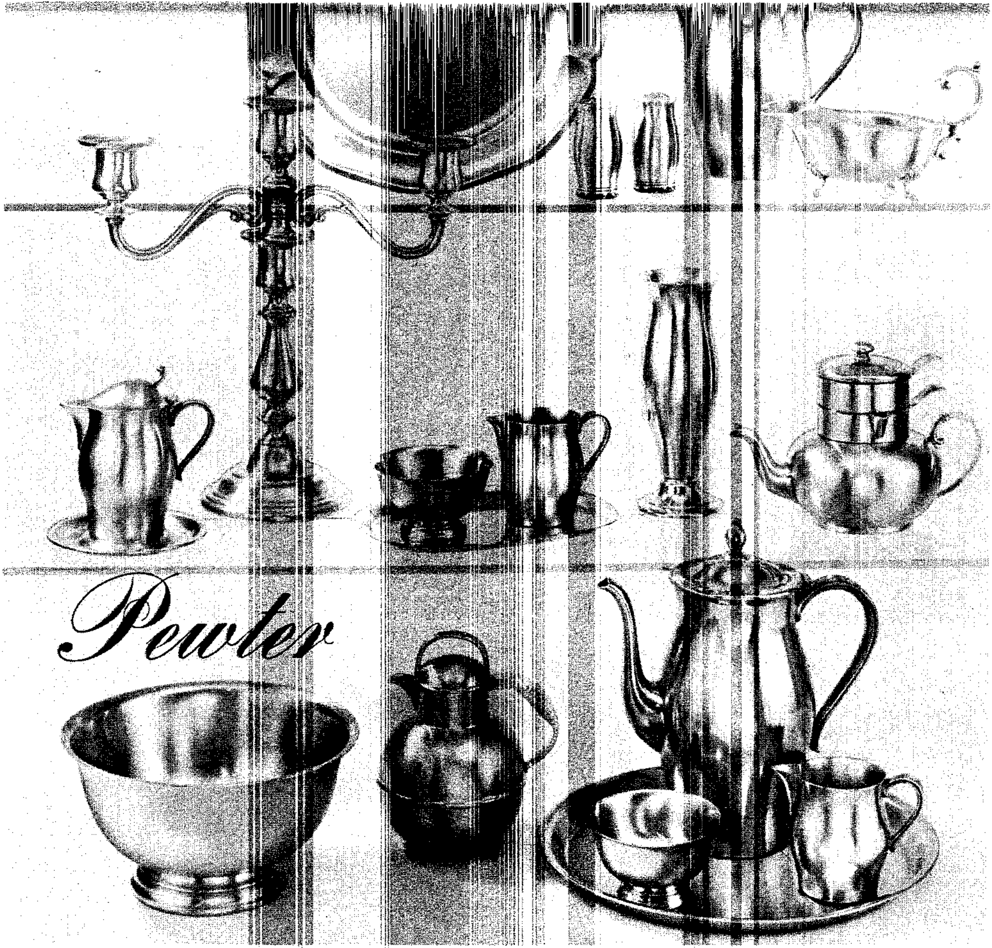
8509/14P RELISH DISH, length 14 in., with removable four compartment thermoplastic liner $12.95

8512 DOUBLE SERVING DISH, length 12¼ in. $14.95

8513 SAUCE SET, ¾ pint . . $9.95

There is no Federal Tax on stainless steel.

Fine Products of
The International Silver Company



Authentic reproductions of Early American design individually finished with the soft satin lustre one associates with antique pewter.

top row

277-70-12 **Sandwich Tray,** 12 in. diameter, $7.50

276-64 **Salt and Pepper Set** $5.00

276-17-32 **Colonial Pitcher,** 1 quart . . $10.00
4 other sizes available.

277-13-01 **Sauce Boat,** 10 ounce $7.50

middle row

276-60-02 **Syrup Pitcher,** 10 ounce $10.00

277-65-01 **Tall Candelabra,** 12 in. spread, $20.00

276-32-03 **Sugar, Cream and Tray Set** . . $12.50

277-66-11 **Vase,** Height 11 in. $10.00
2 other sizes available.

277-30 **Breakfast Set,** nested cream and sugar form cover for 3 cup pot $17.50

bottom row

276-35-07 **Paul Revere Bowl.** 7½ in. dia. $7.50
4 other sizes available.

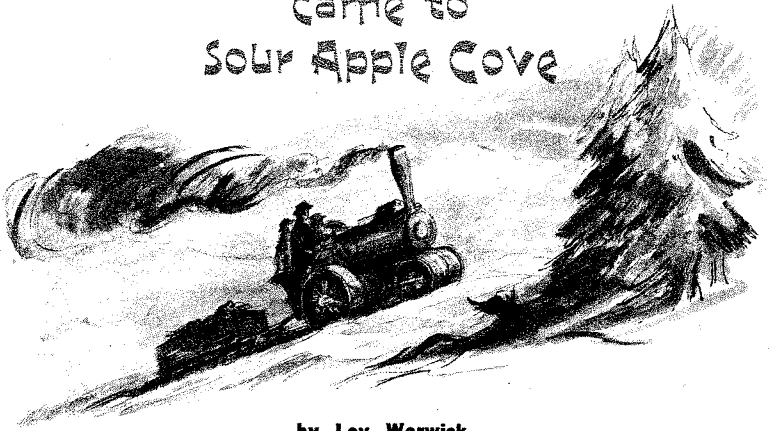
277-60-01 **Guernsey Jug,** 1 pint $12.50

276-30-04 **Coffee Set,** 4 pieces $32.50

There is no Federal Tax on Pewter.

Fine Products of The International Silver Company

How the Willopus-Wallopus came to Sour Apple Cove



by **Loy Warwick**

THE CHRISTMAS I'm telling about was the Christmas of the Big Snow. Old-timers in our part of the Blue Ridge country still call it that. It was snow on top of snow, and sleet and paralyzing cold —and wind.

It came on so suddenly it's amazing that things didn't turn out a lot worse. But when it began to let up some, and noses were counted, most everybody seemed to have come through all right. Well, most everybody except the Tollivers.

The Tollivers lived over on the other side of Razorback Ridge in a deep, lonesome hollow called Sour Apple Cove. They were so poor (so shiftless, some said) they didn't own so much as a blind mule to hitch to a plow.

They were decent people, however. And Goatleg, head of the family, even managed now and then to make a little corn whiskey—for home consumption—in a still that had been in the family for generations. He'd share his whiskey, too.

Nobody knew offhand how many Tollivers there were. Counting the married daughter—she was the oldest, around 13 or 14—there were maybe a dozen kids all told. And there was their ma, Olabelle Vista—and their pa, Goatleg—and the old folks, Grandpa Oral Eustace Tolliver, and his old woman, Trailing Arbutus.

On rare occasions, some of the Tollivers showed up on a back pew in my father's church in town. And the young'uns could be counted on whenever there was a Sunday School picnic, or a watermelon cutting. But the Tollivers weren't what you'd call churchgoing people.

Being their preacher, at least technically—but more because he was the sort of man he was—my father was deeply concerned about the Tollivers in the storm.

"Not a word has come out about them since it set in," said my father to Tinsley Byfield as they sat together on the Christmas Eve of the Big Snow.

Tinsley, though an unreconstructed moonshiner, was one of my father's best friends. He never failed to call at the parsonage on Christmas Eve. An amateur but deadly earnest theologian and authority on Holy Writ, Tinsley looked forward to sitting before the fire with my father, trying to out-quote him. Thus he regarded this mention of the Tollivers as an unwarranted intrusion.

"Trouble with you, Brother Ansley," he said, "is you're eternally wasting your time fretting over black sheep like the Tollivers."

"*Lost* sheep would be a more charitable way of putting it," said my father. "*If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine—*"

"*And,*" interrupted Tinsley, "*goeth in the mountains*—the way you're dying to do right this minute—*and seeketh that which is gone astray?*"

"You're right, Tinsley," said my father. "I'm very much afraid the Tollivers are in real trouble. And I've a feeling we've got to get there, and get there quick."

"Old Traveler—" Tinsley began.

But my father shook his head. "A car would never get up Razorback Ridge in this. Not even—and without meaning anything disparaging—not even old Traveler could do it."

"Traveler" was Tinsley's faithful Model T, a four-wheeled antique named after Robert E. Lee's charger, which had performed some notable feats of transportation in its day.

"No," agreed Tinsley. "Traveler couldn't handle the job. And there's not a horse in the county could do it. And any mule able-bodied enough would be too smart to let you work him in this kind of weather."

"The Tollivers can't have anything to eat left," said my father. "And they never seemed to have enough clothes to go around—"

"I don't like to even think how bad off they really may be," said Tinsley. "And not any of them knowing how to really pray so it'll do any good."

My father nodded his head. And his voice came near to being angry when he said he knew they had to try to help the Tollivers. All he was waiting on, he said, was for the Lord to tell him—just to give him the vaguest hint—how he could go about it.

This was when Tinsley bounded out of his rocker, grabbed my father by the shoulders and shouted: "*O* *ye of little faith!* It's come to me, Brother Ansley, straight from Heaven. *An highway shall be there, and a way.*"

"I know the highway well enough," said my father, eyeing Tinsley for symptoms of surreptitious bottle-nibbling.

"We both know it," said Tinsley gleefully. "Every rut, root and rock. But what I'm thinking of is the way —and the way, praise the Lord, is the Willopus-Wallopus. If anything will take us over the Ridge she'll do it! There's one out at the county road camp on the edge of town. We can ride that far in Traveler and then borrow the Willopus-Wallopus. . . ."

NOW VIRTUALLY EXTINCT, at the time I'm telling about, the Willopus-Wallopus was one of the most extraordinary pieces of machinery in the whole world. It was as big as a house. And, in action, it looked like a cross between something out of Revelations 12, and a berserk steam locomotive off the track.

Properly identified as a "road-maintenance steam roller," but called Willopus-Wallopus by nearly everybody in our region, it was a grander sight than a circus parade, or even a town funeral. Smoke mixed with flame and rocketing sparks spewed straight up out of its lofty, funnel-shaped stack. And when it swaggled down the road, huffing and puffing, crunching and clanking, it was a spectacle indeed.

As Tinsley had said, Traveler bore them safely to the road camp, the back seat loaded with all manner of medicine and blankets and extra clothing and food — including striped peppermint sticks and a turkey the size almost of a young ostrich.

Only one thing marred that first leg of their journey. My father spotted a five-gallon jug amid the cargo and knew at once, instinctively perhaps, that it contained corn whiskey. And whiskey, like anything else he regarded as being the devil's work, he could not abide.

Looking straight ahead, my father said, *"O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man."* He said it loud enough for Tinsley to hear. (But he added, "Don't deliver me just yet awhile, however, Lord, because we need the man." He said that only loud enough for the Lord to hear.)

"So, you've gone and seen the jug of corn, Brother Ansley."

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth," said my father. "I might have some very strong suspicions. But I have no way of *knowing* what's in the jug, Tinsley."

"There is five gallons of the best corn whiskey ever dripped out of a copper still in that jug," Tinsley admitted piously. "I only wanted to take it up to poor old Oral Tolliver, the way it says in The Book. Proverbs 31: 7. I just wanted to *Let him drink, and forget his poverty and remember his misery no more.*"

"Five gallons," said my father evenly, "is a lot of whiskey between one man."

And that was all that was said about the crock of high-test Appalachian Ambrosia before they plowed up to the road camp and roused out old Trigger Two-Bits.

Trigger Two-Bits was an ancient Negro trusty who couldn't remember why he was ever called that any better than he could remember why he was on the chain gang. Both went a long way back.

It turned out that all the other convicts had been taken back to jail in town for what Trigger Two-Bits called the Christmas "holidays." And he had been left behind to watch over the Willopus-Wallopus and other county equipment.

Tinsley told Trigger Two-Bits they wanted to borrow the Willopus-Wallopus—nobody seemed to be needing it right then—and would he get it going?

"I spec I kin git her started up for yall," he said. "Where yall reckin to git wid de big ole drageron, Mister Tinsley?"

Tinsley told him about the Tollivers, and Trigger Two-Bits was profoundly impressed, saying that he'd sure like to go with them his ownself.

"But we *expect* you to come along, Trigger," said Tinsley. "Who'd you think is going to drive this thing?"

"Naw suh!" said Trigger Two-Bits. "I is a trusty, and they wouldn't like it a bit."

My father was about to go into high gear in an effort to persuade Trigger Two-Bits to desert his post when Tinsley said in a mysterious whisper, "Wait, Brother Ansley. I think I can find a way to fetch him."

The great behemoth's boiler was stone cold, but after a good two hours of hard work Trigger Two-Bits had up a full head of steam. Meanwhile, a crude sledge, a box-like affair on runners, had been chained on behind and filled with spare wood for stoking the boiler.

Trigger regarded the pile dubiously. "It'ud git yuh there in right weather," he said. "But tonight—I dunno."

"It's got to get us there," Tinsley said, and motioned Trigger to help him transfer the load of stuff from Traveler.

When they came to that five-gallon crock of Oh Be Joyful, recognition on Trigger Two-Bits' part was instantaneous.

"I think," he promptly informed Tinsley, "that I'd better go along with this here Willopus—jest in case."

Tinsley told my father with a sly grin that he'd been pretty sure the Lord had had some plan for that jug. My father allowed, darkly, that he'd be satisfied to wait and see.

SO NOW, with Trigger at the throttle, the Willopus-Wallopus got under way, snorting and chomping and lumbering ahead into the darkness with the ponderous deliberation of some antediluvian monster. Under its tremendous weight, the great back rollers sank in the snow, crushing and packing it. The long, inch-thick spikes set in staggered ranks on them dug in deep and gouged out a foothold. The Willopus-Wallopus was toiling inexorably upward on Razorback Ridge when suddenly there was a great bump and Tinsley yelled, "Whoa! W-H-O-A there you—you—W-H-O-A!"

The monster had hit something beneath the snow. It lurched and slithered sickeningly and might have gone over the cliff if Trigger had not brought it to a shuddering standstill. Then, ever so gingerly, he eased the giant back. He and my father and pop-eyed Tinsley peered over the brink down, down into the dark nothingness.

"Excuse me, Brother Ansley—but Great God Almighty that was close!" cried Tinsley. "Maybe we'd better stay here awhile and just pray."

"Your idea has merit," said my father. "But let's pray as we go—and try to get to the Tollivers before it's too late."

They stoked the firebox from their dwindling stock of wood, Trigger started the Willopus-Wallopus and they plodded on. But the grade was getting steeper and it was the slowest of going. The wind was stiffening, too, and almost swept them off the cramped fantail. And the snow, starting up again with new fury, flew straight before the bitter wind.

Eventually, the fear that Trigger Two-Bits had expressed back at the road camp became a reality. They burned the last of the dry wood they had started out with. And now they were forced to raid split-rail fences along the way, slash down young pine saplings and dig in the snow for whatever they could find of wood.

Most of it was sodden and burned feebly beneath the Willopus-Wallopus' boiler. And as the winding way grew steeper, the monster repeatedly faltered and stopped dead in its tracks. Each time, Tinsley would mutter morosely, "We'll have to wait until she gets her strength back again. . . ."

Then, finally, after a longer-than-usual halt, when the snow had time to pile up around the Willopus-Wallopus, Tinsley said to my father, "Brother Ansley, this is serious. Somehow or other, we've got to slap a burr under the tail of this overgrown iron jackass and get up on top of this ridge."

Trigger Two-Bits complained, "I never seen such stubborn-burnin' wood. Not aimin' to be disrespectful, I kaint stop from wondering why the Lawd don't pitch in about now and give us a hand."

My father stood there with his eyes closed for a long while. Then he said softly: *"I will send you corn. . . ."* He paused. "Maybe the Lord *has.* What about trying some of your whiskey, Tinsley?"

Tinsley was so astonished he almost fell backward off the fantail. Trigger Two-Bits stiffened like a bird dog on point.

"Skin me alive, Brother Ansley," Tinsley said wonderingly. "You're the last person on earth I ever expected to suggest a drink—and saying the idea came from the Lord."

"Answer not a fool according to his folly," my father shot back. "I mean, Tinsley, let's try some of your devil's brew on the fire. From what I've heard, it ought to burn like anything—"

"Burn my whiskey?" croaked Tinsley. *"Burn it?"* There was stark horror in the incredulous gaze he fixed upon my father. "Have you lost your mind, Brother Ansley? That's—that's—well, it's against nature!"

"I don't care what it's against,

Tinsley," said my father. "If your whiskey has enough power to keep this boiler hot and get us to the Tollivers before we're all dead—"

Ashen-faced, Tinsley walked stiffly over to the sledge. He hefted up the jug and set it down on the fantail of the Willopus-Wallopus. Trigger Two-Bits watched him, moaning low, as if in pain.

"I reckon you really mean to do this thing," Tinsley said to my father, and it was a stunned, grief-stricken man who spoke—a man on the verge of tears.

Eyes turned imploringly upon my father, he slowly worked the corncob out of the jug. And, as carefully and as sparingly as if he were pouring out some of his own blood, he permitted a thin stream of the crystal ambrosia to flow into a bucket.

"You've hardly wet the bottom," said my father. "More, Tinsley."

It took a lot of doing, but finally my father got Tinsley to measure out about half a gallon in the bucket. Then my father seized it up, kicked open the fire door and sloshed the nectar in.

Running considerably above 120 proof, Tinsley's mountain tipple was comparable to some of today's rocket fuels. There was a fragrant explosion deep in the stalled giant's innards. The fire caught and began to roar fiercely. And within minutes the Willopus-Wallopus shook herself, belched a couple of times, and took off.

"Nobody in the world would have dreamed of doing a thing like this except somebody who hates whiskey the way you do," Tinsley muttered.

The Willopus-Wallopus made considerable headway before needing another belt from the jug (literally, one more for the road). This time, resigned, Tinsley squared his shoulders and announced he'd do the honors himself.

"Do all that is within thine heart," said my father, and he was genuinely moved by Tinsley's sacrifice, *"for the Lord is with thee."*

Once again, the Willopus-Wallopus was treated to a generous snort of corn. And once again the mammoth dug in and forged ahead.

They were almost at the crest of the Ridge when the laboring Willopus-Wallopus staggered to a halt once more. Over on the other side, a bit of a way down, would be the Tolliver place.

"We'll give the old dragon just one more whack at the jug," Tinsley said. "Brother Ansley, I know you enjoy this—will you offer the sacrifice, please?"

My father sloshed out a real whopper while Tinsley looked away and ground his teeth, and Trigger Two-Bits wiped his eyes with the back of his big clenched fist.

The Willopus-Wallopus shuddered and climbed inch by inch. And after what seemed an eternity of anxious time they stood triumphant upon the crest of Razorback Ridge just as the dawn of Christmas Day broke over the distant hills.

Below them the Tolliver cabin, all but buried under the snow, lay silent, its chimney smokeless.

My father was never certain about just how many Tollivers they found inside the cabin that Christmas morning. But for the first few minutes, he was fairly certain that none was alive—except Goatleg. He staggered out of the back room, stared unbelievingly and then croaked, "Praise the Lord. You're just in time!"

"Amen," said my father.

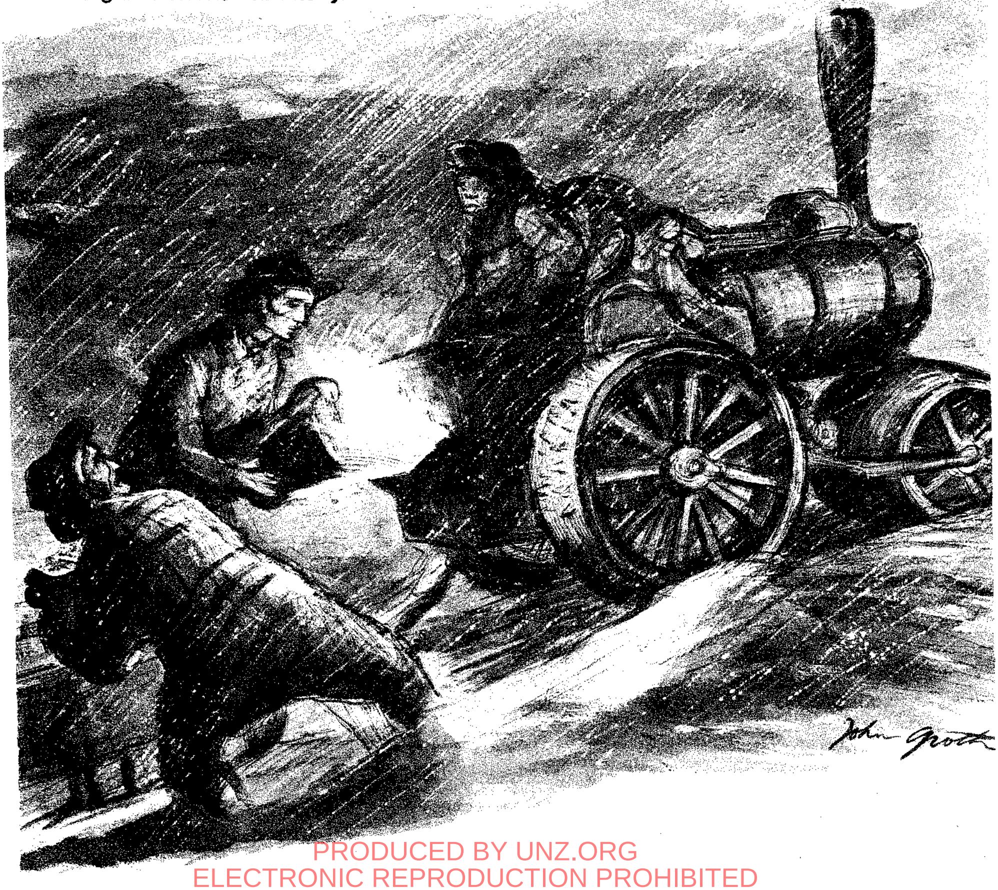
Goatleg went on: "Just in time, Brother Ansley, to hold a regular baptizin'—Olabelle Vista's done it again—another boy."

My father hurried into the back room and found Olabelle Vista lying on a ragged bed, the new baby cradled in her arm. She smiled wanly at my father and told him, "He's a fine boy—he'll be all right."

"He ought to be," said Goatleg, trying to manage a proud-father smile, "he's the only one's had anything to eat for God only knows how long."

My father went into another room and found Tinsley bending over Grandma Trailing Arbutus and holding a gourd dipper to her lips. Old Oral, who'd been lying on a gunny-sack pallet beside her, was

Father splashed a half-gallon of moonshine into the Willopus-Wallopus, and the stalled monster began to rumble contentedly.



resting on his elbow waiting his turn—his eyes fixed on Tinsley's jug.

"It's God's will," said my father, when Tinsley looked at him questioningly. My father picked up a cup and held it out to Tinsley. "Fill it up—and I'll try to get a fire started."

Tinsley looked at my father with mingled pain and admiration. My father looked back at Tinsley with sympathy and understanding.

Under the busy ministrations of their rescuers, and numerous life-restoring applications from Tinsley's jug, all the Tollivers soon were up and kicking. And, all things considered, it turned out to be the biggest Christmas and the finest christening they had ever known.

There was enough of Tinsley's best left to help Grandpa Oral disremember his misery. ("We been so poor," Goatleg apologized, "we've been making bread out of all the corn meal I get hold of—making bread, mind, when there warn't a drop of whiskey in the house.")

The new baby was christened "Ansley Willopus Tinsley Wallopus Tolliver." But he grew up to be a big, husky fellow, so it never seemed to hurt him. And my father and Tinsley promised to get Trigger Two-Bits off the chain gang and give him a nice home for the rest of his life on Tinsley's place (and they did it, too).

There was a whale of a Christmas dinner, and after dinner, my father told the story of the First Christmas. This was fine, except for one thing. It gave Tinsley an idea he never let go of. Because every time he told about riding the Willopus-Wallopus to rescue the Tollivers, and finding the new baby boy, he always worked in something about the Three Wise Men.

This was all right, except Tinsley would always insist the only way the three of them got to Sour Apple Cove was by following "that very same Star in the East, the one that guided the Wise Men to the lowly manger in Bethlehem, where Christ was born . . . Ah-men!"

My father would have been the last person on earth to remind Tinsley they couldn't possibly have had a glimpse of the "Star in the East" that Christmas Eve. For the air was so chock full of flying snow that they couldn't have seen Haley's Comet with its tail afire.

So whenever anybody suggested—as quite a few did—that Tinsley's story was somewhat of a stretcher, and wondered why the Lord hadn't struck him down long since, my father would answer merely by quoting Samuel 16: 7, which goes:

"The Lord seeth not as a man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart. . . ."

Short, Short, Short Story:

Cleaned floors, waxed same
Three o'clock, kids came.

—ANGELINE L. PAPADAKIS

HUMAN COMEDY

ARTHUR MURRAY, the dancing-school head, makes it a practice whenever possible to dance with girls applying for jobs as instructresses. This way, he says, he can personally determine their sense of rhythm.

At a recent interview, a young applicant conducted herself very well during the initial talk. But when it came to dancing with Murray, she made one error after another, and finally broke into tears. Murray, who had seen this happen many times, tried his best to reassure her.

"Forget me," he said. "Pretend you're dancing with Rock Hudson." The girl smiled and wiped her eyes.

"I'm not Arthur Murray, I'm Rock Hudson," Murray kept whispering as they danced.

After just ten seconds of this, his partner fainted dead away!

—JOAN BURR

NORMALLY, THE PLAY was bad, but that night it reached a new low. One set collapsed in the middle of a dramatic pause and the actors read their lines with all the expression of cigar-store Indians. As the second act started going, so did the people.

Finally, after the hero had saved his sweetheart from a band of ferocious Indians, he turned to her with a silly look on his face and said with a sweep of his hand: "There, darling. I have driven them all away."

Came a voice from the last row: "Not yet, youngster, there're about ten of us stragglers left in back."

—DON WILLS (*American Mercury*)

ABOVE THE LUNCHTIME chatter in the plush New York restaurant could be heard the loud, nonstop tones of a woman diner. After discussing the guest list for a coming party, what she would wear, what darling man was married to what bore, she finally mentioned having seen "Around the World in 80 Days" the night before. "How did you like it?" her companion asked. Her answer reverberated through the dining room: "My dear, it's divine for anyone who hasn't *been* around the world!"

—JOAN CROSBY

IN FRANKENBERG, Germany, the local fire brigade, resorting to desperate remedies for desperately needed funds, issued the following warning to the villagers: "If not enough money for the new hose can be collected, we may find ourselves forced to stage a concert."

They got their money.

—MRS. LUCIEN WALDO

WHEN VIOLINIST Jascha Heifetz made his triumphant New York debut, Josef Hofmann, the pianist, and Mischa Elman, the violinist, were in the audience. As the music went on, Elman became increasingly fidgety, continually mopping his forehead with his handkerchief. Finally, during a pause between selections, he whispered to Hofmann, "Hot in here, isn't it?"

With a straight face, Hofmann whispered back, "Not for pianists."

—KERMIT RAYBORN

MY FIVE-YEAR-OLD grandson, Benny, watched entranced as I repacked an old trunk. When I found a picture of my husband as a young man, I showed it to the boy. "Is that really Grandpa?" he asked.

I assured him it really was. After studying the picture awhile, he shook his head and said:

"He sure looks new there, Grandma. You must have just got him."

—MRS. W. G. PETERS

A GRANDMOTHER was visiting her son's family, and while she was freshening up for dinner, her five-year-old grandson brought his puppy in to see her. Busy at the moment, she paid no attention to the lad or his pet.

After a while the boy, eyes filled with tears, asked her reproachfully:

"Grandmother, aren't you even going to speak to your granddog?"

—BEULAH TURNAGE

EMPLOYEES AT the post office in Brantford, Canada, are still blushing. Recently the post office's mail-handling equipment was moved to a new office location. Out from behind a sorting counter fell a yellowed letter that had apparently rested there for some time.

The postmaster opened it and found it had been written in April, 1920. It was from the postmaster in Woodstock to the postmaster in Brantford. The subject: a complaint about a letter that never reached its destination.

—*Windsor Daily Star*

SOME TIME AGO, I boarded a sleeper bound for New York. It was a train much patronized by businessmen. As I prefer, if possible, to undress in the aisle, I asked the porter, "Any women aboard yet?"

"Yes, sir," he said. "Two. But there's gentlemen with both."

—W. F. REACH

A LONDON department store decided to honor its millionth customer. She was embraced by the store's managing director, interviewed on TV and loaded down with free merchandise.

She then proceeded on to her original destination—the Complaint Desk.

—JOAN PARSONS

WHEN MY DAUGHTER Ellie was small, she loved to look at catalogues. One day when Ellie was particularly naughty I scolded her with, "If you're not a good girl, I'm going to send you back to Sears Roebuck."

For a minute her little face fell, but then she brightened and said: "Oh, Mommy, you can't do that. You've used me too much already."

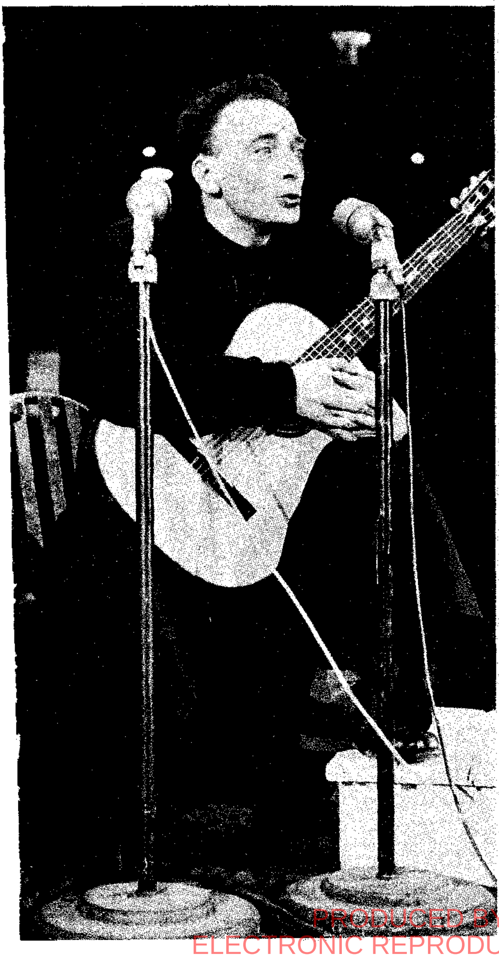
—MRS. H. WARNECK

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

by *Robert Daley*

GOD'S TROUBADOUR

Singing of God and
the hopes of man, France's
guitar-playing priest
draws Elvis Presley-sized crowds



THE THEATER IS FULL, the houselights dim and the curtain rises. In front of a dark backdrop stand a microphone, a straight chair. A guitar lies on its case on the floor.

As the star of the evening steps out from the wings, the audience applauds enthusiastically. He is a short man of 40, with a long, thin nose and hair as wild as any musician's. He is plainly ill at ease as he murmurs his thanks into the microphone, his fingers picking nervously at the strings of the guitar.

But when he begins to sing, all nervousness vanishes. His is a voice that can throb or wail or croon lullabies, the guitar framing rather than accompanying it. The audience is completely captivated.

For three hours the concert continues. When it ends, the man is uncomfortable again. He mumbles his thanks and leaves the stage to thunderous applause.

Among all the entertainers of the world this one is unique—for his costume is a cassock and he is a Catholic priest. He is, moreover, a

Jesuit, a member of that proud order which has called itself for centuries the warrior arm of the Church.

The Reverend Aimé Duval S. J., composer, lyricist, guitarist, singer and priest, is a phenomenon, even in France. His success over the past seven years has been extraordinary. Men, women and children have jammed the biggest music halls on the Continent to hear him. One night last winter, 12,800 people packed London's Albert Hall to the rafters, most of them understanding no French, Father Duval knowing only a few words of English. His three-hour concerts include an hour of folk songs, an hour of Negro spirituals, an hour of Aimé Duval.

The newspapers have called him "God's Traveling Salesman," and one once featured a cartoon in which he was shown engaged in a guitar contest with the devil. Another noted that his unpretentious voice stirs the depths of one's heart as he "sings of the hopes and worries of man, of a God tangible and familiar." One song, his *"Rue des Longue-haies,"* was singled out as an "authentic work of art."

The guitar-playing priest's records have enjoyed a strange and completely unexpected sale. There are only three of them, 45 RPM extended-play discs, with two songs to a side. The first was recorded for the small Studio S. M. and has sold almost half a million copies.

Typical of these "hit" songs is his *"Tu t'en vas, Monsieur mon frère."* (You're going away, Monsieur my brother.) The lyrics are simple:

You're going away, Monsieur my
brother,
Nothing in your hands.
Your life is ending without success,
Little Man.
Not even a handkerchief to wave
you good-by. . . .

Mail pours in on Father Duval in such quantities that he has had

Audience is enthralled at Paris' Palais de Sports as Father Duval sings folk songs, spirituals and own compositions. One of the latter has sold 500,000 copies as a phonograph record.

to take on three assistants, two to read and sort the letters, plus a lawyer to handle contracts. They have about 10,000 requests for concerts on file, enough to keep the priest busy for the next 33 years. Some concerts bring in large fees—which go to the order. Other concerts Father Duval gives for nothing—in prisons and hospitals, in factories such as the huge Peugeot auto plant, where he has sung to as many as 3,000 workers.

His career as a troubadour came to him accidentally, almost against his will. For he has been, and remains, first and foremost a priest.

The fifth of nine children, Aimé was born June 30, 1918, to Edmond and Marie Thérèse Duval on a poor farm near the tiny village of Le Val d'Ajol in the Vosges Mountains of northeastern France. "I had to walk two and a half miles to school on an old Roman road that passed through a forest," he recalls. "There was never any traffic on it, and I used to walk along singing to myself, all alone in the forest."

He did well in school, studied music, learned to play the piano and harmonica. But he was too slight for sports, though he had and still has a passionate interest in them.

"My grandfather had a fine voice. My father, too," he says. "We sang a lot at home. We were very poor and worked hard, and so we sang a lot, mostly the old songs which peasants sing. It was that which formed me."

At 20, Aimé was received into the Jesuits. A year later, World War II broke out and he was drafted into the engineers as a private and sent to Syria. (Seminarians are not exempt from the draft in France, nor are full-fledged clergymen.) He declined to go to officers' school. "I wanted to remain a private to stay with the men."

After France fell, Aimé Duval reentered the Jesuit novitiate and continued his studies for the priesthood. During a vacation in Paris he hired a battered guitar for five francs (about a penny) a day and taught himself to play it.

His ordination as a priest seemed the happiest day of his life. Then, on an ancient motorcycle, he set out from Grenoble to Toulouse. The wind beat against his face and billowed his cassock out behind him. Darkness fell and the road stretched interminably ahead.

All through the night he drove, the headlight poking out before him. He was alone on the road and he thought of his loneliness and of man's lonely journey through life, and he began to compose his first song.

It was called *"Seigneur, Mon Ami,"* and no translation can do justice to its deceptive simplicity. It goes:

Lord, My Friend
You took my hand;
I will go with You without fear
To the end of the road.

The melody he set it to is also simple, but haunting and unusual. And in it is something of the folk songs Father Duval knew as a boy—songs of humble people, of their faith and hopes and disappointments.

He sang it to a group of youngsters at Toulouse. "When I finished

I was absolutely astonished to see that they liked it and wanted me to go on singing." When he returned to the Jesuit house at Dijon, to which he was attached, he left behind a copy of the words and music. "Within a few months I began to hear '*Seigneur, Mon Ami,*' wherever I went. Then people began to say to me, 'Won't you sing it for us, Father.' "

At Dijon, Father Duval's mission was new and unusual. "I was to spend my evenings in the cafés talking to the people. I was given permission to take along my guitar. Then at 11 o'clock in the morning I would say Mass."

At first, café owners wanted no part of Father Duval, with or without guitar. Finally one or two permitted him to enter their taverns, where he sang for perhaps 20 minutes, then answered questions and "drank a glass of wine now and then. You have to."

Father Duval was an immediate success and soon 400 or more people would jam into a small café, sitting on chairs, tables, on the bar itself. Proprietors fought among themselves and begged the guitar-playing priest to come into their places. "They sold an awful lot of wine to the people who came to talk to me."

Notices began to appear: "Father Duval and his guitar will be here tomorrow night." And the bar would be packed.

Father Duval went on writing songs. They rose out of his immense sympathy for men who must work all night (*Lord, why did You make the night so long, so long, so long for me?*) and from his love for peasants and poor workers who come home at night (*not covered with glory, covered with dust*).

Only about a quarter of them could be called religious. But all are in the genre of folk songs or Negro spirituals and are filled with love and humility and rhythm.

Father Duval's songs and his fame spread, and soon he was giving concerts in all parts of the country. His means of transportation was the same battered old motorcycle he had had as a student. Frequently, when a concert was over he rode all night to reach the town where he was to appear the next day, bouncing along with his few belongings strapped to the baggage rack, his guitar slung on his back.

His free time he spent composing new songs, sometimes sitting 14 hours at a desk polishing "a word here, a rhyme there. I wanted it simple, nothing my mother would not understand. And if the words were really right, the music came all by itself."

Sponsors of Father Duval's concerts in England were so happy to have him that they brought his mother over, too. A peasant woman 74 years old, only once before had she ever left her native village. Reported Father Duval: "Since my father's death three years ago, my brother Marcel runs the farm. When she received the invitation, my mother said to him, 'Feed the rabbits, I'm going.'

"In London, the French ambassador met her plane. At the concert she sat in a box with the Lord Mayor of London. When a spotlight was thrown on her she stood and bowed graciously, like a queen. She told me she was not a bit frightened, she had nothing to lose. But every night she was worried and phoned my brother and asked, 'How are the rabbits?' "

Father Duval himself was ill at ease before crowds; the concerts were an ordeal for him. Each time, he had to steel himself to go on stage, a moment he dreaded. Once on stage, he put so much sincerity and feeling into each word that he finished completely exhausted.

Thousands of people wrote to him for help or advice; hundreds of others came backstage with their problems. He never turned any of them away. "That's what I was there for."

Today, his naturally frail health aggravated by an overstrenuous schedule, he gives only three concerts a week. (His weight has increased to about 135 pounds. He is five feet six.) He has traded the motorcycle in on a little 2-hp Citroën. "I learned that a man has to have a minimum of comforts. Otherwise he can't do his work."

But he is still highly nervous, worries about losing his voice and chain-smokes cheap Gauloise cigarettes. On stage he fidgets between songs, bites his fingernails during applause, and frequently gets words mixed up when introducing a song.

Some of his songs are preceded by what might be called little sermons. For instance: "Here is a song I wrote to try to console my mother when she lost her husband. You know, no one can help you at a time like that, not Guy Mollet, not General de Gaulle, not even Napoleon himself can help you. Only God can help you." His sincerity immediately established a complete rapport between himself and his audience.

He is not always solemn. Once he sang a Negro spiritual about the man who tried to drive to heaven in a limousine, but ran out of gas before he got there. "A moral aspect of the price of gasoline," observed Father Duval.

Some of his compositions are religious without ever mentioning God or sin, as:

I have seen You,
I have seen Your face
And the table where You have set
Two places.

Father Duval's songs have been translated into nine languages. "I would like to sing for all the world, to write songs in all dialects, to bridge all that separates us," he once said, discussing his hopes.

Another time he remarked that he had tried to model his life on that of St. Francis of Assisi—adding with a smile: "It is said that St. Francis was very good on the lute."

Quick Descriptions

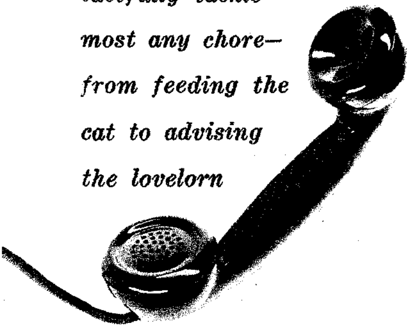
THE PENTAGON: It has five sides—on every issue. —*The Unionist*

THE GRAND CANYON: Just gorges. —EARL WILSON *(Hall Syndicate)*

CALIFORNIA: A STATE WASHED by the Pacific on one side and cleaned by Las Vegas on the other. —EARL WILSON *(Hall Syndicate)*

THEY MIND YOUR BUSINESS

"Earphone diplomats" tactfully tackle most any chore—from feeding the cat to advising the lovelorn



by Margo Fischer

One of the astonishing business developments of our century is the telephone answering service. For taking "no" out of "no answer" when their telephones ring, some 1,500,000 individuals or business firms now pay from $12 to $25 a month to over 6,000 big and little offices spread throughout the country, with a take of $277,000,000 a year.

Along with this, a new kind of switchboard operator has developed over the years. She is an "earphone diplomat" who must act as a secretary, detective, marriage counselor, alarm clock, hand holder, recipe giver, pet sitter, or whatever.

She has to judge which calls warrant getting a client out of bed, off the tennis court or away from a bridge party. She's paid to wake up some people each morning and to see that others sleep until noon undisturbed. She is asked for medical advice and consulted about love problems.

In Columbus, Ohio, for example, a man called his telephone answering service and told the operator that his thumb had turned black and blue. "What shall I do about it?" he wanted to know.

"Walk around the corner to St. Anthony's Hospital," she told him.

"All right," he agreed. "But I'll need your evidence that I called. Because it was my wife who hit my thumb and I want to sue her for divorce."

For small businessmen, a telephone answering service is extremely valuable. A butcher in Oklahoma City has his message bureau take all of his calls on Friday evenings when business is at a peak. Every hour he sends a boy to the office to pick up the meat orders. In this way he can tend the store without constant telephone interruptions and without losing the orders.

The owner of a glass and mirror company often has his answering service take over calls when an important customer drops in, if only for 15 minutes. It avoids interrupted sales talks.

Answering service began with a tiny one-man office in St. Joseph, Missouri. Early services chiefly concerned themselves with doctors and their patients. But over the years just about everybody else seems to have discovered their usefulness, too. New York City alone has 400 telephone answering services, one with 10,000 subscribers; Chicago has 196; Los Angeles, 175. Some employ hundreds of switchboard operators; others manage with two or three.

My Secretary, a telephone answering service in Los Angeles, owned by two enterprising ex-Wacs, Ann Moore and Dorothy Gipson, tries to learn the habits and whims of 950 clients sufficiently well to be able to play the role of private secretary.

Not long ago one of their clients telephoned and asked, "Will you do a great favor for me?"

"It all depends," was the answer.

"Well, you're My Secretary, aren't you?" countered the man.

It turned out that he wanted someone to take care of the family cat. Would My Secretary please carry cat food to the house every afternoon? Yes, My Secretary was willing, and did.

Perhaps the most exclusive telephone answering service in the country is New York City's The Belles, owned by Florence Clay and Mary Printz. These girls have an unlisted telephone number, charge more than other answering services, and limit themselves to 200 clients who must be either millionaires or celebrities. "And we have to like them personally," they explain, "before we'll take them." Asked what they do to rate more money than other services, Florence Clay smiles, "We lie beautifully."

But they also go out of their way to perform special services for their clients (they refer to them as "accounts"), among whom are Faye Emerson, Ralph Meeker, Imogene Coca, Judy Holliday, Farley Granger, Tennessee Williams, Hermione Gingold, Noel Coward and Gore Vidal.

The girls have a sort of lend-lease arrangement with their accounts' domestics; that is, one account will loan a maid or butler to another for a festivity.

Mary Printz tells of one account who called them for aid in cooking a turkey. Company was due for dinner, and his girl friend, who had promised to cook the meal, quarreled with him and simply walked out. The Belles gave him proper instructions via telephone; and his guests bragged afterwards about what a superb cook he was.

Another account, who'd been out on the town one night, lost his door key. When he couldn't get a room in a hotel, he called The Belles to ask if they could put him up.

"Sure," they told him. "Come on over." He slept on a cot they put up in the office.

Early one morning, an account called and explained that his clock was out of order. "But I want a three-minute egg for breakfast," he said, "so will you call me when three minutes are up?"

"Certainly," promised Florence Clay.

But it was the busiest time of the

day for the switchboard, and both girls completely forgot the man.

Two weeks later, he called again to ask if they thought the egg was done yet. There wasn't a bit of humor in his voice, either. Nor is he a client any longer.

Women apparently have a penchant for the answering service business. Another highly successful one is run by Jane Marilley in Washington, D.C. Called Courtesy Associates, the business grosses $200,000 a year and employs 33 full-time operators. These must be college girls, and Jane puts them through an extensive training course which makes them the equivalent of "executive secretaries."

"This business," Jane says, "literally started on a wing and a prayer. The first year we flight-managed two men who flew around the world in 80 days. I had a partner then, whom I later bought out. We got the Piper Aircraft Corp. to provide planes for the men, wrote all their business letters for them, arranged for their visas, and took care of most of their business contacts.

"We kept in touch with them by ham radio since we didn't have enough money for cables. Contact was amazingly good, too, until the men were thrown in jail somewhere in Saudi Arabia for three days."

The girls didn't get paid for their services, however, until the men came back and sold their story to a publisher.

Today, Jane Marilley's accounts read like the stock exchange. In the aeronautical field she has Fairchild Engine and Airplane Corp., Martin Engine and Airplane Corp., and Bendix Aviation Corp. In other fields she has B. Deere Cedar Craft Co., Standard-Vacuum Oil Co., Continental Can Co., Inc., and The Magnavox Co. She also serves small local firms, acts as Washington headquarters for many out-of-town firms, arranges dinners and hotel reservations for groups meeting there, writes thank-you letters for brides, and once took a group of grocers' wives through the White House.

Even the most efficient "executive" switchboard operator can make a mistake, however, as happened when one of them took a call for a private family named Kelly and was asked, "How is Bobby?"

"Well, he's out right now," said the cheerful operator, "but may I have him call you?"

"If you can," said the dialer, "it will really be something. Bobby is the Kellys' cocker spaniel." ♛

Artful Dodge

A VISITOR TO THE Lee mansion in Virginia asked permission to have his picture taken with a female guide, who was dressed in the garb of the Civil War period. She agreed, but before the picture was snapped, the man put his arm around the young lady's shoulders. Hesitating only a moment, she gently removed his arm, with this tactful comment: "National Park regulations state that visitors are not supposed to handle park property."

—WALTER TROHAN *(Chicago Tribune)*

by Joseph Laitin

DIANE VARSI: fawn on a hot tin roof

She is nervous, frightened and
withdrawn, wears blue jeans and has a bad complexion,
yet this talented girl seems
destined to become a star—in spite of herself

THE UNSMILING, fragile-looking actress with the bumpy complexion shook her head. "I'll take care of myself."

The director turned abruptly to a 220-pound stunt man. "That girl's a problem child," he said angrily under his breath. "Won't use a double and refuses to wear protective padding. I still have to shoot her scenes with Gary Cooper so I'm depending on you to see she doesn't get hurt."

The camera whirred. The director called for action. He got it. Four rough characters went to work on a hapless young man in a realistic enactment of a bloody street brawl. On cue, the slender actress, her face now alive with indignation, leaped into the fray with a flying tackle that brought the husky stunt man thudding to the ground.

"Cut," said Director Philip Dunne. "That was perfect."

This incident in *Ten North Frederick* is just another example of how Diane Varsi, Hollywood's newest young star, is making it clear that she can take care of herself. For though this painfully shy 20-year-old girl may look and outwardly behave like a startled fawn, she often more closely resembles a wildcat on a hot tin roof.

Diane Varsi, already twice married and mother of a two-year-old boy, never wanted to be an actress—and still isn't convinced she is one. But she is probably the only person in Hollywood who has any doubts about this. For with practically no previous theatrical, TV or screen background whatsoever, she won an Oscar nomination for her sensitive portrayal of Lana Turner's daughter in *Peyton Place.*

She is considered the master of the significant pause, with the rare ability to find inside herself the character she is portraying and to convey it to the audience. Director Dunne says of her: "Diane reads lines as though she's written them herself. She acts with her whole body, from toe to head. I've never seen such talent."

The extent of this praise can be appreciated only when one realizes that from the day she first appeared in a movie studio, Diane blandly defied Hollywood tradition. She lives in a remote, sparsely inhabited canyon in the Malibu hills, an hour's drive along the sea from Hollywood, in what passes for a house. It is furnished with a rough-hewn table, two benches, two broken-spring day beds, and no chairs.

She usually shows up for work at the studio in blue jeans and sweat shirt, driving, until recently, a dilapidated jalopy. She coldly turns down all invitations to glamour parties, loathes nightclubs, and once airily told a studio bigwig she has no intention of spending the rest of her life being a movie star.

She has precipitated crises during the filming of her pictures that studios won't take these days even from an established star. But always it was the intrusion of her tempestuous private life that caused the trouble, not so-called artistic temperament. For Diane takes her work, as she does her life, with a driving intensity that terrifies most people. When her studio, 20th Century-Fox, gently suggested she wear a dress more often when appearing in public, she retorted, "I'm getting paid to act, not dress."

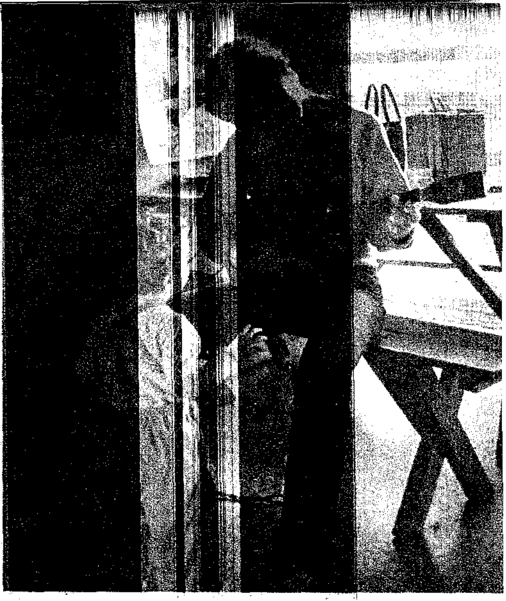
Diane Varsi is a very angry young lady; perhaps she has the right to be so.

She had, to put it mildly, an unusual childhood. Except for an isolated incident here and there, she steadfastly refuses to talk publicly about her background. Originally the studio's official account of her life stated simply that Diane Varsi was born in San Francisco on February 23, 1938. She went to school in San Mateo, a suburb. Her father was a florist named Russell Varsi, who later became a contractor. She had no previous acting experience, neither amateur nor professional. Her eyes are blue; hair, ash-blonde. She is 5′7″ and her 120 pounds are well distributed.

Diane claims she never really had a home, although she is vague about this, and silent about other aspects of her early life. At the age of five, she was put into a convent. Two years later, she was taken home by her parents.

In the interim, her father had abandoned his floral business and prospered as a building contractor. The Varsis could now afford a 16-room house and a servant. But Diane remembers this rambling, ghostlike mansion only as the symbol of her miserable and lonely childhood. It was furnished in French period furniture, gilded chairs with rococo bric-a-brac, her mother's idea of elegance. A superstitious maid confided to the seven-year-old child that ghosts inhabited the house by night.

Her mother suffered a breakdown and underwent surgery that confined her to the house for a long time. Diane has only a shadowy recollection of her father during this period; he apparently was having troubles of his own that prevented him from filling the gap for Diane and her younger sister, Gail.



Diane plays guitar to amuse son Shawn, 2, with whom she lives in the Hollywood hills.

At school, things weren't much better. Diane became angry and defiant. She wouldn't get into line with other students, refused to take off her coat in class, rarely came to school on time and sometimes didn't show up at all. She had only one passion—dancing. And the energy she refused to put into learning the three Rs went into a consuming effort to master tap and acrobatic dancing. Before she was in her teens, she began to create her own dance form but couldn't explain it to anybody. (Later she learned it was what they called "modern dancing.")

Diane's attitude, as well as her devotion to dancing, separated her from the other students. At first they looked upon her as "different." Then they labeled her as "strange," and finally began referring to her as "just plain nuts." An outsider at the age of 12, she began going out with older boys, which scandalized the school.

For awhile, Diane did make some effort to conform. She made a few friends, and was elected vice-president of her class at San Mateo Junior High School. These were the happiest few months of her adolescent life.

But they didn't last. In her second year of high school, she ran away. Some weeks later Diane was picked up by police and returned to San Mateo. She had now become the talk of the town.

Before she was 17, Diane again turned her back on the scene of her agonizing childhood. With a girl friend, she hitchhiked south. Their goal was Mexico, where Diane planned to study folk dancing. The pair slept on beaches along the way and by the time they reached Los Angeles, Diane's friend had had enough.

Diane heard that Perez Prado, the Cuban band leader, was holding an audition for a Latin-type "peasant" dancer for a one-week engagement at a local theater. She darkened her body with make-up, and at the audition kicked off her shoes and did her kind of dancing. Prado hired her for $175, which kept her going for quite a while.

During her first year in Hollywood, the girl led an aimless hand-to-mouth existence—hoping to find another job as a dancer. On impulse, she married a boy she hardly knew. She had the marriage annulled shortly afterward, only to discover weeks later that she was pregnant. She flatly refuses to talk about her first husband and will not name him or describe him.

Another boy, James Dickson, came into the picture and urged Diane to marry him. Lonely and bewildered, but still defiant, she accepted.

A FEW MONTHS LATER, Diane accompanied an acquaintance to one of her classes at drama school. And there she realized that acting might give her the creative outlet she was seeking. She heard of a new drama coach named Jeff Corey who was then looking for students. As Corey recalls it, she turned up looking like an unlikely prospect for anything but beachcombing.

"In two minutes, I knew the girl was a potentially important actress," Corey says. He offered to teach her acting for $5 a lesson.

Diane wrote her grandparents for the money and they sent her a check. She worked hard with Corey for six months, interrupting her studies only to give birth to a son.

One afternoon Corey happened to meet a friend he hadn't seen for years, Mark Robson, the director. Robson casually mentioned he'd finished casting for a new picture, but one important part was still open. He'd tried out more than 200 girls for the role, including some well-known actresses, but he still was unsatisfied. Corey told him about Diane, and the director asked him to send her around.

Robson regretted this invitation when he looked up from his desk next day and saw the girl Corey had sent. Hair uncombed, ill-fitting sandals, black cotton stockings, nondescript clothes. She was not pretty and she wore no make-up to cover a bad complexion.

As a matter of courtesy to an old friend, the director handed the girl a script, opened it to a particular scene and suggested she study it while he finished signing some letters. Finally, he put down his pen and, with an impatient glance at his watch, he asked Diane to read.

Five minutes later, he picked up the phone and asked for Producer Jerry Wald. "I've found her, Jerry," he shouted. "Allison for *Peyton Place*. She's right here."

Front-office opposition almost ended Diane's career before it began. This opposition centered not only on her general appearance but on the results of her screen tests. They were good enough in black and white, but proved to be near disastrous in color. The color film emphasized her skin trouble.

Wald persuaded her to see a doctor about the blemishes and it turned out that she suffered from an acute case of acne, caused by lack of sleep, improper food, irregular living and nerves in general. It was impossible to clear up before the picture started; medication seemed of little help. But Robson decided that he could hide her skin blemishes with judicious lighting and discreet camera angles. And Diane got the part.

Overnight, she became an important personality in Hollywood. Diane was bewildered by all the attention. She had already separated from her second husband (they were finally divorced in August, 1958) and retreated to an isolated house in the hills with her son Shawn—whose last name she insists is Varsi.

There, her only contact with the world is an old-fashioned wall phone on a line she shares with three other parties. In one corner of the large living room sit a pile of books of poetry, stacks of records and a record player. No radio, no TV. Here, between films, she sits and broods, writing and reading mystical poetry, listening to classical music and jazz. She amuses Shawn by playing a bongo drum and dancing for him.

Typical of her poetry is this two-line poem she considers crystal-clear:

Go away and don't bother me.
Can't you see I'm lonesome?

She loves conversation at times, and has a quick sense of humor. When this writer showed up a few minutes late for a dinner appointment, he found Diane sitting on a log in the restaurant parking lot, head in her hands, looking forlorn. He apologized profusely for his tardiness but she continued to sit there, glumly, saying that not only was the writer late, but she'd been early. He apologized again, but she remained seated, volunteering the information that she'd been sitting there exactly 29 minutes.

"I'm sorry, Diane," he said. "But may I point out that at our last appointment, you kept me waiting over an hour, and when you finally did show up, I didn't say a thing."

A mischievous look came over her face. "I know," she said. "But *I* didn't apologize for being late." With that, she sprang to her feet, took the writer by the arm and said with a laugh: "Let's have dinner." When she laughs, her usually unsmiling face lights up.

Diane thoroughly enjoys her own company, and spends much of her time alone. There are people she'd like to meet; but none, with the exception of Greta Garbo, is connected with the movies.

When Aldous Huxley, the distinguished British philosopher and author, heard she had expressed a desire to meet him, he invited Diane to tea. It is doubtful if the august Britisher, his genteel wife and their exclusive circle of literary friends will forget the young actress who showed up in sandals, blue jeans and plaid shirt, carrying under her arm a loudly protesting year-old boy.

To those who complain that she lives in her own very private world, Diane has this quiet answer: "I live in two worlds, my own world and the world of reality. My own world is the world of my son Shawn. He must be clothed and fed and tended to. The world of reality is the studio. I must be on time for appointments. I must learn my lines. Only then can I retire to my own world—and why shouldn't this be private?"

Now that she is confronted with success, she is fighting more furiously than ever against pressure to make her conform. In this embattled state, she grows more defiant and her complex behavior—which Diane makes even more baffling by describing as utter simplicity—continues to bewilder all who meet her.

For a time she saw a psychoanalyst three times a week. She will not talk about this except to say it has done her good, and that she now goes only once a week.

Diane barely manages to live from one $500-a-week paycheck to another, as most of her money goes for taxes, her agent and a personal manager. Also, a housekeeper to take care of Shawn when she's working and numerous doctors' bills, especially when she went to her psychoanalyst more frequently. The only jewelry she wears she fashions from stones she finds on Malibu Beach. She rents a sewing machine—which she used to make a dress of her own design that can be called stylish only as long as the sacks are in vogue. She owns only three other garments. She wants a washing machine but her present finances won't permit her to get one even on time. Except for eye make-up, she uses no cosmetics. With plenty of sun and rest, her acne is beginning to clear up.

Diane's next picture—scheduled to go into work by the end of the year—will be *The Best of Everything* for 20th Century-Fox. The studio has signed Diane to a long-term contract. And those who admire her are hoping this talented girl can also be persuaded to sign a long-term armistice with herself and the world around her.

THE REAL PROBLEM of your leisure time is to keep others from using it.
—FRED F. TOMBLIN (*Quote*)

The spy who wore diapers

by Stanley S. Jacobs

In Paris in 1858 there died a wizened gnome of a man known only as Monsieur Richebourg, "the wee one." He was 90, a midget, and a man of mystery who had not left his home in 25 years. The opening of his papers, however, revealed one of the most amazing spy stories of all time. . . .

M. Richebourg, the size of a two-year-old child when he was a grown man, was a servant, entertainer and confidant of the Duchess of Orleans, mother of Louis Philippe.

During the bloody French Revolution, refugee royalists encamped on the Orleans estate outside Paris, hoping that Louis Philippe would succeed to the throne if the Revolution failed. They had no way of knowing how their brother aristocrats were faring inside Paris, with the tumbrils hauling more and more ladies and gentlemen to their deaths on the guillotine every day.

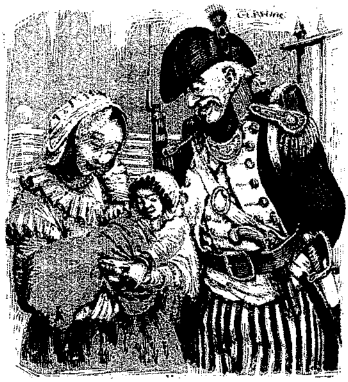
"If we could only exchange information and plans with our friends!" lamented one royalist. "But the city gates are guarded night and day by the revolutionists."

It was then that M. Richebourg made his fantastic suggestion: "Let me go to Paris as a baby. Wrap me in swaddling clothes and have a maid carry me through the lines. Nobody will suspect I am what I am. I will take your messages and bring back news."

The aristocrats fell in with the weird proposal. A loyal maid was pressed into service. She carried Richebourg—then 21 years old—in her arms. He was diapered and wrapped in swaddling clothes.

"Ho, that is a chubby one," laughed a guard, as the "baby" gurgled and rolled his eyes. Once safely in Paris, they contacted hidden royalists, exchanged letters, and returned to the Orleans estate.

For two of the most riotous weeks of the Revolution, the peasant maid and the cooing infant passed back and forth—carrying royalist secrets for which they could have been immediately beheaded. The vital papers were sewn securely to M. Richebourg's diapers!

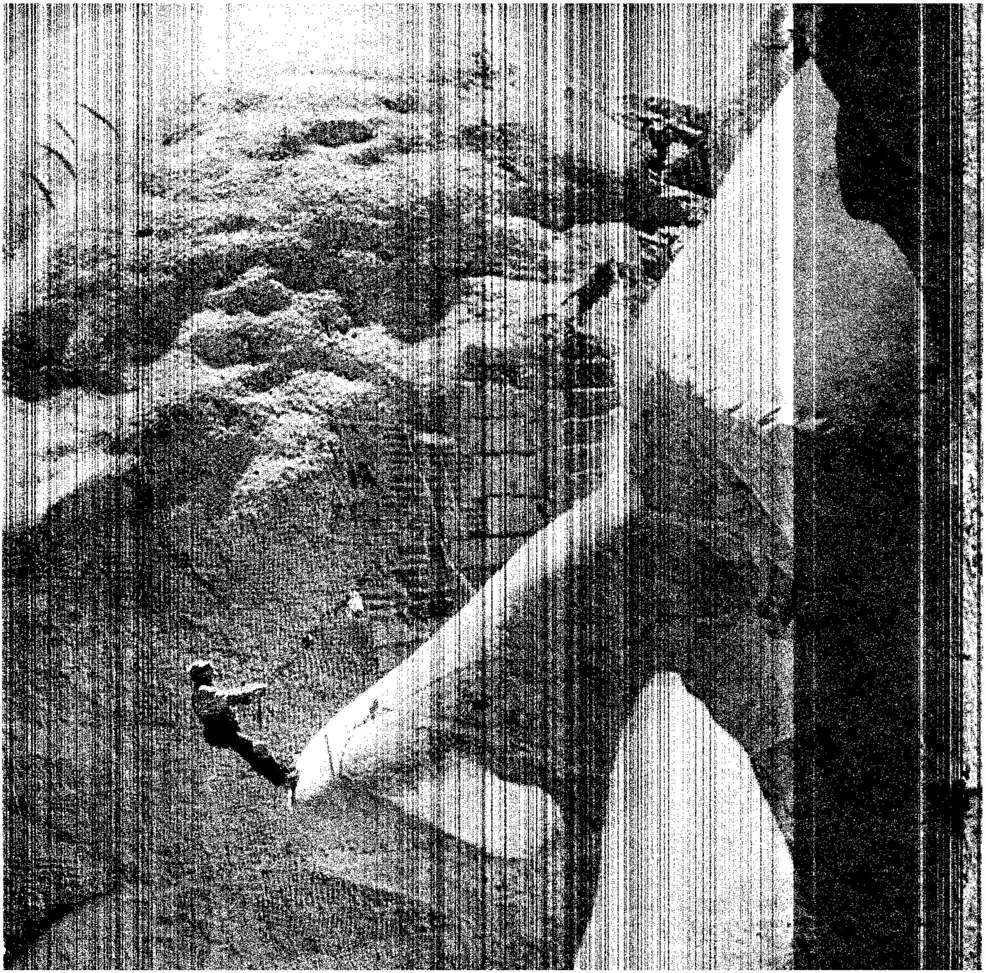


But the Revolution succeeded and the midget secret agent vanished into the Paris of the Republic—to live out his years unsuspected of being the spy who might have changed history had the royalists been able to implement the plans he carried. ♛

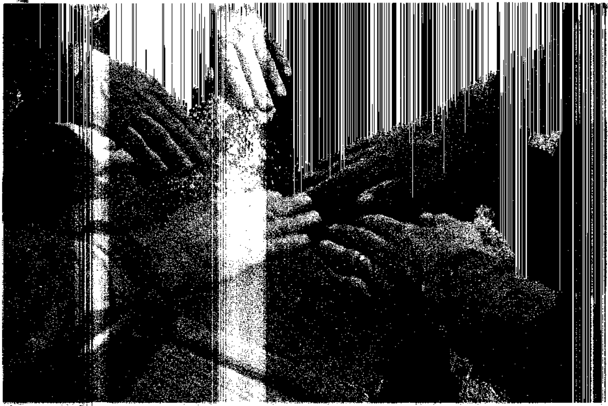
MOUNT RUSHMORE'S FANTASTIC "FACIAL"

ONE OF THE WORLD'S man-made wonders, the Mount Rushmore National Memorial, towers impressively over the Black Hills of South Dakota. Here, the faces of four great Presidents—George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt—have been carved into the mountainside by famed sculptor Gutzon Borglum. Once a year, these 60-foot-high, white granite statues are inspected and repaired by a four-man "beauty squad," whose leader nonchalantly dangles 500 feet above sharp rocks to fix a chink on Lincoln's nose (right). To record this monumental face lifting for CORONET, pilot-photographer Martin Iger had to fly his two-seater plane perilously close to Mount Rushmore's gigantic heads. But as pictures on the following pages show, the result is a breath-taking aerial portrait of America's "Shrine of Democracy."

Text by Richard Kaplan
Photographs by Martin Iger

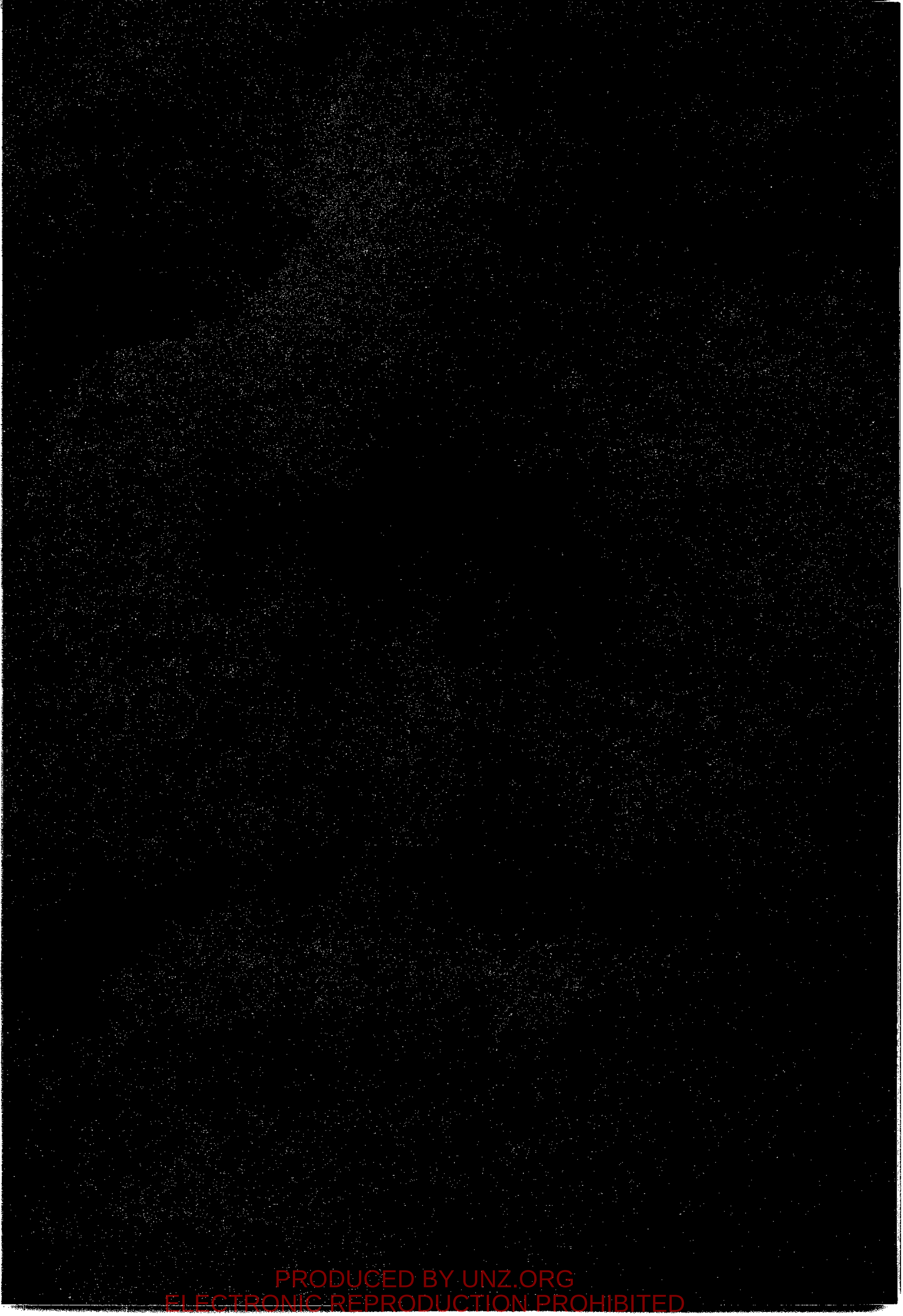


(Right) like a tiny orange spider, Jones alights on Roosevelt's 20-foot mustache.

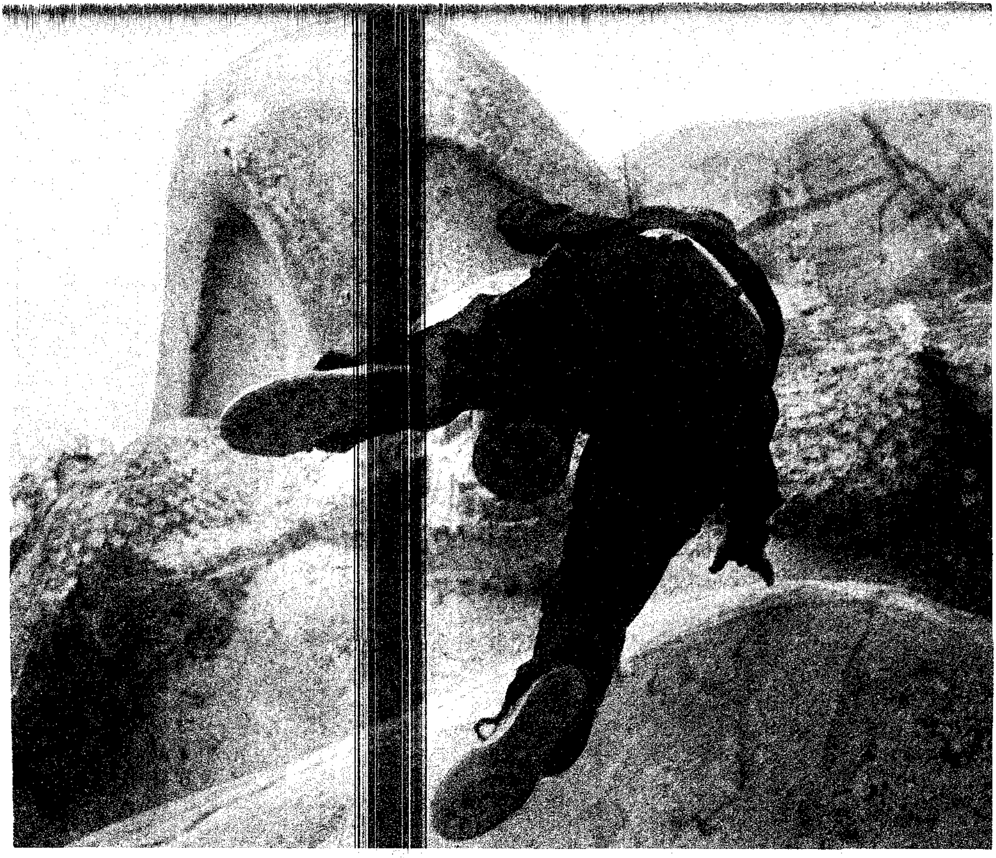


By hand (above), workmen grind granite through wire screen into mixture to be smeared on statues. (Below) they make certain Jones won't fall by fastening his rig to the rock on Rushmore's smooth summit.

ONLY GLENN T. JONES, daredevil boss of Rushmore's repair crew, is permitted to work on the statues themselves. Jones is the lone National Park Service employee with the title of "Maintenance Man and Sculptor." Water is the main enemy of the Rushmore faces. It freezes in hairline crevices and widens them into gaping fissures. To fill these cracks, Jones and his crew use a special blend of dry white lead, granite dust and linseed oil.



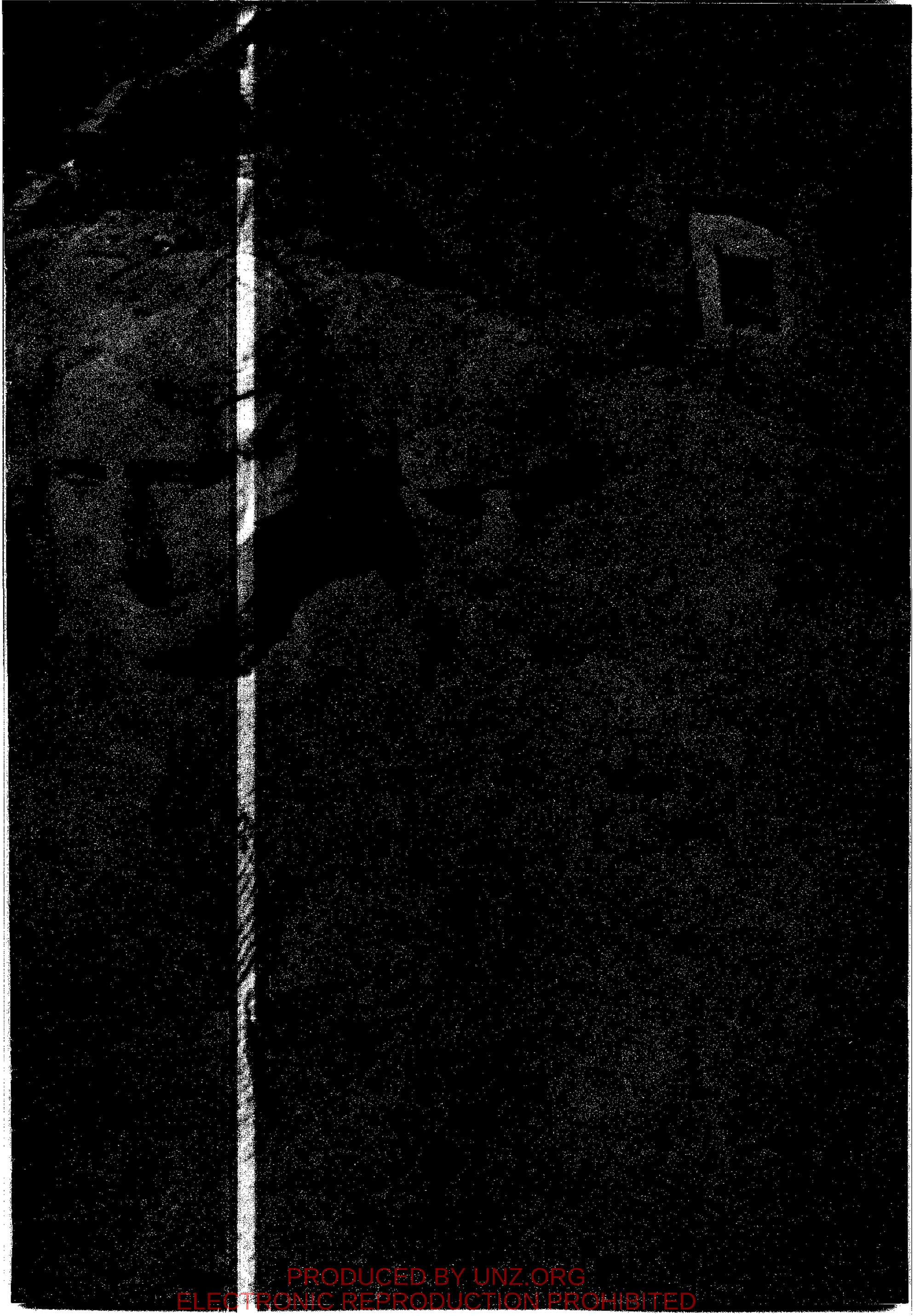
Seen close-up from perilous ledge (left), Lincoln is a grinning gargoyle with beetle brows and slashed cheekbones. From afar (below), he takes on a more benign appearance.



Swaying dizzily in the wind, Jones spies crack in Roosevelt's nostril.

AFTER A LONG SEARCH, Mount Rushmore was chosen as the monument site because of its dramatic location and fine natural lighting. Finnish-born sculptor Borglum began work in 1927 but died shortly before the statues were completed in 1941. His son and assistant, Lincoln, applied the finishing touches to the project, which cost nearly a million dollars. Viewed from near or far, the dimensions of the Rushmore heads are staggering—and, consequently, so is the job of servicing them. Egypt's famous Sphinx, for example, has a head only half the size of Borglum's Washington. If proportionate full figures were added, each President would stand 465 feet high—nearly half the height of the Eiffel Tower. They have noses 20 feet long, mouths 18 feet across and eyes 11 feet wide. When inspection time comes, foreman Jones is lowered over the rim of the peak by his helpers—James A. McDougall, Richard Bray and Eugene Lewis—and hangs suspended in a bucket-shaped harness similar to the Navy's bosun's chair.

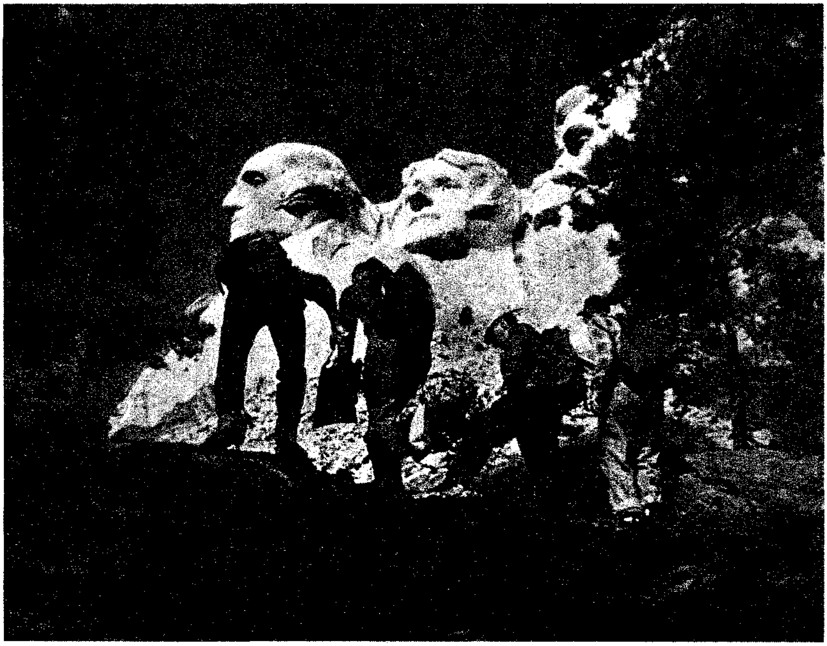
Panoramic aerial view shows all four Presidents. From left: Washington, Jefferson, Roosevelt and Lincoln. Cavelike opening at upper right is entrance to unfinished Hall of Records. Rushmore statues are clearly visible for 60 miles.



Perched precariously beneath Lincoln's brow (right), Jones checks eye for signs of erosion. A grown man can stand erect in giant socket.

Washington's aristocrat
flicks dab of thick wh

g, J



Knapsack-laden workers clamber slowly up side of 6,200-foot peak.

ALTHOUGH IT HAS BEEN 31 years since work on Mount Rushmore began, there has never been a fatality among the crews of workers constructing and repairing it. Access to the mountain is difficult. The slopes are strewn with 400,000 tons of rock broken loose by excavation and dynamiting, and climbing by tourists is prohibited. More than a million "pilgrims" visit "The Shrine of Democracy" every year, gazing at the great stone faces of freedom from a vantage point 1,400 feet away. "Mr. Borglum originally built these statues to last 5,000 years," says maintenance chief Jones, "and I figure the least I can do is try my best to see that they will."

Bracing legs to keep foothold on Washington's slippery bald head, McDougall, Bray and Lewis pull Jones up at end of grueling day.

by Joyce Holland

Herbs? For the birds!

Trying to teach her family to Live Graciously, she found a hot dog in

THERE WAS JUST no getting around it: I was a dingy old suburban failure. I wasn't Living Graciously. That, as near as I could figure it from the slick, sophisticated magazines, meant; Dining By Candlelight, Having Intellectual Conversation, Keeping Romance Alive —and, above all else, Cooking With Herbs. You've just gotta Cook With Herbs.

According to the recipes for Cooking With Herbs, you take a measly old six or eight pounds of prime beef, beat it with basil, rub it with rosemary, thump it with thyme, throw it in a casserole, set it on fire with brandy and rush it to the table where everyone says, "Ah, what *is* this tantalizing, subtle flavor?"

Whereupon you lower your long curly eyelashes and murmur modestly, "Oh, I always Cook With Herbs."

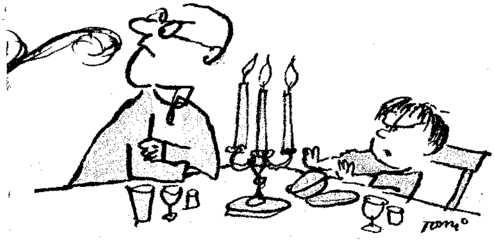
Well, I kept thinking about those pictures labeled "At Home With the Gracious Mrs. So-and-So." And I decided that I, too, would Cook With Herbs and maybe magazine editors and photographers would descend on me as a shining example of Gracious Living in the Suburbs. Tomorrow, I decided recklessly, I will become a "typical housewife in this modern age." Tomorrow I will Cook With Herbs.

Even as I pushed my grocery cart up to the shelves with the mysterious little jars of marjoram, chervil and savory, of orégano, cayenne and camomile, I began to feel elegant and sophisticated. I gazed condescendingly at my fellow shoppers with their commonplace sacks of onions.

Next I surreptitiously planned my dinner of "subtle elegance" as they always call it in the articles. Then I got together my props.

First, of course, the tall candles for Dining By Candlelight. That was easy—a trip to the attic to dig down among the Christmas decorations. I then carefully removed the family silver from the trunk where it stays hidden to prevent two certain small gentlemen from digging tunnels in the sandpile with the salad forks.

Even *I* knew that one of the basic requirements for a chic, worldly dinner is a huge salad composed of queer sounding—and worse tasting —vegetables and herbs tossed with a frantically seasoned dressing in a huge wooden bowl. Unfortunately, the only such bowl around the house just happened to be occupied by



hand was worth a bushel of basil

the family turtle. After two years of occupancy that turtle had squatters rights, I figured, and not even for an experiment in Gracious Living would I dispossess him.

So back to the store I trudged for a huge wooden bowl, to be seasoned with oil and rubbed with garlic in the prescribed manner.

Finally, reeking with garlic, my feet aching, I stood back and gazed at my dinner cooking away resplendent in herbs. Everything was under control now—except my children. Already I had explained time after time that *nobody* was coming—that we were just going to dine in a gracious manner, like the people in the magazines—that I did not have the vaporizer on in the kitchen, I was just Cooking With Herbs.

The articles usually mention the little darlings vaguely as being "cuddly and sweet, rosy from their baths, dressed in pajamas and ready for bed." It never says when they eat. And what to do with boys who are about as cuddly as a rotary mower and have to be driven to the bathtub at the point of a bayonet, just isn't covered.

"Put on pajamas before supper?" howled the biggest one. "I'm going out and chase lightning bugs tonight." While I was mastering that hurdle, in came my weary husband.

But at last everything was ready and like the "Gracious Mrs. So-and-So of Suburbia" I gracefully lighted the tall tapers on the dining room table and summoned my family.

"Whose birthday is it?" cried the smallest child.

"Will you never learn when you connect the vacuum cleaner, iron and washing machine on a three-way plug you'll blow a fuse every time?" sighed my husband.

I took a deep breath. "The fuse isn't blown," I replied, smiling sweetly and Keeping Romance Alive. "This is the Gracious Way Of Dining."

My dinner kicked off with a chilled jellied consommé topped with a dab of sour cream and sprinkled generously with assorted herbs, a picture of "cool, sophisticated elegance." While I was casting about in my shallow little mind for an idea to begin an Intellectual Conversation, the second child shrieked in fascinated horror, "This stuff is wobbling and it's not even Jell-O."

I thought bitterly, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth to have a peasant family."

I brought on the huge wooden bowl of salad, which I planned to toss gaily, explaining the while how I had concocted the herb-flavored dressing. One look at the bowl and my smallest son leaped up with a mighty roar: *"You've cooked my turtle!"*

But even after the whole family had trooped out to the back porch to reassure him that the turtle was alive and kicking in his old bowl, nobody would touch the salad.

"My biscuit is hard as a rock—and it stinks," complained the larger child, poking the garlic-buttered, toasted French bread ungraciously.

As I opened the oven door to remove the *"pièce de résistance"* as they call it, the delicate aroma of 12 different herbs floated out and I heard the man of the house say, "Son, I've told you a hundred times to keep your chemistry set in the basement."

I served my *"pièce de résistance,"* and about all I can say for it is that I know now why they call it that: I never saw people resist anything more violently. I should have been forewarned, but I couldn't resist going on to serve my dessert, a "gourmet's delight of simple, understated sophistication" copied right out of a glamorous story about a woman who lived simply but charmingly in a New York penthouse. It was just frozen raspberries thawed until they "retained a delicate etching of ice," then drenched in Madeira wine and placed in tall, thin-stemmed glasses.

Unfortunately, it must be warmer on Sutton Place, New York City, than it is in De Kalb County, Georgia, because when I tripped out to get those berries they still looked like something left behind from the Glacier Age. It took mighty blows with the meat cleaver to separate them and get them mashed down into the sherbet dishes. Out of respect for the children (there was a drastic shortage of Madeira wine in our neighborhood anyhow) I doused them with Seven-Up and carried them to the table.

"This is a dessert?" asked my husband, laying down his spoon with cold finality.

"It is a very cosmopolitan, epicurean dish," I replied. "It is what *everybody* in New York eats."

"Well, now I know what's wrong with Yankees," he said with a twinkle. "Their ulcers are frozen."

While I was debating whether or not to bring up the subject of after-dinner coffee in the fragile, wedding-present demitasse cups, there came a small cry: "Mama, I'm still hungry."

All of a sudden I was just starving myself. Throwing down my napkin, I said, "Let's go to the drive-in and get some hot dogs."

"Oh, Mama," beamed both children. And my husband put his arms around me without a thought of Keeping Romance Alive.

As we sat in the car munching hot dogs untouched by herbs, but plastered with mustard and relish, I thought, "How sweeter than a bay leaf to be a peasant and have a peasant family."

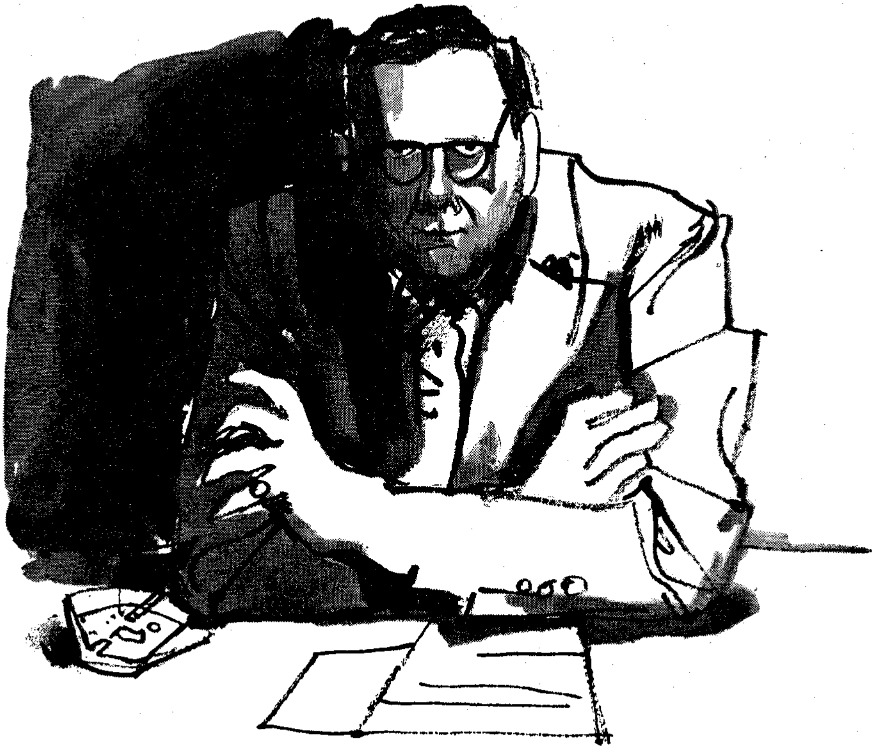
While the first child was passing around his potato chips in an abnormal burst of generosity, the second child asked timidly, "Mama, are we living gracious now?"

"We're doing better than that," I said. "Gracious, we're *living!*"

The next night I cooked black-eye peas and fried ham and I fed the rest of the herbs to the turtle.

BACHELOR: The only species of big game for which the license is taken out after the safari.

—*Type Talk-Baltimore*



"THE LAW" OF LAKE COUNTY

For 14 years, Sheriff McCall has ruled his Florida bailiwick with an iron hand—and a fierce determination to keep the integrationists out

by William Peters

THE MOST POWERFUL MAN in Lake County, Florida, is Sheriff Willis V. McCall. An outspoken racist, the 49-year-old McCall inspires fear in the hearts of Negroes in this central Florida county. Even among whites who share his anti-Negro views, he is regarded with deep misgivings.

During McCall's nearly 14-year reign, Lake County has been beset by unsolved cross burnings, house bombings, race riots and unprovoked shotgun attacks. The Sheriff himself has been accused of condoning, if not fomenting, much of this terrorism.

In 1945, six Negro farm workers charged him with peonage, involuntary servitude and brutality. According to newspaper reports, they said McCall beat them, arrested them and assessed fines without benefit of trial when they refused to work in the local citrus fields seven days a week. The FBI investigated, but there was no further action because of insufficient evidence for a trial and unavailability of the main witnesses.

In 1951, in the case that earned him national notoriety, the Sheriff was accused of murdering a handcuffed Negro prisoner and badly wounding another while driving them to the Lake County jail after the U.S. Supreme Court had upset their conviction in the rape of a white woman.

In 1956, New York attorney Milton H. Friedman asked for special police protection when he entered Lake County to take depositions in the case of a Negro escapee from a Florida road gang. "Sheriff McCall's reputation for violence is well known in New York," the lawyer wrote Florida's Gov. LeRoy Collins.

Recently, state auditors charged McCall with failure to account properly for public funds. They pointed out that during a nine-month period in 1957 the Sheriff's office had collected fees for more than eight investigations a day—more, the auditors claimed, than he had the manpower to conduct.

The reaction of McCall himself to all of this unflattering publicity can be summed up in a framed quotation that hangs over his desk:

"Never explain; your friends don't
require it and your enemies
don't believe you anyway."

But in a recent exclusive interview with this writer—the first McCall has granted an "outsider" in years—the Sheriff "explained" Lake County's troubled past.

A tall, hulking, taciturn man with a round face, McCall was dressed in a rumpled blue suit, white shirt, red and gray necktie and brown socks and shoes. A Western hat, made of straw, lay on a table in his office.

"We haven't had any trouble except what's been stirred up by outsiders, left-wingers, most of it Communist-inspired," he said gruffly. "We wouldn't have any problems if they'd leave us alone. It's all been outside influences coming in, interfering with justice, exaggerating, making up lies.

"My trouble here in Lake County hasn't been with the niggers. It's been with the NAACP (National Association for the Advancement of Colored People) and the Communist Party. Ever since I arrested a labor organizer who came down here to intimidate and organize the fruit-pickers in 1948, they've branded me as a race-baiter, which I'm far from being. That organizer told the fruit-pickers they'd be shot from the trees if they went to work, and when I arrested him for intimidation of labor he showed me his Communist Party card. He said he had as much right to be a Communist as I had to be a Democrat."

McCall pushed his heavy body up from the desk and walked to a safe. Opening it, he drew out a scrapbook of newspaper clippings and letterheads that contained the names of his opponents. He periodically checks his collection against lists published by the House Un-American Activities Committee.

If he finds a supposedly damaging citation against one of his foes, he marks the name with red ink. "I have several sets of these documents," he said, referring to the scrapbook. "I keep one set in a bank vault so that if the others are lost I can still prove that this all started as a Communist conspiracy."

BORN IN the Lake County town of Umatilla, Sheriff McCall now owns three thriving farms—a citrus grove, a cattle ranch and a place where he raises thoroughbred horses. His wife Doris gave birth to their first son, Malcolm, now a deputy sheriff, in 1931. Two other boys, Norman and Douglas, came 14 and 22 years later. "I couldn't afford to raise but one at a time," McCall said, chuckling.

Rejected for World War II military service because of arthritis, McCall ran for County Sheriff in the 1944 Democratic primary. He won the primary—tantamount to election in Lake County—and took office as Sheriff in January, 1945.

But it was not until 1949 that he came into national prominence. On July 16, 1949, a white woman was allegedly raped by four Negroes near Groveland, in Lake County. McCall arrested two Negroes and later told reporters of "talking pretty fast" to disperse an armed mob of about 100 white men who came to take the prisoners from his jail. "I knew them all," he said, "and they were sober, reasonable fellows. . . . After talking to them for about an hour, they quieted down and went home."

Actually, the men were far from quieted. Back in Groveland, they drove through the Negro section, firing into a Negro-owned café. Florida's Governor Fuller Warren ordered 50 National Guard troops to patrol the area, and almost all of Groveland's 400 Negroes were temporarily moved to surrounding towns. On July 20, the two Negro youths—plus a third arrested subsequently—were indicted for rape after a six-hour investigation by a special Lake County grand jury which didn't even bother to hear testimony from the accused. On July 26, Ernest Thomas, identified as the fourth Negro sought in the case, was shot and killed by a posse north of Perry, Florida, some 150 miles distant.

The trial of the three surviving defendants—Samuel Shepherd and Walter Irvin, both 22, and Charles Greenlee, 16—took place in September, 1949. All were convicted by an all-white jury which recommended mercy only for young Greenlee. Circuit Court Judge Truman G. Futch gave Greenlee a maximum sentence of life imprisonment, while Shepherd and Irvin received mandatory death sentences.

Appeals were filed for Shepherd and Irvin; Greenlee, fearful of losing the mercy recommendation which had saved him from a death sentence, did not appeal. In April, 1951, the U.S. Supreme Court rejected the Shepherd and Irvin convictions, ruling that opinion in Lake

County had been too inflamed for a fair trial.

On the night of November 6, 1951, McCall picked up Shepherd and Irvin at the State Prison at Raiford to deliver them to the Lake County jail, in Tavares, for hearings connected with a new trial. With Deputy James L. Yates driving in another car, supposedly to scout for possible lynchers, McCall sat the two prisoners, handcuffed together, in the front seat of his car. Near Umatilla, according to McCall, he stopped to repair a flat tire. Shepherd and Irvin, he said, attempted to overpower him and escape; he shot both in self-defense.

Irvin, who miraculously survived, told a different story. In a sworn statement, he said that McCall had ordered them from the car and shot them deliberately. Summoned by radio, Deputy Yates appeared. He looked at Irvin, according to the young Negro, and said: "This — isn't dead. You better kill him." A bullet then struck Irvin in the neck, he said, and he pretended to be dead.

Though McCall was cleared four days later by a coroner's jury, an FBI investigation continued. The G-men found that six bullets had been fired, all from McCall's gun. Five were recovered from the bodies of the prisoners and the sixth, found in ten inches of sand, was identified as the one which passed through Irvin's neck. Its location indicated that it had been fired in straight downward, tending to confirm Irvin's story. Despite this, McCall was cleared of wrongdoing by a Federal Grand Jury a year later.

Meanwhile, on February 14, 1952, Irvin's second trial, held in neighboring Marion County, drew to an end. The jury, deliberating less than an hour and a half, found him guilty. Judge Futch, who again presided, once more sentenced him to death in the electric chair.

But still the case was not closed. State's Attorney Hunter had been tormented by doubts as to Irvin's guilt ever since he had interviewed him more than four years earlier as the young Negro lay presumably dying of wounds inflicted by Sheriff McCall. Before Irvin could be executed, Hunter persuaded Governor Collins to commute the death sentence to life imprisonment.

IN 1954, after the Supreme Court's ruling against public school segregation, McCall turned up in strife-torn Milford, Delaware, sharing a speaker's platform with Bryant W. Bowles, founder and president of the National Association for the Advancement of White People, urging a mob to "go to it" in their opposition to school desegregation. Earlier that year, he had brought Bowles to Lake County to sign up members for his segregationist organization. This is the Bowles who, in August 1958, received a life sentence—now under appeal—for the murder of his brother-in-law in Texas.

That same year, it was McCall who filed the complaint which led to the suspension from Lake County public schools of the children of Allan Platt, an American Indian, on the grounds that they were Negroes. McCall was quoted as pointing to one of the children and saying he didn't "like the shape of that one's nose." When the court ruled in favor of the Platts, their home was attacked with gasoline bombs. McCall explained to reporters, "Anybody could have done this. The people are mad about the court's ruling." Six months later, after shotgun blasts from a cruising car riddled their home, Mr. and Mrs. Platt moved to neighboring Orange County.

In 1956, Sheriff McCall was back in the news in possibly the most lurid case of his career. According to newspaper accounts, a 19-year-old white girl from Orange County suggested to a Lake County girl friend that the two go out together with Negro airmen from Pinecastle Air Force Base. The Lake County girl went to McCall, and a trap was set. The two couples would go to Sheriff McCall's own cabin in the "Big Scrub" of northern Lake County, where the Sheriff and his deputies would be lying in wait. When the Orange County girl and her Negro friend retired to a bedroom, the trap was sprung. With the airman pistol-whipped into unconsciousness, allegedly for resisting arrest, the white girl was forced to pose in the nude with him while photographs were taken. She was later charged with illegal cohabitation.

When news of the case leaked out, the Leesburg *Daily Commercial* investigated. Then, in a front-page editorial, the newspaper charged that the girl, too, had been beaten. "How this happened is unexplained," the editorial stated, *"since she was not charged with arrest."*

Referring to the photographs "supposedly taken as evidence," the editorial charged: "We know of a number of service-station operators and others who were shown the photos by personnel of the sheriff's office. The use of these photos for purposes other than 'evidence' became so flagrant that at least one person outside the sheriff's office had some of them reprinted in a photo studio."

Last December, Lake County's outward calm was again shaken by a report of the rape of a prominent white woman in Leesburg. Sheriff McCall began a roundup of Negro youths. Two days later, 18-year-old Melvin Hawkins was arrested. McCall took special pains to identify Hawkins as a nephew of Virgil Hawkins, a Daytona Beach, Florida, Negro known for his seven-year legal battle to enter the all-white University of Florida Law School.

Young Hawkins was held incommunicado for five days without warrant or charge. Then, amid reports of growing resentment among Negroes in Hawkins' home town of Okahumpka, with protests pouring in to Governor Collins and a gubernatorial investigation reportedly underway, Sheriff McCall arrested a 19-year-old, mentally retarded white boy, Jesse Daniels, and quietly released young Hawkins.

Daniels, the first white boy even to be questioned in the case, was held incommunicado for four days. Then, on December 28, Sheriff McCall announced that he had confessed. Daniels' parents, forced to swear they would not discuss the case with him, were taken to the boy's cell. Mrs. Daniels, who explained that Jesse had the mentality of an eight-year-old, told what happened.

"Jesse just stood there behind the bars," she said. ". . . I went close . . . and said, 'Kiss me, son.' . . . very dutifully he . . . brushed my face with his lips. I reached through the bars and patted his face and said, 'Son, we love you, and it's all right. We believe you. . . .' "

At that, according to Mrs. Daniels, Sheriff McCall grabbed her arm, jerking her off balance, accusing her of breaking her word not to discuss the case. "You will never see him again," she said the Sheriff told her. And for 13 days she did not see him. With a normal preliminary hearing by-passed, Daniels was indicted by a grand jury reported to have heard testimony from Sheriff McCall and the rape victim.

A court-appointed attorney requested a sanity examination by state psychiatrists, and Jesse was sent to the Florida State Hospital at Chattahoochee. Meanwhile, he had repudiated his confession as "a bunch of lies." At the mental hospital, two psychiatrists recommended that Jesse be committed to the institution as not competent to stand trial. Judge Futch, who presided, ordered the commitment.

Within three weeks of Daniels' commitment, however, another rape and a third attempted assault were committed in the same area. Both bore strong similarities to the crime for which Daniels had been arrested. This time, an 18-year-old Negro, Wiley Sam Odom, was arrested. Once again, Sheriff McCall announced a confession. Significantly, Odom was not questioned about the attack which led to Daniels' commitment, according to newspaper accounts. Last May, Odom was convicted by an all-white jury which deliberated just six minutes. He was sentenced to death by Judge Futch. An appeal is under way.

Sheriff McCall is not without opposition in Lake County. Now in his fourth four-year term as sheriff, he won renomination in the 1956 Democratic primary by a scant 55 percent of the votes cast. McCall's most outspoken, long-time critic is a woman, Mrs. Mabel Norris Reese, former editor of the *Mount Dora Topic,* a weekly Lake County newspaper which she and her husband, Paul Reese (who is now editor), bought in 1947. More than once, the *Topic* has called on McCall to resign.

This forthright opposition—and a moderate editorial policy toward the Supreme Court's school desegregation decision—have resulted in a long campaign of terror against the Reeses. Twice, the *Topic* office has been smeared with paint: once by red crosses and a KKK, again with a sign labeling it "Official Communist Office."

U.S. Army practice bombs have been exploded on the front lawn of the Reese's home. Once, the lawn was strewn with dead fish. Another time, a cross was burned. When Mrs. Reese wrote in her newspaper that her dog would be turned loose on subsequent cross-burners, she arrived home several days later to find the animal had been poisoned. When a neighbor complained to Sheriff McCall about the harassment of the Reeses, he quoted the

Sheriff as replying, "The only thing wrong with your neighborhood is the Reeses."

This is the background of events in which Willis V. McCall sees a Communist conspiracy against him. Sitting in his office with the scrapbook containing his "documents" before him, he talked about the Supreme Court's ruling against public school segregation. "I'm opposed to school integration, here or anywhere," he said.

"The Supreme Court decision caused a tension between the races that never existed before. I've worked with Negroes all my life, and I can see it. I'm not in agreement with the Supreme Court's ruling. Did you know that it reversed five previous Supreme Court, 15 District Court of Appeals and 55 state and territorial court rulings on the same subject?"

McCall is convinced that most, if not all, Negro men are consumed with desire for a white woman. "It's just a barbarous animal instinct that a nigger has that a white man don't have," he said. "The niggers have the idea now that the NAACP will get them out of it if they rape a white woman."

McCall concedes that Negroes are making progress. "They've come a far way in just a hundred years from darkest Africa," he said. "Why, they're still eating each other in some places over there. I think our niggers have advanced more than any race in the same amount of time. You can attribute this advancement to the influence of the white man. I don't think you'll ever make the nigger the equal of a white man.

"That's why desegregation will never work," he continued. "It lowers the white children's standards and morals to mix with a syphilitic, immoral, diseased race. Their brains can't compare with a white man's. They don't have the same sense of achievement. They even smell different. Why, the only way I can tell a nigger is to look at him or smell him. You'll find exceptions to some of these things, but I'm talking about generally speaking. White people advance faster, grasp things easier. You've got to have separate schools or hold the whites back, that's all."

Speaking of schools, McCall suggested a compromise. "I would be in favor," he said, "of three schools: one for whites, one for Negroes, and one for those who want to integrate. You know, I used to say that America was a great country: if you liked segregation, you could live in the South; if you liked integration, you could live in the North. Now they're trying to force this thing on all of us." Willis V. McCall shook his head. "It won't work. It just won't work."

Sales Psychology

A DUTCH BARBER has put a traffic signal outside his shop. It's red when the place is very busy, yellow when customers have a good chance to get their hair clipped, and green when clients can be attended to right away.

—AREJAS VITKAUSKAS

Old drug brings new comfort

by Henry Marx

Geriatrics specialists in Europe are reporting that novocaine shows stunning potency in relieving arthritis, atherosclerosis and other ailments of the aged

AT 91 YEARS OF AGE, Voina Voica of Bucharest, Roumania, could no longer do the simplest things for herself, such as dressing and undressing. Her hearing and sight were both deficient. She couldn't even remember the names of her children.

She walked with small, insecure steps. Her hands trembled continuously. Her blood pressure hovered around 210. A constant itch, a common complaint of old people, and painful joints added to her misery. She had, in fact, nothing to look forward to but death—a death that would be a relief.

Today, nine years later, Voina Voica has become a completely different person. She, and 5,000 other elderly patients at the Bucharest Institute of Geriatrics, have virtually returned from the brink of the grave—a dramatic medical feat which has astonished doctors everywhere.

Voina is a centenarian now, but she climbs stairs easily, goes out by herself, remembers events of the distant past as clearly as recent experiences. She has gained weight; the body itch has gone; her white hair has changed to gray.

Her blood pressure is back to normal and her arteries are supple again. She is able to bend forward and touch the floor. What seemed impossible has happened to her: she is enjoying life again.

What has brought about this miracle? The substance with which Voina Voica and her fellow patients have been treated is one familiar to us all. It is novocaine (or procaine as it is called in the U.S. Pharmacopoeia). The novocaine commonly used to deaden pain when a tooth is pulled or a cavity is filled has brought about these dramatic results in alleviating the maladies of old age.

Surprisingly, as long ago as 1903, a German professor named Gustav Spiess learned by chance that not only was novocaine a pain killer, but that it had a curative value as well. His experiments indicated it could inhibit inflammation by blocking sensitive nerves. Where inflammation already existed, it could bring about a speedy improvement.

Medical authorities ignored Professor Spiess' findings and, as had happened to many another scientist in advance of his time, his momentous discovery was relegated to the trash heap.

The matter came up again in the '20s, when several doctors independently tried out novocaine as a possible cure for asthma, for circulatory diseases through injections into the sympathetic nervous system, as a remedy for stomach ulcers by the creation of a lumbar block. But again official medicine refused to give its approval to these revolutionary techniques. A few practitioners made use of them, but there was no general acceptance.

When Professor Spiess died in 1948, a small, black-haired woman doctor named Anna Aslan happened to read his obituary. Dr. Aslan worked at the Institute of Geriatrics in Bucharest, and many of its elderly inmates suffered from arthritis. In view of the experiments of Dr. Spiess, it occurred to Dr. Aslan that it might be possible to use novocaine for the often unbearable joint pains of these old people.

She first tried a novocaine injection on a young medical student who was plagued by severe arthritis in his right knee. Within a few days his pain had vanished. It did not come back. She then used the same treatment on 50 elderly people, and had success with them all. Dr. Aslan wanted still more convincing proof so she and her collaborators ran a series of animal tests. They created artificial arthritis in their subjects (making use of the method devised by Professor Hans Selye of Montreal), then applied novocaine. Amazingly, 85 percent of all the animals tested recovered completely.

With this evidence behind her, Dr. Aslan treated more elderly people and found improvement in almost all. Convinced that her chance discovery was of enormous importance in the science of geriatrics, more extensive experiments on the patients followed.

By trial and error, a mode of treatment evolved which proved the most satisfactory: a five c.c. dose of a two-percent solution of novocaine (or 0.1 gram) was injected into the patient's muscles (in rare cases also in the arteries or veins) three times a week for a month. After a lapse of ten days, another series of 12 injections was given; then another ten-day interval. The treatment was continued in this pattern.

This, in other words, was a maintenance dose which for the best results had to be continued as is insulin for diabetics.

Starting in 1951, 25 people aged 60 to 92 were subjected systematically to this maintenance dose. By 1953, none of these had died. In 1954, one man lost his life in an accident; in 1955, two more succumbed to old ailments; in 1956, a fourth died. The other 21, among them Voina Voica, underwent a complete physiological change.

Since then, more than 5,000 people have been treated with novocaine in Bucharest alone. Among these, the death rate over the last seven years has been 7.74 percent. The death rate of those treated only with hormones, vitamins or the usual medications was 34.7 percent.

THE MOST VALUABLE result of the novocaine treatment may prove to be the relief it seems to bring to cases of atherosclerosis and cerebral atherosclerosis. It is atherosclerosis, the dread precursor to heart disease and death, that causes numbness or coldness in the feet, cramps, sharp pains when arms or legs are raised, loss of memory (that is, when the arteries which feed the outer layers of the brain are involved), curtailment of mental abilities, lack of physical control. In most old people thus afflicted, novocaine injections over a period of several months have brought complete restoration of normal functions.

Another effect of the treatment is the disappearance of the signs of senile Parkinson's disease: rigidity of the muscles, tremor, loss of automatic movements, masklike face. This disease has generally been considered incurable.

Patients have also found their hearing improved; and gland functions, usually impaired in the elderly, restored. Senile eczemas and discolorations vanish; arthritic pains disappear and badly atrophied skin takes on a healthy tone.

Perhaps equally important is the fact that these old people feel a renewed sense of well-being. For them living has again become a pleasure.

Recently a few younger patients with specific ailments such as alopecia congenitalis, or hereditary baldness, have been treated successfully with novocaine. One of the youngest was a six-year-old girl who suffered from congenital muscle atony (a paralysis of the legs) and ichthyosis, commonly known as fishskin disease. All previous attempts to help her had failed. After 60 novocaine injections, her skin became normal and she was able to stand up for a few moments at a time and take a few steps.

Why is novocaine succeeding where all other methods have failed? The Institute has been conducting studies—physiological, biochemical and hematological—to discover the reason. These studies suggest that novocaine actually stimulates the cerebral cortex (the outer layer of the brain substance composed of the gray matter of nerve cells). It stimulates the whole central and peripheral nervous system and glands. It also reverses the process of atherosclerosis by diminishing or dissolving the cholesterol content of the arteries.

In addition, the researchers have found that when novocaine under fermentative influence is split, para-aminobenzoic acid, which has an action similar to that of vitamins, is produced. Because of this, Dr. Aslan has suggested that novocaine be called H3, though it has not yet been recognized as a vitamin.

Actually, novocaine has accomplished far more for old age maladies in a few years than vitamin preparations. This may be partially due to the fact that the resorption of vitamins when taken orally by older people is often unsatisfactory. This is particularly true in the case of Vitamin C, which is frequently destroyed in the stomach.

Novocaine acts directly on the whole endocrine system, especially on the adrenal glands located over each kidney, and thus seems to exert an estrogenic effect. This would explain why the old people who take the injections frequently show mild sexual desires.

Last September, the Therapy Congress in Karlsruhe, Germany, devoted an entire day in the largest available meeting hall to a discussion of the novocaine treatment. Since then, half a dozen Western medical journals have published papers by Dr. C. I. Parhon, who is the head of the Institute of Geriatrics, Dr. Aslan and their assistants. Non-Roumanian doctors have confirmed the original reports.

Admittedly the full story of novocaine treatment is not yet known and, in the absence of even more thorough tests than have yet been conducted, much is still left to speculation.

All researchers do not share Dr. Aslan's conviction that she has found a true rejuvenating process. Some claim that physiologically it is not possible to prevent aging. But even these skeptics admit that many symptoms once considered inevitable in old age may be responsive to novocaine treatment.

Many of the former "Doubting Thomases" are now demanding full and independent clinical investigation, feeling that such a discovery can no longer be ignored. A large experiment in this field is now being conducted in Halle, in East Germany, but as yet there are no similar ones in the Western World.

Modern medicine has succeeded in prolonging life. But we have up until now not been able to spare our people the miseries of advancing years. It would be a marvelous thing if a drug as simple and cheap as novocaine could do this.

Shades of The Past

THE TWENTY-FIFTH anniversary of the repeal of prohibition, which occurs this month, brings to mind a certain gentleman who had been on the water wagon for months, but one night fell off with a thud. The following morning, a hastily summoned physician, who made a careful examination, shook his head woefully.

"Tell me the worst, Doctor," groaned the patient.

"My diagnosis," countered the doctor archly, "is that you have a compound fracture of the Eighteenth Amendment!"

—MURRAY BLOCK

Myths that imperil married love

by **HUGO A. BOURDEAU**
Exec. Director,
Baltimore Marriage Counseling Service
as told to **LESTER DAVID**

ALL ACROSS AMERICA, there is a widespread belief that sex—the need for it, the preparation for it, the consummation of it— dominates a woman's life.

This is a delusion, a dangerous one.

That is my firm conviction after many years as a marriage counselor—a person whose business is understanding love. After interviewing thousands of married women and talking with leading authorities on family relations all over the country, I am convinced that the American woman is being vastly oversold on the importance of the physical act of love.

Biologically, sex is a hunger which needs to be appeased. Emotionally, it is an important adjunct to the love relationship. As Morris L. Ernst and David Loth maintained in a recent brilliant commentary on American sexual behavior: "Sex is a tremendously important and vital part of life, but only a *part* of life."

Although the place of sex in marriage must not be minimized, it is not the critical factor that women are being led to believe. Dr. Meyer F. Nimkoff, author of "Marriage and the Family," used as a text in colleges and universities all over the U.S., declares: "In the literature [of marital guidance] one finds statements to the effect that there are no unhappy marriages without sexual incompatibility, and conversely that all happy marriages are marked by sexual felicity. Neither statement is true."

Unfortunately, however, the American woman today is told so many things that she often doesn't know what to believe. Sexual advice, detailed to the smallest, painful clinical item, is hurled at her from every side. She is warned constantly that her marital happiness hinges upon "proper sexual adjustment." She is scolded about the response she ought to have, and how she should have it. She is made acutely aware that a "vigorous and harmonious sex relationship" with her husband is vital to a successful union.

That is by no means all. Popular fiction constantly exploits the sex theme and love songs moan from every juke box. Wherever she goes, she is exposed to an incredible variety of garments and gadgets calculated to increase her allure, ranging from passion-provoking scents to the most recent of the lot—false derrières.

This unremitting propaganda has been only too successful. The American wife is beginning to feel that she must aggressively seek sexual satisfaction or her life will become hollow. She tortures herself by trying to live up to what she is told is normal feminine behavior. Finally, she comes to look upon sex, not as a natural and beautiful human relationship, but as a game to be played at, shrewdly and wisely.

From here, it is only one short step to the point where a woman begins to feel that she must even take the responsibility for *initiating* sex. Not overtly, of course. But she is covertly urged and encouraged to create, in every possible way and by every possible allurement and guile, situations which will result in a sex experience.

Worse yet, the woman is made to feel not only that she must actively search for more sexual experience, but also seek *the* experience—the big *big* experience, the Experience that will make all of her former experiences seem pallid.

Not long ago an attractive young woman, wed less than a year, sat sobbing in my counseling office. Her husband, she admitted, was on his way to a brilliant engineering career. They had made satisfactory personality adjustments, possessed many common interests and shared an active social life. Nevertheless, she wanted to end their marriage.

I asked her why.

"Because we're not sexually compatible," she answered. Further conversation gradually drew forth what she really meant by the glib statement. Her marital relations, she said, were not the unique rapturous moments she had expected they would be. She was convinced that her husband would never be able to satisfy her.

I asked her what she expected of sex in marriage.

"I really don't know," she said, hesitating. "I thought it would be . . . it should be . . . well, like having a fit or something."

This young woman had been subjected to so much sexual propaganda that I was unable to shake her conviction that she was being cheated of an exalting experience. Her marriage ended in annulment.

This was not the first case of its kind in our office nor will it be the last. Many other marriage counselors and other authorities report similar pathetic stories. In fact, Dr. Marynia F. Farnham, a noted New York psychiatrist, points out that many women who claim they are totally or partially frigid are actually overestimating the female sexual response as "something spectacular beyond description."

What *should* a wife expect?

Should she expect complete transport, utter ecstatic gratification, failing which she must count that episode a failure? Of course not. She can experience ardor on numerous levels and in varying degrees, ranging from a sensation of pressure to convulsive explosion. Her desire as well as her enjoyment fluctuate markedly. There may be keenness, or there may be a diffused glow of much lesser intensity.

A wife must not expect to attain orgasm at each experience and certainly ought not to feel cheated if she does not. Studies by the Margaret Sanger Research Bureau reveal that fully 66 percent of 8,500 women never, rarely or only occasionally achieve physical climax. Nevertheless, many report considerable and even profound satisfaction merely from contact with the male.

A survey of young brides on their honeymoons, made by sociologist Stanley R. Brav, revealed that 48 percent failed to achieve absolute sexual harmony. Nevertheless, 75 percent of the brides felt that their honeymoons were completely successful!

RECENTLY, Dr. Eustace Chesser, a British psychologist, made public the results of a study he had made on the sexual lives of British women—a sort of British "Kinsey Report." (Coronet, Aug. 1957.) One in five of the wives who rated their marriages as "very happy" told Dr. Chesser through answers to questionnaires that they derive little or no pleasure from the sex act. Conversely, *one in three* of the unhappy wives declared they obtained fair to considerable satisfaction.

After marriage most women quickly become aware that sex actually does not color and control their lives, that most of the time sex is *not* uppermost in their minds. In fact, there are many hours of the day when it does not intrude at all! And there are many nights when they are not eager for love-making.

But the propaganda of passion has been so insistent they wonder if something is lacking in themselves. Some, fearing a loss of their husbands' affection, feign passionate interest they do not really feel. Others run to doctors, wondering if they are losing vitality, and are often taken in by charlatans who prescribe quack pills and "shots" designed to restore their sex drives.

One 32-year-old wife, fearful that her sex interest was not up to par, came to our agency for guidance. In the course of our discussion, she said, timidly: "When my husband reaches for me in the dark, about half the time I am willing to be reached, but the other half I feel like begging him not to touch me. What's wrong with me?"

"Nothing!" I told her bluntly. I explained that millions of other wives, exhausted by children and housework at the end of the day, want nothing more than to sleep; that this was not only normal but a well-earned wifely prerogative. A woman does not need to be possessed by sex in the same way and to the same degree as a man.

As any woman can tell you—if you can get her to put down her marriage handbook long enough—a woman's natural sexual role is essentially passive. She wants to be overcome. She resents taking the initiative, even covertly.

Extremely few women have a built-in sexual aggressiveness; rarely indeed does a woman look at a man and automatically desire him. The late Dr. Alfred Kinsey proved this conclusively in his report on the human female. His statistics showed that male nudity seldom stimulates a woman, nor do pornographic movies, photographs and books.

This does not mean, of course, that a woman should be uncooperative or unimaginative in her relationships with her husband. When I say a woman's natural sexual role is essentially passive, I do not wish to imply that she may not derive equal enjoyment. In the intimacy of married love, she may take an active—even an eager—part. But there is no reason for her to push her instincts unnaturally or feel disappointed when she fails to reach a stirring physical climax.

Overemphasis on the importance of sexual climax for a woman is causing almost insurmountable problems for the male. Often a husband may become too determined to "satisfy" his wife's exaggerated idea of sexual climax. In his mechanical attempts to do so, naturalness in love is lost. Marriage relations become a contest, lacking spiritual depth and frequently wearisome for one or both partners. Or, failing to prove an impossible "maleness," the husband may often try to compensate by seeking the company of another woman, sometimes a prostitute, whom he feels he can "dominate" more easily and completely.

On the other side of the coin, we find that if a wife is not obtaining the gratification she thinks she should, she may decide to seek it outside the home. The current propaganda has convinced her she has an enormous experience coming to her, and she might well make up her mind to go and claim it in the arms of another man.

Not long ago, a tiny 31-year-old blonde came to us and unfolded a story of a strict childhood, schooling in an exclusive institution and marriage at 21 to a rising young attorney in her father's big law firm.

For eight years, she said, their marital relations were, in her words, "adequate but not very exciting." Two years before, she met a graying bachelor at a cocktail party and, after a few drinks, became reckless enough to undertake an illicit liaison.

Asked if the experience was more satisfactory than with her husband, she replied, "I think so. I'm not sure." She then admitted to amatory dalliances with two other men.

"Why are you here?" I asked.

She answered, ingenuously, "To see if I could get some justification for what I am doing."

"Well, why are you doing it—don't you love your husband?"

This was her incredible answer: "Oh, yes, I do, very much. And I'm crazy about our three children. But I'm already 31 years old. Time is going very fast. I hate to think that soon I'll be old and I'll have missed one of life's great experiences."

Astonishingly, there are women like this who are chasing a will-o'-the-wisp, even into the dark areas of infidelity—and then seeking professional help merely to obtain salve for their aching consciences. The tragedy is that they are seeking from others what they can only find within the framework of their own marriages, if they but understood the true nature of married love.

Depth of love is totally unrelated to sexual performance. Love-making may be as often or as infrequent as the temperaments of the individuals demand. There are no competitive standards to which one must conform, no "averages" of any sort which must be followed. That which makes a woman and her husband happy and contented is the only possible standard.

Forcing oneself out of this pattern of personal needs can only lead to unhappiness, even marital disaster.

First and always, woman must realize that despite the avalanche of propaganda, physical love is only a part of her life. Working with a husband to build a home and family, walking together through a country field, listening to a symphony, strolling home from a movie, sitting in the living room, silent but conscious of a comforting presence, rousing together at night to answer a child's cry, sitting at a bedside during an illness, praying together in a house of worship, laughing with him, planning with him, hoping with him.

These and so many other things are also parts of life. Together, they make a marriage.

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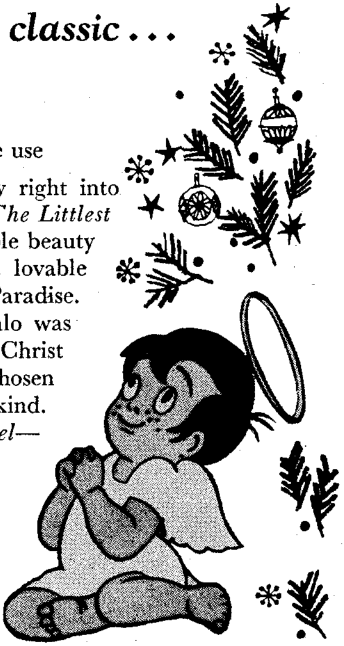

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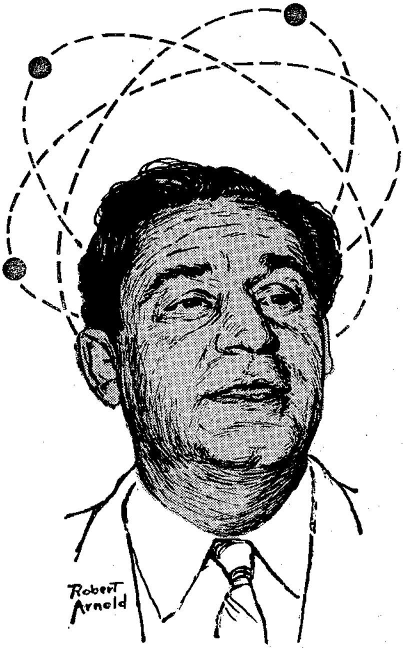
"that crazy Greek"

by BURTON H. WOLFE

That's what they called Nick Christofilos after he said he invented a new atom-smasher



LAST FEBRUARY, a Greek-American electrical engineer stunned the skeptics when he was publicly revealed as the "father" of a revolutionary new atom-smasher that had been rejected by U.S. nuclear scientists eight years before. It further developed that this engineer, 41-year-old Nicholas C. Christofilos, was now bossing a large staff of physicists at the University of California Radiation Laboratory—despite the fact that he himself had no degree in nuclear science.

For Nick Christofilos, this was the culmination of a ten-year fight to have his nuclear ideas accepted. It was an astounding success story that proved you cannot always measure a scientist by his degrees.

The public first heard of Nick Christofilos this past winter during testimony of leading nuclear physicists at a hearing of the Subcommittee on Research and Development of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy on the need for larger atom-smashers. A Brookhaven scientist was asked why Christofilos' strong-focusing principle had not attracted immediate attention. The scientist, in a jocular mood, replied that the letter in which Christofilos outlined his theories "at first looked like a crank letter. We often get these crank letters."

Alert newspapermen picked up this remark, and next day newspapers around the country carried headlines about "that crazy Greek." One read: "LETTER FROM CRAZY GREEK IGNORED; U. S. MISSES BOAT ON A-INVENTION." No one had actually used that term except newsmen themselves, but it stuck.

Christofilos, with no formal training in nuclear physics, had sat in his home in Athens, Greece, and worked out on paper one of the most important atom-smasher principles of the 20th century. He had done it with only an electrical engineer's knowledge of mathematics and a few books to guide him. There were no machines for experimentation in Greece, no other nuclear scientists in the country to help him.

On two occasions he wrote letters to University of California scientists informing them he had some ideas that would give the U. S. the world lead in one field of nuclear physics. Both times he was told to go read more books.

The amazing Christofilos is now working at the Radiation Lab on a new approach to the problem of building a thermonuclear power plant. It is his own idea, and has very likely afforded the U. S. a lead in the field over Russia.

THOUGH HE HAS SPENT most of his life in Greece, Nick Christofilos is an American citizen. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on December 16, 1916, the only child of the proprietor of a Greek restaurant.

Nick looks more like a benevolent Greek restaurateur himself than the scientific genius he is. A heavy-set man, just under six feet, he has thick black hair and a healthy olive complexion.

He speaks with a heavy Greek accent because his parents took him to Athens when he was only seven. He was working there for an elevator installation firm when the German army occupied the country.

"All of my life I had wanted to be a scientist," he says. "Even when I was studying electrical engineering in the Athens Technical University, I was attracted to nuclear physics. But I never had the time to study it.

"When the Germans occupied Greece, they converted the firm where I was employed to making trucks; and because I was an American citizen, they gave me a soft supervisor's job. They left me alone as long as I looked busy. So, to look busy, I got some German books on nuclear physics and studied them."

Soon he had worked out in theory a new type of synchrotron, an atom-smasher which was much more powerful than the few machines (cyclotrons) then in operation. He cannot explain exactly what inspired him to do it, other than to say, "After reading the books, something told me that the accelerators (atom-smashers) could be improved."

In 1946, Nick applied for patents on a synchrotron machine both in Greece and the U. S. In 1948, he wrote his first letter to the University of California, proposing the use of his concepts.

"I was hoping they would invite me to come to the U. S. to work on these ideas in a national laboratory," he explains. "But in my letter, they (scientists at the University of California) found some mistakes. They wrote back and told me to go read some more books.

"I was not discouraged or frustrated by this. Always one can make mistakes."

After only a few months of reading more books, Christofilos developed a revolutionary principle called "strong-focusing." Briefly, this meant shooting atomic particles at almost the speed of light in a narrow beam, without need of as many expensive giant magnets as were used in the old atom-smashers. The savings in cost from this principle are yet to be calculated, but some nuclear scientists estimate it at around $70,000,000 per machine.

"This idea came to me like a flash, intuitively," Christofilos says. "It is always this way. Then I have to prove it by mathematics. I worked one year more to get the mathematical proof. I did this in my spare time at home, late at night or on weekends."

Nick applied for a patent on his new principle in 1950. Then he wrote another letter to the University of California. He could have written to a European country, but he was determined to be accepted in the land he still considered his own. The result was another brush-off.

"I was wrong the first time," Christofilos excuses his fellow scientists, "so they paid not so much attention the second time. We don't speak the same language, was one trouble. They see in my letter that the way I express my mathematics was different from theirs.

"They answered my second letter with a suggestion I get a specific book on mathematics and read it. I could not get it until 1952, and when I did, I saw the mathematical proof of the strong-focusing principle I discovered was correct."

At that point, Christofilos decided that letter-writing was no longer enough and boarded a ship for America. On his first day in New York City, early in 1953, he headed straight for the public library to look over the latest magazines on nuclear physics. The first one he picked up was the December 1952 issue of the *Physical Review,* which contained a description of "his" strong-focusing principle by three other American scientists who claimed credit for the discovery.

Not long afterward, astounded scientists at the Brookhaven National Laboratory in Upton, Long Island, were confronted by a broken-English-speaking Greek who insisted he had discovered "their" principle four years earlier. Christofilos later explained this to an important physicist (whose name he prefers not to mention) and handed over his summary of the principle, which he had sent the University of California in 1950. He watched eagerly as the physicist read it with his mouth open.

The physicist, amazed that anyone could work out such a complex scientific idea outside a laboratory, called the University long distance, and heard a scientist confirm the truth of Christofilos' statement. What is more, the California physicist said the University had written a letter to Christofilos a few weeks earlier to let him know that he had been right all the time and to invite him to visit the Radiation Lab. Christofilos did not get the letter because he had already left Athens for the U.S.

The Atomic Energy Commission acknowledged the priority of Christofilos' application for a patent on his strong-focusing principle, which had been filed well before the Brookhaven scientists even went to work on the idea. (Christofilos was finally granted a patent on his idea on February 28, 1956. The patent, called "Focusing System for Ions and Electrons," runs for 17 years.) Christofilos was awarded $10,000 for a license to develop the strong-focusing principle, and he thereby gave up any priority claim with the stipulation that the idea was to be used only by the Government for pure research.

As a traditional gesture among scientists, the Brookhaven trio who said they discovered strong-focusing now wrote a letter to the *Physical Review,* acknowledging the priority of Christofilos as the originator of the principle. Then came what the Greek-American had been waiting for all these years: an appointment to work at Brookhaven as a nuclear physicist.

His first work was on the design of a machine, but he quickly branched off into the field which best suited his fertile imagination—theoretical thermonuclear physics. In 1956, the AEC decided to initiate an experimental program on one of his proposals at the University of California Radiation Laboratory, and the lab wrote to their old pen-pal, Christofilos, with a job offer. He accepted and soon moved across the country with his wife Elly and their two-and-a-half-year-old son.

At the Radiation Laboratory, Christofilos was appointed leader of a group of scientists working on his idea for a thermonuclear reactor—despite his lack of a college-degree in the subject. His new approach deals with controlled nuclear fusion or, as it is popularly known, "harnessing" the power of the H-bomb for peaceful purposes. It is the opposite of fission (the principle of the A-bomb) and Christofilos has great faith in it.

"Fusion is the source of energy of the stars," he says. "Fission (the breaking up of atoms and source of A-bomb power) does not exist in nature in any appreciable amounts. Consequently, it is natural to think that fusion (the power of the hydrogen bomb) will be the ultimate source of power for mankind.

"The other sources of fuel might be exhausted in a few hundred years. The fuel for fusion (heavy water) is virtually inexhaustible because it is contained in all the oceans. Just one gallon of ocean water contains as much energy as 300 gallons of gasoline.

"Of course, if at the time science is able to succeed with a thermonuclear reactor mankind is politically immature, fusion, besides being a blessing, might be a curse, too. But we must proceed in the hope fusion will be only a blessing for the welfare of mankind."

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A vitality diet for a young middle age

At this crucial time of life, the spirit often begins to droop with the body. Here's how both can be given a lift by simple, scientific eating

by Max Gunther

THE TROUBLE WITH MIDDLE AGE, a doctor once remarked, is that you don't see it coming until too late.

What he meant is that the mysterious process of aging starts to work in your body, slowly but inexorably, long before you reach your forties or fifties—the period we usually think of as the beginning of middle age. The process is so imperceptible that we can't see or feel any important changes occurring. Thus, we go right on treating ourselves as we did when we were younger.

Then, suddenly, we're hit with a host of typical middle-age ills: overweight, lack of pep, low sex drive, nervous irritability, miscellaneous aches and pains.

There are many things you can do to assure yourself a young and vigorous middle age, doctors say, but one of the most important is to change your eating habits right along with the changes in your body. If you're over 25, that means changing now.

Exactly what changes are taking place inside you? Scientists still don't fully understand the aging process, but they believe the clues lie in the smallest unit of living matter: the cell. As you move toward forty, your billions of cells gradually become less able to absorb nourishment. They seem slower at converting proteins into new cell tissue, to replace old tissue that is constantly wearing out.

"You should no longer be eating as much as you did in your teens or early twenties," says J. Russell Tarantino, director of the New York

Institute of Dietetics. "Your body is slowing down and you no longer need as much energy as before."

Take the problem of sex. Doctors can find no good reason, in the basic mechanism of the body, why men and women can't enjoy a full sex life into the later years—far beyond the wife's menopause. Yet many couples past 40 seem to lose their sexual desire.

A good part of the reason could lie in food. Some food elements may have a direct effect on the reproductive organs. Other elements are essential to general vitality and morale. Without them, you lose your interest in all of life's experiences, including sexual relations.

It's all interwoven with the worrisome drop in vigor that can strike in middle age. Food isn't the only answer, but it's one of the most important. "Let's face it," says Tarantino. "You can't have good health without good food. And without good health, life loses a lot of its attractiveness."

Just what is "good food" for a vigorous middle age? "As far as we know," says Dr. Bernard Oser, president of the Food & Drug Research Laboratories, "the human body's nutrition requirements drop slowly from the late teens to age 25, and then—with one important exception—remain the same through middle and old age. The exception is calories. Typically, the requirement for caloric intake continues to drop slowly throughout one's lifetime."

Unless you're careful, you'll find yourself doing just the opposite of what researchers recommend. "Middle-aged Americans generally eat too much of the wrong kinds of food," says diet therapist Mrs. Helen Doneger of the New York Institute. "They eat too much food of high caloric content—fried foods, rich gravies and sauces, rich desserts. They don't eat enough of the foods richest in protein, vitamins and minerals—milk, fish, organ meats such as liver, green vegetables."

In your teens and early twenties, your body's calorie requirement was so big that you had relatively little worry about overweight. And your body chemistry was so efficient that you could get along on a diet that was weak in important foods. Now, it's time to be more careful—to cut down here, build up there.

Cut down

In the 1958 revision of its periodic report, "Recommended Dietary Allowances," the Food & Nutrition Board of the National Research Council notes that we reach full height some time around the age of 20—but most of us reach top weight around 60. The Board says that your "most favorable health expectation" probably lies in halting your weight gain soon after your height gain stops—"by age 25 or 30."

To hold your weight level after 25 or 30, you must do more than merely hold your calorie intake level. you must slowly *decrease* it until you reach 60 or 65. The reason for this is simply that your body's energy output decreases as you age—unless you are putting in several days a week of hard physical labor.

To find your exact calorie requirements—they depend on many factors—consult your doctor, or ask your librarian for a good nutrition textbook. As an example of what you'll find, here are the daily calorie allowances of a typical man and woman from teenage to 65, as set down in the Food & Nutrition Board's report:

Age		Weight	Calories per day
Woman:	13-15	108 lbs.	2600
	16-19	120	2400
	25	128	2300
	45	128	2200
	65	128	1800
Man:	13-15	108	3100
	16-19	139	3600
	25	154	3200
	45	154	3000
	65	154	2550

These calorie allowances are alarmingly easy to exceed. Even in a simple card-game evening, you can put away 1,000 calories without even trying—a handful of peanuts, a couple of highballs, a piece of cake and ice cream. To help you hold your weight steady from age 25 on, diet experts offer these hints:

1) Avoid "emotional" eating. Psychiatrists say that we often eat for the same basic reason a child sucks his thumb, or for the same reason we smoke: to gain oral satisfaction. This kind of eating has nothing to do with the body's need for nutrition.

2) Stay away from fried foods, rich gravies and sauces.

3) Don't eat rich desserts, except on special occasions.

4) Don't out of force of habit, eat a full-course dinner merely because the clock says you should. If you aren't hungry, skip the high-calorie portions.

Build up

While your need for calories drops with the passing years, your needs for most other food elements stay right where you left them at 25. If you aren't careful to include enough of these elements in your diet, you risk trouble.

The B-complex vitamins, for example (riboflavin, thiamine), are essential to the work of your nervous system. For one thing, these vitamins play a big role in the body's carbohydrate oxidation. The brain, center of the nervous system, uses carbohydrates almost exclusively as its fuel. Thus, without the B vitamins, your nervous system won't function well.

In an experiment at the Mayo Clinic, a group of men and women were put on a diet low in thiamine (Vitamin B-1). They became irritable, moody, depressed. They were in a typical middle-age condition—"nerves all shot." In addition, they developed other annoying ills such as indigestion. When thiamine was put back in their diet, the symptoms went away.

In studies, laboratory animals on a B-1 deficient diet have been found to gradually lose their reproductive urge. There are marked changes in both male and female sex organs. In the end, sterility can result.

Vitamin E deficiency has similar effects. It has been found that this vitamin is essential in production of sex hormones by the pituitary and other glands.

Riboflavin, or Vitamin B-2, might

well be called the cosmetic vitamin. In various experiments here and abroad, people deprived of it seemed to age years in a few months. Cracks showed up at the corners of their mouths. Their eyes became bloodshot, got a dull, tired look. The skin lost its freshness. When B-2 was put back in the diet, youthful looks came back.

These important vitamins are abundant in some foods eaten least often by adults: organ meats (liver, kidney, heart), fish, milk, soy and lima beans, lentils, whole-wheat.

Proteins are another food essential. They're the body's structural material; when you finish growing, you need them for maintenance and repair of cell tissues. Some researchers think that if we increase our protein intake as we grow older, we'll age more slowly. According to the Food & Nutrition Board, you need at least as much protein at 65 and 45 as you did at 25. This means organ meats, beef, poultry, fish, eggs, milk.

Minerals—iron, calcium, phosphorus—serve both to build cell tissue and to regulate the body's chemical functions. Without enough iron, for instance, you'll have a constant feeling of tiredness. Or take calcium. This mineral is not only essential to building and maintaining healthy bones and teeth, but it also plays important roles in nerve health and general vitality.

In experiments at New York's Columbia University, calcium was varied in the diets of rats, whose food needs are much like those of human beings. As Prof. Henry C. Sherman reported the results in his book, *Essentials of Nutrition,* the higher-calcium rats had "distinctly higher adult vitality." Their prime-of-life period was longer. They aged slower, lived longer.

Calcium is generously supplied in cheese, milk, cabbage, broccoli, kale. If you check your eating habits, you're likely to find that, for one reason or another, your diet is weak in these and other important foods.

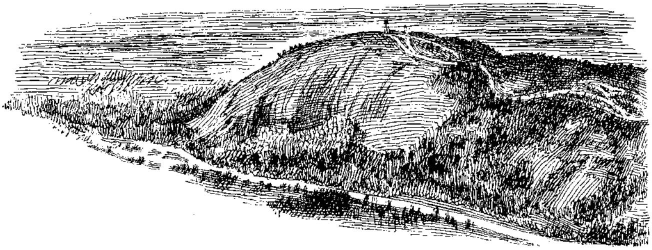
If you're looking for a youthful middle age, you'll be wise to give some serious thought to such shortcomings in your diet. According to the New York Institute, you should plan your eating around this basic list of foods:

Milk: a pint to a quart a day
Eggs: at least four a week, preferably poached or boiled
Citrus fruits and tomatoes, or juices: once a day
Potatoes: five times a week, preferably not fried
Green vegetables: once a day
Other vegetables (carrots, squash, turnips, corn, etc.): once a day
Meat: once a day, including:
  Fish: once a week
  Organ meat: once a week
  Poultry: once every two weeks
Whole-grain breads and cereals: enough to maintain desired weight
Cheese, butter or margarine, fresh or dried fruits: often

If you plan your week's eating like the diet on the opposite page, you're eating well. Items in parentheses are optional; if you aren't that hungry, or if you're gaining too much weight, don't eat them. Exact portions will depend on your calorie requirements, which you should get from your doctor before starting to diet.

Typical seven-day menu

	Breakfast	Lunch	Dinner
MON.	Tomato juice Boiled egg(s) Whole-wheat toast, buttered (Coffee, tea, or milk)	Liverwurst sandwich on whole-wheat, with lettuce Fresh fruit Milk (Coffee or tea)	Broiled chicken Baked potato Creamed carrots (Whole-wheat bread) Tossed salad Cup custard Milk (Coffee or tea)
TUE.	Orange juice Whole-grain cereal (Toast and jelly) (Coffee, tea, or milk)	Chicken-salad sandwich Celery or carrot strips (Canned peaches) Milk (Coffee or tea)	Meat loaf Peas, squash Hearts of lettuce (Bread) Baked apple Milk (Coffee or tea)
WED.	Half grapefruit Poached egg(s) on toast (Buttered bran muffins and jelly) (Coffee, tea, or milk)	Chowder Tomato-and-cottage-cheese salad (Fresh fruit) Roll and butter Milk (Coffee or tea)	Veal cutlet Lyonnaise potatoes Green beans Lettuce salad (Bread) (Crackers and cheese) Milk (Coffee or tea)
THURS.	Tomato juice Boiled egg(s) Buttered toast (Coffee, tea, milk)	Swiss-cheese sandwich, with lettuce (Potato salad) Applesauce Milk (Coffee or tea)	Broiled beef liver (with bacon) New potatoes Spinach Green-bean salad (Bread) Rice pudding with raisins Milk (Coffee or tea)
FRI.	Orange juice Cooked cereal (Toast and jelly) (Coffee, tea, milk)	Vegetable soup (Bread) Tomato-and-egg salad (Dried fruit) Milk (Coffee or tea)	Broiled swordfish Mashed potatoes Eggplant Lettuce salad (Bread) Fresh fruit Milk (Coffee or tea)
SAT.	Orange juice Whole-wheat French toast (Coffee, tea, milk)	Steak and kidney pie cooked with fresh garden vegetables Shredded lettuce (Bread) (Apple pie) Milk (Coffee or tea)	Hamburger(s) on whole-wheat buns Leftover vegetable salad Fresh or dried fruit Milk (Coffee or tea)
SUN.	Grapefruit juice Eggs any style (and ham or bacon) Whole-wheat toast (Coffee, tea, milk)	Roast lamb Oven-browned potatoes Broccoli Tossed salad (Bread) Ice cream Milk (Coffee or tea)	Leftover cold meat, bologna, etc. Whole-wheat bread and butter Tomato slices (Fresh or dried fruit) Milk (Coffee or tea)



Georgia's beloved rock

by Mark Nichols

After more than 40 years, victory is near in the battle to hew a vast memorial to the Confederacy at Stone Mountain

STONE MOUNTAIN, the largest exposed slab of granite in North America, rises out of the Georgia flatlands near Atlanta like a giant gray whale left ashore by an ebbing tide. Georgians proudly refer to it as "The Eighth Wonder of the World," and this year, thanks to the energy of 51-year-old Governor Marvin Griffin, they are taking positive steps toward bringing the mountain to its ultimate fulfillment as a state park and Confederate Memorial of importance.

Seven miles in circumference and sprawling over 563 acres, this mammoth monolith towers nearly 700 feet above the surrounding countryside. Geologists estimate that some 250 billion years ago it was formed from molten rock pushed up from deep within the earth's bowels.

During its colorful, turbulent history, Ferdinand de Soto reputedly built a fortification of boulders on its summit. Indians met there regularly for powwows. Prospectors for gold, uranium and other precious metals have poked in its nooks and crannies, and come up with minute quantities of virtually everything.

Probably the most turbulent part of Stone Mountain's saga began around 1915 when the United Daughters of the Confederacy chapter in Atlanta adopted an idea suggested often by newspaper letter-writers throughout the state: the carving of a memorial to the Confederacy onto the granite face of Stone Mountain. Impressed with the bust of Lincoln made by Gutzon Borglum, the UDC asked the famous sculptor to carve a head of Robert E. Lee on Stone Mountain.

But Borglum, when he arrived for an inspection of the site, suggested instead a memorial reconstructing "the great characters of those days . . . in action, mounted and on foot, moving across the granite mountain . . . (like) two wings of an army."

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Christos' parents were married just after the war when everyone hoped for a better future. Instead, Communist inspired uprisings spread over the country. Christos' father joined the National Guard and took part in many battles, but guerilla bands destroyed his house and burned all his belongings.

Life for Christos' family began all over—from nothing. They now live in a hut with a roof of straw. They own three pieces of furniture. All must sleep on straw mats on the cold earthen floor. Their only property is a quarter acre of land which the father cultivates early in the morning and after dark. During the daylight hours he must work on other farmers' land for daily wages to buy food for his family.

Christos sees his father's plight and thinks, "My father struggles for a better future; I must help him." At the age of 10, Christos still has hope.

You can extend a hand to help Christos and his family help themselves, give them courage for the future. A child like Christos becomes "your child" through an SCF Sponsorship and receives food packages, warm clothing and many other material benefits in your name. But the whole family receives the greatest gift of all—"hope." You may correspond with your child and discover for yourself what your understanding and generosity means to a struggling family. Won't you please fill in the coupon now?

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panorama, the Stone Mountain Monumental Association—organized to bring this project to completion—agreed to pay Borglum $250,000 and to give him "complete authority" in the labor and business arrangements. He in turn agreed to complete the carving in three years.

World War I interrupted the work, and it was not until 1922 that Borglum was able to resume. Then, with the careful use of dynamite, he completed the head of General Robert E. Lee for an unveiling ceremony January 19, 1924.

What happened after that is not entirely clear. There were financial squabbles, misunderstandings, political interference. Finally, in February 1925, the Association discharged Borglum—after a total of $133,922 had been spent on the project. The sculptor, enraged, destroyed his models for the memorial and left the state. (Years later he was able to put the lessons learned on the Stone Mountain project to good use in completing the vast Mount Rushmore memorial in South Dakota.)

Finding another sculptor was no easy task, the Monumental Association discovered. Of 11 artists interviewed, eight developed vertigo on the ascent to inspect the steep mountainside, and declined the assignment. At last a Virginian, Augustus Lukeman, was chosen. But Lukeman had his own ideas about the memorial. He blasted Borglum's beginnings off the face of Stone Mountain and began again with his own creation. By 1928, *his* carving of Lee's head was completed, together with a rough general outline of his horse Traveler, and of Jefferson Davis and Stonewall Jackson, also on horseback. Lee's head was unveiled, but by then the Association's funds were depleted.

From 1929 on, individuals and organizations came up with various plans for the completion of the memorial: WPA assistance, taking-over of the project by the city of Atlanta, application for a federal loan—all of these came to nothing.

"For 30 years I've been driving by Stone Mountain and turning my head rather than look at that scar on its face," says Governor Griffin.

This silent, grim reminder—50 feet high, 160 feet long, 80 feet deep—burned into Griffin's mind. In the summer of 1957 an idea came to him.

"You've got to have public enthusiasm behind you for something like this," he reasoned, and wrote letters and telegrams to newspapers across the state underscoring the unsightliness of the Stone Mountain defacement and asking his fellow citizens what they wanted done about it. Soon the Capitol was deluged with mail, 99 percent in favor of completion of the memorial.

Armed with this display of public sentiment, Griffin encountered little opposition in getting two bills passed by the state legislature. One directed the Governor to condemn property for a public shrine and for the public good. The other set up the Stone Mountain Memorial Association Authority and impowered it to sell bonds to develop a 2,500-acre state park and memorial.

Spurred on by Governor Griffin, the Authority has already made provision to acquire 2,000 acres; 400 of

Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

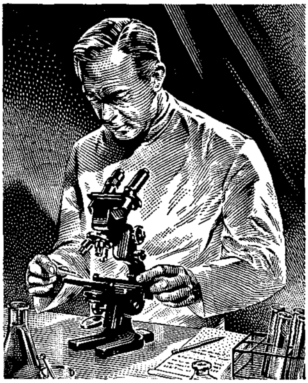
By James Henry Weston

Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain, Stops Itching As It Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids, stop itching, and relieve pain—without surgery.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations.

Pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction or retraction (shrinking) took place.



And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*) — the discovery of a world-famous research institution. Already, Bio-Dyne is in wide use for healing injured tissue on all parts of the body.

This new healing substance is offered in *suppository* or *ointment* form called *Preparation H.** Ask for individually sealed convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator. Preparation H is sold at all drug counters. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

(*Advertisement*)

these are a gift to the project by De Kalb County. On these grounds, it plans to have lakes, picnic areas, a museum devoted to the history of the Confederacy, a restaurant, scenic drives, bridle paths, riding stables, boathouses. Landscaping will emphasize trees, flowers and shrubs native to the area. One tentative plan includes a Hall of Fame at the top of the mountain, with each Southern state contributing bronze statues of native sons who were heroes of the Confederacy.

"A preliminary survey made by the Authority indicates that we can expect over a million visitors a year," says Governor Griffin, with a broad grin. He hopes that the Authority can speed up its work to complete the project by 1961, the 100th anniversary of the War Between the States. With this natural phenomenon incorporated into an inviting state park, Georgia will add to its tourist attractions, which now include Jekyll Island, Okefenokee Swamp, Sea Island and prehistoric Indian mounds.

Visitors to the Stone Mountain State Park will discover some fanciful tales and colorful personalities associated with "The Rock," as it once was called. De Soto, for instance, spoke of Stone Mountain as "the New Gibraltar," a name which stuck to the village near its base until 1825; today the town of Stone Mountain has a population of 1,500. An old rumor that the Spanish explorer hid his gold somewhere in its lofty heights still excites treasure-seekers.

For years a small cave on the mountain's north side, in a virtually inaccessible place, posed a tantalizing challenge to climbers. When, finally, one man managed to snake his way into the cave, he was startled to find a note inside saying: "You aren't the first damned fool to make it."

In 1837, a dreamer named Aaron Cloud built an octagonal pyramid of wood atop the mountain. It jutted 165 feet into the sky, with no anchors to secure it to the rock. A ground-floor room offered refreshments and dancing, and a 300-step staircase led to an observatory on top. People in the area called it "Cloud's Folly," and it wasn't long before their skepticism proved accurate: a storm blew the tower away.

In hot weather, people drive from all over the state to cook-out barbecue suppers or to sleep on blankets on the big rock's cool slopes. It is a favorite site for fraternity and sorority initiations, Holy Roller prayer meetings and Easter sunrise services. Georgians love their mountain and with the development of the Stone Mountain State Park, they hope that people from all over will come to admire it, too. ♛

What Will You Have?

MENU ITEMS FOR THE DINNER of the Mystery Writers of America included: Fresh Fruit Cop; Sicilian Olives, Mafia; Delinquent Young Peas; Paris Green Salad with Hard-Boiled Dressing; Stooled Pigeons; Clammed-Up Chowder; Ice Colt Lady Fingers. —*New York Times*

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when you ask for Rain Dears

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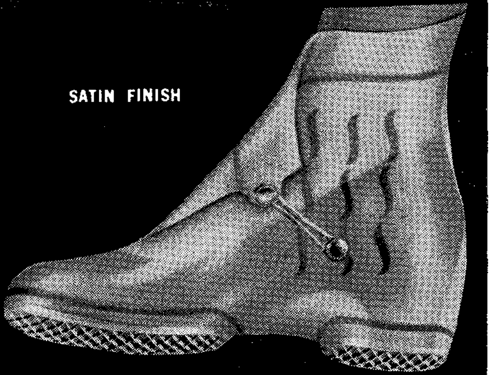

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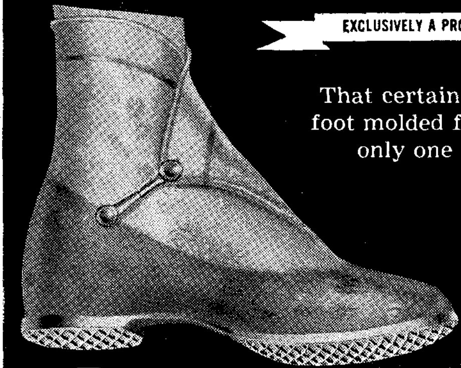

That certain combination of smooth design, foot molded fit and built-in safety adds up to only one certain rainboot . . . Rain Dears . . . the finest plastic rainboots in rain, sleet or snow.

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The National Defense Education Act

means better education for your children . . .

Congress has passed the National Defense Education Act of 1958, which provides for the acquisition of modern teaching tools by the schools to improve the instruction of our children.

Today there are 45,000,000 American youngsters in our schools and colleges . . . all being asked to learn more than ever before. Admiral Hyman Rickover recently pointed out that the sum of human knowledge is doubling every fifteen years. In 1900 there were 68 courses in the curriculum . . . now there are over 800. And here's the rub: our schools need 135,000 more teachers to do the job. Your local school administrators are deeply concerned with these many problems; they deserve your support in their efforts to improve your schools.

The new law takes a giant step forward, both to help solve this crisis and, at the same time, improve the education of our children. In part, the law directs that sums be appropriated to make modern audio-visual equipment and materials available for improved classroom instruction—16mm films, filmstrips, graphs, recordings, and transparencies. Their widespread use by skilled teachers will raise the quality of our instructional programs . . . to give your children an even better education.

The new Act will enable your school district (and others like it throughout the U.S.) to match Federal funds with State and local expenditures to raise the level of instruction in science, mathematics, foreign languages, guidance, and vocational education, far above what can be achieved without modern teaching tools.

And this goes to the heart of our educational crisis. No longer will your child struggle to build meanings for himself from the thousands of words he hears and reads . . . he can see for himself the bright, clear images projected on his classroom screen. Films and filmstrips will take pupils on a trip to the moon . . . bring them inside a human ear to watch it function . . . drop them under the earth's surface . . . open up the windows to the world. What would formerly have taken hours, even days, to describe in words alone, now takes minutes to see and understand in a classroom film . . . an enormous increase in learning efficiency.

The use of these new gateways to learning — audio-visuals — will be growing rapidly in the schools of your community. Follow these new developments closely . . . support them helpfully and energetically—for they hold promise of a better-educated tomorrow at a time when education may be the key to survival.

National Audio-Visual Association, Inc., Fairfax, Va.

(PRESENTED IN THE INTEREST OF EDUCATION BY CORONET FILMS)

Coronet Family Shopper

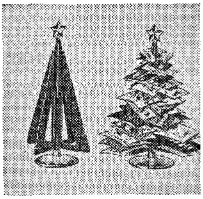
Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities, offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.

THE ONE GIFT THEY DON'T HAVE!

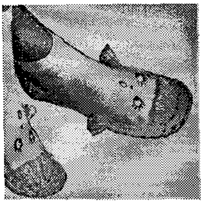
New Mopper after-bath robe! Towels you dry instantly, cozily, after tub, shower or swim. Thick, thirsty, snow white Cannon terry. One full-cut size fits men, women. Huge collar, raglan sleeves, 2 carry-all pockets, 3" press-on initial, $6.95. King size for 6-footers, $7.95. Add 35¢ pstg. each Mopper. No COD's. Woodmere Mills, Dept. C3, Bennington, Vt.

CHRISTMAS CARD 'TREE'—$1.25

Display your Christmas cards. Simply tuck cards in slots of Tree to make gay array of "branches"! Tree twirls. Holds fifty cards and more! Green plastic, golden base and top star. A foot tall! Guaranteed or money back! Only $1.25 postage paid. Order Card Tree from Sunset House, 2686 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.



PATTI-PIGTAIL SLIPPER SOCKS—$1.98



To toast the tootsies and warm the heart of every moppet on your Christmas list. Cuddly uppers of stretch nylon hug ankle and foot—genuine leather sole for long wear. Patti has nylon braids and hair, and a charming hand-embroidered face. Specify Color: Red or Yellow. Only $1.98 ppd. Guaranteed. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-L Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N.J.

DEEP SOUTH TROPICAL FRUIT CAKE

Cobbs Blue Ribbon favorite for Yuletide giving! Chock full of Tropical Fruits & Nuts (85%). Over 500,000 of these Fruit Cakes sold to date. Packed in beautiful picturesque metal container. Keeps almost indefinitely under refrigeration. 2 lbs., $3.99 ppd. Order Gift No. 31 from Cobbs Fruit Co., Box 5G, Little River, Miami, Fla.

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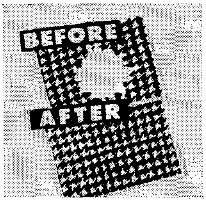
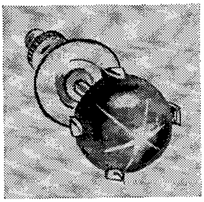


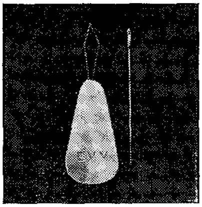
Invisible Reweaving pays up to $10.00 in an hour! Be the invisible reweaver in your community. Make cuts, burns, moth holes, tears in suits, coats, all fabrics—disappear! Do it at home in spare time. Steady demand from tailors, cleaners, stores, etc. Write for full details sent Free! Fabricon, Dept. 3912 6238 Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois.

GENUINE BLACK STAR SAPPHIRE

Black Star Sapphire Tie Tack set in 14K solid gold setting . . . We import these gems from Siam and manufacture the setting in our own work room . . . Only the finest quality Sapphires and workmanship go into our Hand-made jewelry . . . $16.50 FTI or large size $19.80 immediate delivery. Panther International Ltd., 108 E. 16 St., New York 3, New York.



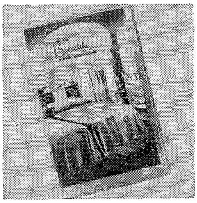
14K GOLD NEEDLE AND THREADER



Most glamorous "little" gift you could give! Elegant 14K Gold Sewing Needle. 14K Gold Needle Threader, in leather case, $8.50. Needle only $2.50. Threader only $6.00. Threader with 3 block or script letters, $1.00 extra. Tax included. Beautifully gift wrapped. Postage prepaid. Money back guar. Dept. C-12, Merrin Jewels, 530 Madison Ave., N. Y.

HOME DECORATING HINTS

"How to Beautify Your Bedroom" is alive with floor-to-ceiling ideas on decorating big, little and "problem" rooms. Illustrated. Also shows uses of Seng Hollywood beds in singles, doubles, twin types. Adjustable in width, take long bedding, headboards of your choice. Send 10¢ in coin to The Seng Co., 1470 N. Dayton St., Chicago 22, Illinois.



(Continued on next page)

To advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 202

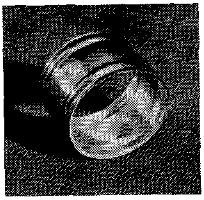
DON'T ENVY TALL MEN . . . BE ONE!

You "grow" almost 2 inches taller . . . instantly . . . when you step into "Elevators." These amazing height-increasing shoes are so smartly styled not even your closest friends will know you're wearing them. "Elevators" add to your height, your poise and *confidence. For Free booklet* showing over 30 styles, write Stone-Tarlow, Dept. 2-128, Brockton 68, Mass.

NEW* BLEUMETTE BRA

*No wires. No bones. No back or shoulder straps. The ultimate in bosom glamour & loveliness. Your own hands mold curves to right lines. Holds you securely, firmly-comfortably! Ideal for strapless & backless gowns. Velvety soft pliable yet sturdy material. *Flesh color sizes ABC.* 2 pr. only $2.98 pp. Chk. or MO to Bleuette, 509 5th Ave., Dept. A66, NYC.

PEWTER NAPKIN RING $1.50

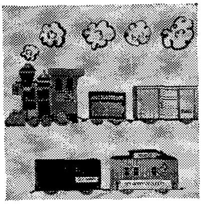


Napkin rings are not passé. Especially when they are so handy for child's napkin or bib. Made of tarnish-resistant pewter. Ideal as gift for favorite grandchildren. Furnished plain at $1.50 pp. Hand engraved, 1 letter, $1.00 extra, 2 to 4 letters, $1.50 extra. *If* to be engraved, state letter(s). Send for free catalog. Hultberg's, Dept. C-3, Rockford, Ill.

GIANT 8-COLOR WORLD MAP $1

Spectacular value! 12 sq. ft. Wall-Size, 8-Color World Map shows every corner of Earth. Explicit, colorful, up-to-minute. Used by Gov't newscasters. Follow Global strategy at a glance. Important ref. map for school, business, playroom, den. Heavy-duty stock only $1 ppd. Same large map US $1—Money Back Guar. Display Pub. Co., Dept. C-80, 505 5th Ave., N.Y. 17.

GIANT TOY TRAIN

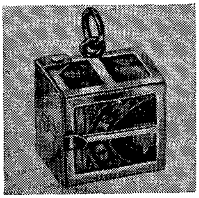


Complete 5 pc. train 3½' long, real smoke device & whistle . . ready to operate. Loaded with play-cars to take apart, engine smokes, cars connect, disconnect, can carry loads. Gaily decorated. Can use as Xmas card holder or "candy express." Made of durable Bristol Board. Only $1.98. Money-back guar. Armstrong, Dept. C, P.O. Box 174, Phila., Pa.

Silver

A SAN FRANCISCO cable car grunted to a stop and a group of people lined up to get aboard. Behind schedule, the harassed conductor tried to think

THE MOST CHARMING GIFT OF ALL



Endear yourself by giving her a "Mad Money" charm for her bracelet or pendant that's a diller, a dollar. This flip-latch miniature treasure chest contains a compactly folded U.S. dollar bill for off-Hand spending. $7 in sterling silver, $14 in 14K gold, FTI. Send for Free Catalog consisting of 2000 Charms. Corday Jewelers, 125 W. 45 St., NYC

ALL WOOL U.S. NAVY TOQUE DICKEY

Now only $1 ppd. Real $3.50 value. Guar. New, 100% All Wool. Convert any jacket into Parka. Real comfort in cold & damp climates. Fits Men, Women, Children. Keeps ears, neck, *head* & chest warm. Soft, durable, flexible. Comfortable. Fits 2 ways. Can be worn over & under chin. Send $1., today. (Sorry, No COD) Morris Surplus, 36 Bowery, Dept. C, NY 13, NY.

NOVELTY THROW PILLOWS

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NO PARKING
CAUTION SOFT SHOULDERS
DREAMS
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I GO 4 U

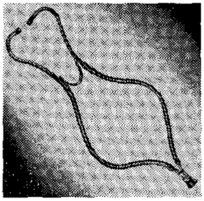
Av. size 14"x14". Approp. colors. Models shown plus: Leaf Me Be, I Hate Homework (spelled backwards), Crying Pillow, King of Hearts, It's Your Move, Phono-Records, & Pillows for autographs. Sat. Guar. Ideal gifts for college dorm, den, car, boat, etc. Send ck, or M.O. $3.95 ea., 2 for $7.50 ppd. Normeth Enterprises, 4914 Natural Bridge, St. Louis, Mo.

Linings

of a way to hurry them along. Spotting an elderly man edging along with the aid of a cane, he called out cheerily, "Step lively there, young

U.S. MED CORPS STETHOSCOPE

Ever try to buy one of these? Hard to find, and usually expensive, this is a Medical Corps stethoscope. Brand new, it's ideal for doctors, engineers & mechanics (to check trouble spots in motors, etc.), educational for kids and adults. (Handy in the country.) $2.95 ppd. (half-regular price). Chabon Scientific, 411-CR, Lincoln Bldg., N. Y. 17.



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Do agonizing aches & pains drive you frantic? Get fast relief. Apply Ar-Thry-Go Ointment at point of pain. Powerful analgesic works fast. Relieves discomfort of minor pains of Arthritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Sciatica. If local dealer can't supply you, order direct. Only $1.25 for 3 oz. jar, ppd. Hussey Dist. Co., 115 Broad St., SW Atlanta 3, Ga.

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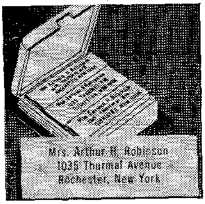
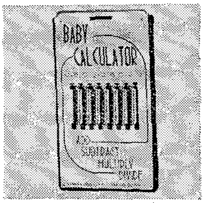
Any 3 different orders $2 ppd. Your name & address handsomely printed on 1000 finest quality gummed labels. Padded. Packed with Free, Plastic Gift Box. Use them on stationery, books, cards, etc. Special—Save Money. Any 3 different orders $2. Satisfaction guaranteed. Handy Labels, 1287 Jasperson Bldg., Culver City, California.



REAL ADDING MACHINE ONLY $2.95

Only machine of its size & price that counts to 999,999,999. Adds, subtracts, mult., div. Ideal for business, home, students, tax work. Send name, address. $2.95 plus pstg. COD, if ck. or M.O., we pay pstg. ($3.04 in Pa. incl. 3% tax). Leatherette case. 10-day money bk. guar. Agents wanted. Calculator Machine Co., Box 126, Dept. D-85, Huntingdon Valley, Pa.



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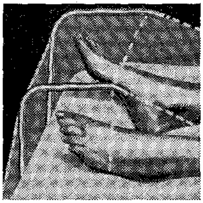
If you are interested in writing fiction or articles for leading magazines or book publishers, Daniel S. Mead, prominent literary agent, has prepared a free catalogue of markets, which is a "must" item. For your free copy (we will also send to your friends if you enclose a list) write: Daniel S. Mead, Dept. CR-12, 915 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.

GENUINE HERALDRY IS FLATTERING

Many families from Britain and Europe were once identified by their own Coat of Arms, still recorded in England. Immaculate oak 12″ wall shields individually emblazoned in true colour & relief cost only $15.00 ppd. Checks returned with brochure by Airmail if Arms un-traceable. Print surnames. Allow two months. Hunter & Smallpage (1875). York, England.

GIVE SURE SLEEP COMFORT



Ingenious Blanket Support lifts disturbing weight of blankets, provides cozy foot freedom. Lets you stretch & turn. Avoid tensions, sedatives. Ideal for light sleepers, convalescents, etc. Fits any bed; regular or electric blankets. Folds flat. $4.75 postpaid. Guaranteed. Airmail $1. extra, if desired. Better Sleep, Inc., Dept. 385, New Providence, N.J.

INSURANCE FOR PEOPLE 60 TO 80

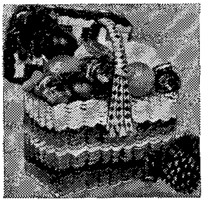
Let us tell you how you can still apply for a $1,000 life insurance policy to help take care of final expenses without burdening your family. You can handle the entire transaction by mail. No one will call on you. Simply mail postcard, giving year of birth, to Old American Insurance Company, Dept. L1225M, 1 West 9th Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

(*Continued on next page*)

TWO COLOR CHRISTMAS CARDS

Free . . . envelopes to match our beautiful two color Christmas cards . . . New! Photo cards on silk-tone stock from your own black and white negative. Our exclusive designs printed in color. 25 cards 3½ x 5 size, yours for only $1.50, 50 cards for only $2.75. Send your negative and money to Wisconsin Film Service, West Salem, Wisconsin.

COBBS FLORIDA GIFT FRUIT HAMPER



Colorful, handwoven Tia Juana hamper for picnic & travel, heaped high with golden sun-ripened Pineapple Oranges, giant Grapefruit, Persian Limes, Kumquats, Tangerines, 3 jars Guava Jelly, Pineapple Jam, Orange-Cherry Preserves. A gift thrill for eye & palate. Approx. 12 lbs. $6.95 ppd. Order Gift No. 14 from Cobbs, Box 6G, Little River, Miami, Fla.

BATTERY-OPERATED—DIAL PHONE SET

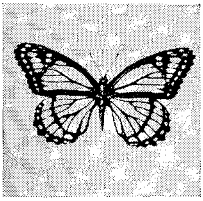
Little chatterboxes love these handsome, big-as-life phones. Just pick up handpiece . . . dial . . . phone on far-end rings and conversation takes over . . . clear-as-a-bell. Operates perfectly between any two points within the house. Set consists of 2 phones, 50 ft. wire. An outstanding $7.95 value. Brumberger, Dept. C, 34-34th St., B'klyn. 32, 2New York.

POCKET-SIZED ELECTRIC HEATER—$1.00

Boils water instantly. Simply plug into any outlet, immerse in liquid, and in no time it prepares soups, coffee, baby's bottle . . . any instant food for regular or emergency use. 6½"x2½" chrome plated heater comes complete with cord & carrying case. 110 Volts, AC-DC. Reg. $2.98. Now Only $1.00 ppd. Guar. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-L DamarBldg., Elizabeth, N.J.

12 JUNGLE BUTTERFLIES—$1

Vivid! Exotic! Ready to mount! Tropical splendor to make stunning table and dresser tops, serving trays or framed. Gorgeous specimens up to 3" across are genuine imported beauties. Each already processed to lay flat. Fantastic, never-before price for 12 all different—$1 ppd. Greenland Studios, Dept. CO-3, 5858 Forbes St., Pittsburgh 17, Pa.



Silver Linings *continued*

fellow! What's that stick for? A lad like you has no need of such things; it'll only get in your way!"

Other folks smiled understandingly and hustled aboard to clear a path for the white-haired man, who grinned at the conductor's friendly banter.

Much later in the day the conductor walked the length of the car as it wheezed into the barn—and stared in amazement. There stood

PROTEIN FOR POWER AND PEP

A healthier, more vigorous life is yours with more protein in your diet. Discover thrilling new personal power & energy after 30 days use of delicious Eden High Protein Energy Wafers. Excellent while reducing. 1 mo. supply (180 wafers) $6.95; 3 mos. $15.95 (save $4.90). Ppd. Garden of Eden, Inc., 8245 Sunland Blvd., Sun Valley, Cal. Distributor inquiries invited.

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NEW EDUCATIONAL GAME—INCREASES I.Q.

"Diploma" a new truly educational Game featuring the patented toy machine "The Mental Gymnasium." Exciting fun for all ages. Help develop your child's I.Q. Scientifically designed for play value! Increase reading speed! Improve memory skills. Order Now for Christmas delivery. $3. Postpaid. Mail to: Diploma Sales Co., 5401 16th Avenue, Brooklyn 4, NY

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A complete money-making home plastic laminating business or exciting hobby. 40 pcs. wallet size self-laminating plastic (will sell for $7). Full instructions, business oper. manual, materials & display sign. Kit self-contained—no machines or heat needed. Only $2.98 pp. Money back guar. Roy's Gifts, 3555 Monterrey St., Dept. C, Corpus Christi, Tex.

PLASTIC LAMINATING

the cane, propped up in a corner, apparently no longer needed—or wanted—by its owner.

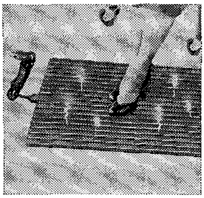
P.S. My husband was the street-car conductor. —MRS. JAMES D. WILMOT

WHEN I WAS a country child of ten, I underwent an appendix operation 25 miles from home. Except for my mother, I had no visitors, and after the first few days time passed very slowly.

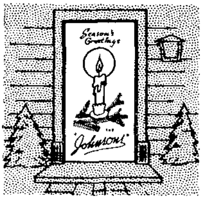
Across the hall was a prominent business executive, whose room was

ELECTRIC FOOT WARMER

No more cold feet..Keeps your feet and ankles comfortably warm. Portable, lightweight (5 lbs.) all-rubber mat. Operates on any 110-volt AC or DC outlet, consumes less than 100 watts. . . 14"x21". Can be used by anyone in office, store, factory or home. 12 mo. guarantee. Only $7.95 ppd. Peterson Rubber Mat Co., 5508 N. Halifax, Arcadia, Calif.



DOOR-SIZED CHRISTMAS CARD



Wish a huge "Merry Christmas" to friends, neighbors with colorful Door Greeting. Covers entire front door! 6' high, 3' wide! Silk-screened on poster material with pine-scented inks. Fits any size door. Free—your family name hand lettered at bottom as shown. Door Greetings $2.95 ea., ppd. White Pass Displays, 3033-R Asbury St., St. Paul 13, Minn.

CUTS SHOVELING TIME IN HALF!

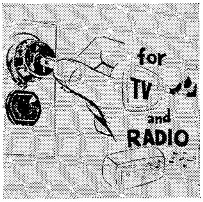
Weighs only 2 lbs. Wide rounded blade on strong wheels lets you roll snow away! No strain on heart & back muscles! Rustproof magnesium. Stronger than steel, lighter than aluminum. 54" tubular handle. 18" wide $6.98. 24" wide $7.98. Ppd. Incl. free year's subscription (6 issues) to our Gift Mag. Spencer Gifts, 923 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N.J.

NO STRAIN WITH HEART-SAVER SNOW PLOW!
wheels roll snow away

$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME

and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-RX, Lynn, Massachusetts.

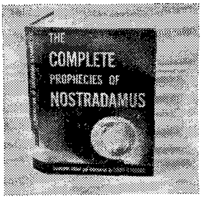
STOP RADIO & TV NOISES INSTANTLY!



New electronic design "Bell-Tronic" line filter eliminates noisy interference caused by all motor appliances, autos, oil burners, etc. Simply plug radio or TV cord into filter and filter into wall socket. Send $1. Add 25¢ for P.P. and handling. No COD. Try 5 days. Money back guarantee. Tube Wholesalers Dept. B-CO, Box 61, Baldwin, L. I., N. Y.

NOSTRADAMUS SAW THE FUTURE

He predicted Atomic War, Time of Peace on Earth and amazing events to year 3797 A.D. Only existing vol. to give you every Nostradamus prophecy. You'll see how past events have come true with uncanny accuracy. See how the 1000 predictions in "The Complete Prophecies of Nostradamus" will affect you! Vol. $5 ppd. Nostradamus, Inc., Dept. C-128, 380 Canal St., NYC

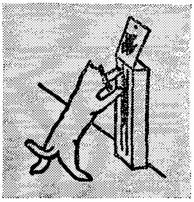


DONKEY ON ROCKERS

The Toy of the Year—The kiddies love this beautiful plush Donkey. Sturdy steel frame on hardwood rockers, colorful saddle & bridle. 27" high x 22" long x 10" wide. Strong enough to hold adult. $8.95 (reg. $15) Donkey with music box $12.95. Chk. or M.O. No COD. Pay exp. shipping chg. on arrival. Guaranty Sales Co., Box 176, Dept. C12, Teaneck, N.J.

SCRATCHIN' POST FOR KITTY

Permits cat to flex its claws without damage to drapes, furniture. May be used on floor or on wall. Treated with catnip to attract kitty . . . ideal gift for friends who own cats . . . If not available at local pet counters, order direct at $1.50 postpaid. Get free folder on Lowe cat products—Lowe's, Inc., C-12, Cassopolis, Michigan.



(*Continued on next page*)

GIANT CUP FOR COFFEE LOVERS—$1

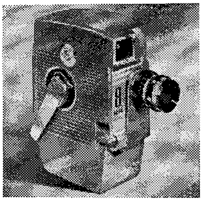
COFFEE
HOUND

"Coffee Hound"—the first mug that's big enough to be a real eye-opener for the coffee-bent two-cup lover. Beautifully finished ceramic mug, with hand-painted picture of "half-awake" hound. Huge 5" diameter—giant capacity. A Great Gift! Only $1.00 Ppd. Guaranteed. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-L Damar Building, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

PERSONAL PHOTO CHRISTMAS CARDS

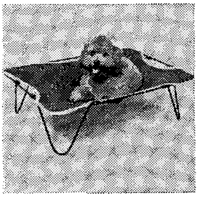
. . . make lasting impression. Measure 4½x5½, are deckle-edged & embossed. Your choice of sentiments. 25—$1.85, 100—$6, ppd., env. incl. Your name imprinted, 75¢ extra, any quantity. For Free sample, send your favorite snap. neg. of baby, family, home, pet, etc. (or photo & 50¢). Neg. returned. Limit 1 sample to cust. Act now. Photo Mail, Box 216-CC, N.Y. 10.

BRUMBERGER 8MM MOVIE CAMERA $49.95



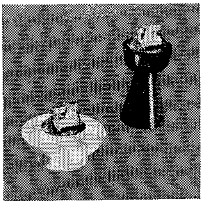
#1619 with quality f/1.9 lens. Takes brilliantly sharp color & black and white movies. Built-in exposure guide, view finder, footage indicator and speed-controlled spring motor takes the guesswork out of picture taking. To project your shots properly, order our #1503 Movie Projector. Only $39.95. Brumberger, Dept. C, 34-34th St., B'klyn 32, NY

CLEAN COMFORT FOR YOUR PET



Sling Bed, wash. vat-dyed, heavy canvas. Bl'k, Green, Red, White on Black wrought iron frame. Packs flat 18"x18"—$6.95*. 27"x-21"—$8.95* both ppd., 36"-x27"—$12.95*. 48"x32"—$16.95*, exp. coll. *Incl. Sling. Extra Slings $1.95, $2.95, $6.95, $7.95 ppd. Money-bk guar. No COD's. Free catalog. Hitching Post, Dept. CD, 263 Glen Cove Ave., Sea Cliff, L. I., N. Y.

FASHION LIGHTERS



Style and quality in cigarette lighters at a tiny price that makes them an extraordinary gift find indeed! Brilliantly lacquered in patent-leather black, white, orange or turquoise. Completely functional, they serve as smart color accent. Mechanism guaranteed. $3.30 each, ppd. No C.O.D.'s please. Holiday House, 912 Bellevue Theatre Building, Upper Montclair, N. J.

Silver Linings *continued*

full of flowers. He had visitors continually coming and going, although he was not seriously ill.

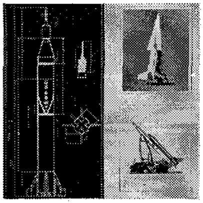
I watched one morning as the orderly came down the hall with a huge bouquet of red roses. After glancing first into my neighbor's room, then into mine, he hesitated for a moment, then slipped a small white card into his pocket. While I sat wide-eyed with surprise, he entered my room, carefully arranged the beautiful roses on my bedside table, bowed low, then said softly:

WANT TO PROVE YOU'RE CRAZY?

OSCAR'S OUTHOUSE
STOLEN FROM ALCATRAZ

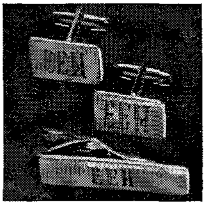
Then hang these towels in your bathroom or kitchen.
"Stolen From Alcatraz"
"Oscar's Outhouse"
Woven in red on top quality, regular size, hotel towels. Use them for gifts, prizes or party pepper-uppers. Only $2.45 a pair, postpaid. Send in your order today. Sorry no COD's. Monkey Business, Dept. C-12, 1000 Peachtree St., N.E. Atlanta 9, Georgia.

OFFICIAL SCALE BLUEPRINTS



of U. S. Army missiles. Ideal wall decorations. Amaze friends with real scale drawings of Jupiter C, Talos, Honest John & Nike Ajax. On quality stock from Army prints. 2 each 11"x17" & 17"x22". Set of 4 with 2 duo-color, 8x10 photo-prints of missiles in action, only $1.99 pp. & guar. Dixie Mail Order, Dept. C-3, P. O. Box 1305, Burlington, N.C.

GENUINE MOTHER-OF-PEARL SET



Tie bar & cuff links matched & personalized in contrasting black letters. Initials are rarely placed on Mother of Pearl . . . A gift that's so different . . . & no one will guess this expensive looking set cost so little. Tie Bar—$1.50 ea. Cuff links—$2. pr. Complete set—$3.25 ppd. Money back guar. Chk. or MO. Rich Personals, Dept. C-2, 500 W. 207 St. NY 34.

"To you from me, little lady!"

—MRS. ROY C. SMITH

MY 11-YEAR-OLD son Philip, a polio victim since the age of three, managed to overcome the atrophy of his left arm and has become a Little League baseball player at the New Jersey resort where we spend our summers.

Just back from the shore after a glorious season of baseball successes, he began to play catch with a newcomer in the street, a small boy two years his junior.

They both came into the house the other day, thirsty. As I poured them

IDEAL GIFT FOR EVERYONE

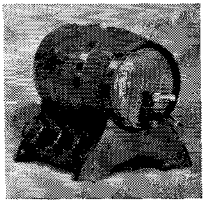
with shrubs, especially roses. Soakeze does a good job of watering. Saves much time and work. Attached to garden hose the 5 small plastic hoses spread out in any direction to soak roots of 5 plants at one time up to 30 feet apart. Easy to use. 5 yr. guar. Complete unit $6.95 ppd. Jons Mfg. Co., Dept. D-10, Dantzler St., Saint Matthews, S.C.

WONDERFUL PERSONALIZED GIFT

Personalize your doorway with this famous door mat, large (18"x28"), self-draining all rubber. Your name (up to 13 letters) molded into red, black, green or blue mat. 7,000 rubber scraping fingers. $5.45. C.O.D.'s accepted. Pay mailman small postage fee. Mitchell Rubber Products, 2120-D San Fernando Road, Los Angeles 65, California.

IDEAL GIFT FOR HOME BARS

Oak keg set with six matched glasses to dispense beverage. An extremely handsome piece to stand on bar, table or chest. Holds one half gallon. Size 8 x 10 inches. Net weight 4 pounds. Send money order for $7.95 and we will pay postage. Your name on keg 50 cents extra. Send to: Shamrock Products, 1316 Meridian Street, Anderson Indiana.



NEW NATURAL HAIRPIECE

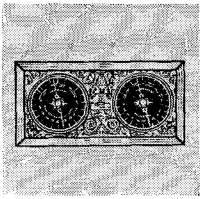
An amazing new natural hairpiece — complete or partial—has been developed by Louis Feder. So lustrous, so real (it's human hair!) You can comb it, set it any way you like. Swim in it, sleep in it—absolutely secure. Individually styled to your needs. Write for illustrated booklet "E," House of Feder, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

COMICE PEARS FOR CHRISTMAS

Order now for delicious holiday eating or welcome gifts! World-famous pears, grown to luscious, creamy perfection in the Rogue River Valley in Oregon. Box No. 1 (8 to 14 pears, individually wrapped) is $3.95 delivered. Send names and addresses of recipients for direct gift shipment. Pinnacle Orchards, 475 Fir St., Medford, Oregon.

WITTNAUER HUMI-THERM—$7.95

The "Neo-Classique — for desk or mantel at home or office. Superb design & craftsmanship. 1 dial shows relative humidity; other Fahrenheit & Centigrade. Heraldic design background engraved in black on gold. Pearl finished face stamped in gold 3¾"x7½". Easel back. Guar. Gift boxed. If COD, fees extra. Scott Mitchell, Dept. SS-12, 415 S. Bdway, Yonkers, NY.



FREE HANDWRITING ANALYSIS BOOKS

Analyze handwriting for more income, prestige, success! Earn money on radio, TV, talks, helping others. Eunice Smith, Ohio, reports $224 business result one talk. Ezell Eiland, Texas, $20.00 an hour! Exciting, uncrowded field! Write for free 48-page book. Trial lesson I.G.A.S., Inc., Desk 1024, 2307 National Station, Springfield, Missouri.

ROBERTS' RULES ON A SLIDE RULE

Plastic slide rule is just the thing for Clubs, Unions, Schools & Conventions. Calculate 350 Points of Order in seconds. Basic Rules & how to express 7 Important Motions. This perfect gift is convenient, efficient & economical. In better Bookstores or $1.00 ppd. to Truth Order Culture, P.O. Box 183, La Porte, Indiana.

(*Continued on next page*)

FARM
WILD WEST
CIRCUS
PROFESSIONAL SIGN-MAKER A-Za-z 123!..

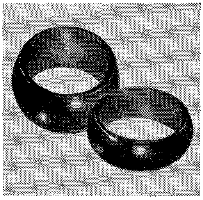
BE YOUR OWN PRINTER—GIFT ITEM

Wonderful Rubber Printing Set, 14 big Picture Stamps A-Z, 1-0, colors, pads, scenes. Make pictures in min. Select 1 of 3 subjects: Farm, Circus or Wild West. Or your Rubber-Signmaker: 73 types A-Z, a-z, 1-0, pad. Print ½" type own Signs. Fun for people 2-70 yrs. $2.75 ea. 3 for $7.50, 6 for $13.50 ppd. Chk. or MO. Victor Schlesinger, Dept. G, 1212 6th Ave., NY

The Sound Way to Easy Reading

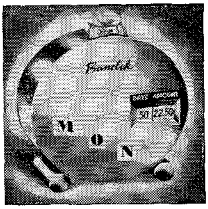
IF YOUR CHILD IS A POOR READER

See how The Sound Way to Easy Reading can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course drills your child in phonics with records, cards. Easy to use. University tests, parents' reports show children gain up to a full year's grade in 6 weeks. Write for free illus. folder and low price. Bremner-Davis Phonics, Dept. C-16, Wilmette, Ill.



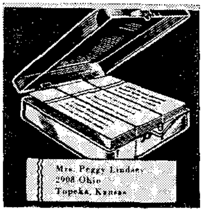
GENUINE JADE RINGS—MEN & WOMEN

An exciting new ring fashion! Hand cut and polished from one solid piece of precious Jade. For ages the oriental token of affection and good luck. Choose from three widths, 5/16" $12.50; ⅜" $15; ½" $20. Tax included and postpaid. Unconditionally guar. Please specify ring size when ordering. International Gem Corp., 17-G Maiden Lane, New York 38.



SAVE $100.00 A YEAR AUTOMATICALLY

Get Perpetual Date & Amount Banks. 25¢ a day keeps Date up to date. Also totals amount saved. Forces you to save daily, or Calendar Bank won't change date. Pays for itself in 8 days. Reg. $3.50. Now only $1.99 ea.; 3 for $5.75. Personalized with Gold fin. Initials, $2.99; 2 for $5.50. Add 10¢ ea. pstg. Leecraft, Dept. CR, 300 Albany Ave., Bklyn 13, NY



500 NAME & ADDRESS LABELS 25¢

World's greatest Label offer! 500 Gummed Labels printed with Any name and address, 25¢ per set! 4 sets (same printing or all different) $1.00! Two-tone Jewel-type plastic gift boxes 10¢ extra, 4 for 25¢. Order as many sets and boxes as you want. Money-back Guarantee! *Order Now!* Western Stationery Company, Dept. 948, Topeka, Kansas.

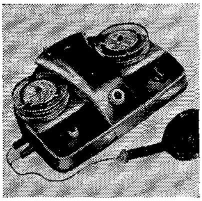
Silver Linings *continued*

some milk, Philip ran upstairs to get another ball. The other youngster looked at me, his brown eyes gleaming with joy.

"I like to play with Phil," he said.

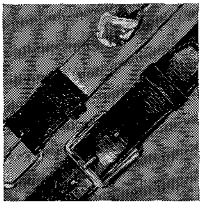
14K GOLD "COCKTAIL" TIE TACK

The most talked-about Tie Tack that's ever tacked a tie! An exciting new idea—a really great gift! The Martini has a genuine Emerald "olive," $15. Manhattan has a genuine Ruby "cherry," $15. Gibson has a genuine Diamond "onion," $20. Tax included. Postage prepaid. Money back guarantee. Write Dept. CO-12, Merrin Jewels, 530 Madison Ave., N.Y.



PORTABLE TAPE RECORDER—$29.95

Precision, portable, battery operated, transistor tape recorder. Hi-quality reproduction. Weighs 2 lbs. From W. Germany. Records voice & music, plays back, erases—variable speed controls. Home, students, business. Records radio & TV shows. Recorder, combination microphone & private listening device, tape, only $29.95 + $1.25 pp. Filnor, Dept. M-54, 101 W. 31st St., NY 1.



FINE GIFT! BELT GUARDS MONEY

Handsome money belt . . for any man away on business or vacation, at school or in army. 2 concealed zippered pockets hide $$. Gift box. Men's, sizes 30 to 46, in brown or black top-grain cowhide . . for only $3.95. Boys', sizes 26 to 38, in brown top-grain horsehide with 1 pocket, only $1.98. Clarion Products, Dept. N, Highland Park, Illinois. Write for free catalog.

EARN MORE IN '59

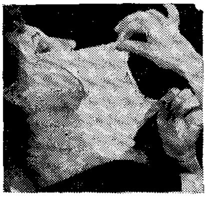
This is your year to earn Extra Cash. Let us show you how to do it in part or full time, simply by taking orders *for our amazing* new auto product. No experience is necessary. Carl Roberts made $265 part time. Rush your name and address for Free Money information. National Dynamics, Dept. DP-52, 220 East 23 Street, New York 10, N. Y.

"He always tells me I'm a good ball player."

As he raised the glass of milk to his lips with great difficulty, I noticed his left hand was completely deformed. —MRS. NENETTE WOLFSON

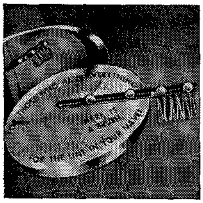
Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

DRAMATIC NEW FACE THRILL!



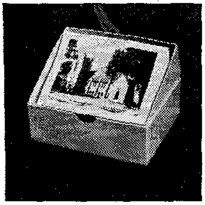
Sudden Veil Lift—most astounding cosmetic invention ever formulated! Apply cream. Dry. Lift mysterious veil. Amazing improvement from 1st treatment in face, neck, hands. Worried about added years, blackheads, facial conditions? Send $5 Reg., $10 Lg. Size, & 10% tax. Free $1.25 Instant Hand-Spray. Julie Kellar Cosmetics, 79 Wall St., Suite 1005, NYC.

BELLY BUTTON BRUSH—79¢



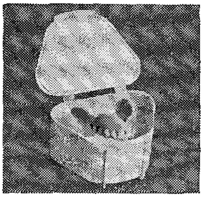
Just what he needs! Give favorite gal or guy the gag present of the year—a Belly Button Brush. Deluxe rhinestone studded handle & elegant plastic gift box. Guar. to create gift excitement. You'll be complimented for something so unusual. Belly Button Brush, only 79¢ each, 4 for $2.98, pstg. paid. Sunset House, 2687 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Cal.

RAISE MONEY EASILY



and with dignity. Correspondence Notes & Envelopes—Each Sheet With A Photo of Your Church, Hospital, School or Club. A year-around seller! Quickly, easily sold for $1 per box of 24 sheets & 24 envelopes. Generous profits for your Church, club, or school. For samples & information write: Spalding Publishers, Dept. TC, 754 E. 76 St., Chicago 19, Ill.

NEW! HYGIENIC DENTURE BATH

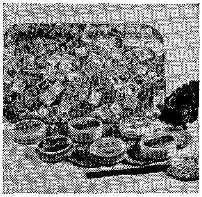


Den-Shur-Cup meets all denture care needs. Grand gift idea! Safe, smart container is unbreakable opaque plastic. Spill-proof sealed lid, slip-proof finger grips. Endorsed by dentists—over 175,000 in use for dentures, plates, bridgework. Specify white, pink, blue, green. $1 ppd. Cash, ck., or m.o. from Den-Shur-Cup Co., 3092J Steinway St., Long Island City, N.Y.

$100 A WEEK FREE SAMPLE POLICY!

Unusual new policy pays up to $5000 while in the hospital. Only exceptions—pre-existing conditions, mental illness or normal childbirth. Renewable at option of company. No limitations. For free sample policy, send name and address on postcard to Bankers Life & Casualty Co., 4444 Lawrence Ave., Department 8000, Chicago 30, Illinois.

RARE STAMP TRAY SET & CHEESES



Newest sensation! 14-pc. holiday gift, only $5. Big Tole Tray & 6 Coasters decorated with 100s of intl. stamps reproduced in true colors (original coll. $3000). Alcohol-resistant. Complete with 6 wheels assorted imported cheese & knife. Prized by cheese connoisseurs & stamp collectors. Order Gift No. 80 from Cobbs, Box 7G, Little River, Miami, Fla.

WALK SAFELY ON SLIPPERY ICE—$1

Prevent painful, costly accidents. Slip these sharp-toothed, rust-proof steel grippers over shoes, boots, galoshes, etc. Sharp teeth give a firm footing on the slickest ice. Compact enough for handbag or glove compartment. Adjust to any size boot. Specify: Men's or Women's. Only $1.00 ppd. Guar. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-L Damar Bldg. Elizabeth, N. J.

ELECTRIC JACK STRAWS

ELECTRIC JACK STRAWS

Action-packed game for all ages. Object is to get jacks out of box without sounding buzzer or lighting telltale lamp. A game of exciting dexterity. Comes complete with beeping buzzer, red lamp, tweezers, straws and flashlight battery. Available in most stores or send $1.50 for ea. ppd. The Electric Game Co., 18 Tyman St., Holyoke, Mass.

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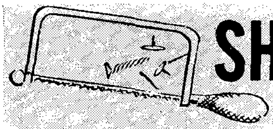
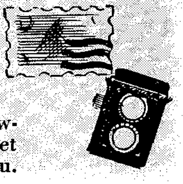


SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy shoes Direct by Mail. Smart 5th Av. styles as low as $9.95. Perfect fit. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 28-page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

$2.00 HOURLY possible, sewing our ready cut aprons at home. Spare or full time. Experience Unnecessary. Free details. Write: A & B Company, Caldwell 1, Arkansas.

KNITTERS . . . beginners or experts . . . earn big money at home! We place you in profitable business that gives you excellent income in leisure time. No disturbing household duties. We guide your every step. Write: Home Knitter Corp., 128 W. 27 St., NYC.

NARROW Feet? Write today for Free Catalog C, showing 68 Fall-Winter shoe fashions, widths to AAAAAA (6A's), sizes to 12, as low as $8.95. Order by mail—perfect fit guaranteed or money back. Mooney & Gilbert, 17 West 57 St., New York, N. Y.

$3.00 HOURLY possible for man or woman assembling rustic pump lamps at home spare time. Simple. Easy, no house canvassing. Write: Ougor Enterprises, Box 67, Caldwell, Arkansas.

POSTFREE from Reynolds Ltd, Stepney Grn. London, Miracle Fleece (soft, durable) Bibs 20¢, Bootees 60¢, Mits, Bath gloves 15¢, Crib Blankets $1½, Sheets 75¢, Curry Pwdr 2 oz. 15¢, Scissors: Nail 20¢, School 10¢, 7" 35¢, 8¼" 60¢, 6¼" Pinking $1½. Files, Tweezers 10¢.

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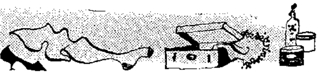

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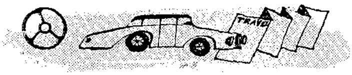

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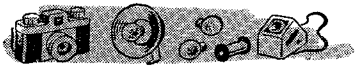

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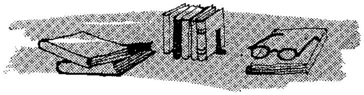

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Loony Laws

by Will Bernard

BY AND LARGE, lawmakers do a sober job of setting our legal standards of right and wrong. But they do have their quaint moments, as witness these laws which, while never passed, were introduced by legislators at one time or another:

IN NEW JERSEY—that all bees should be stamped with the owner's name and address for identification.

IN MAINE—that spinsters should get pensions, to be paid for by an annual tax on bachelors over 30. (Bachelors could escape the tax by proposing either to three women once or to one woman thrice.)

IN MISSOURI—that widows and spinsters who turned down a man's proposal should pay a $100 fine and darn the man's socks and sew on his buttons for six months.

IN NEW JERSEY—that huckleberries should not be picked with the feet.

IN CONGRESS—that there should be three Presidents: one each for the East, the Midwest, and the Far West.

IN MASSACHUSETTS—that hens should not be allowed to wear trousers.

IN INDIANA—that the ratio between the diameter and the circumference of a circle should be changed.

IN NEW YORK—that redheaded girls should be barred from professional baseball except in Kings County and the Village of Black Rock, effective beginning January 1, 2009.

IN KANSAS—that a bald-headed theatergoer should be fined if he sat in the front row wearing a skullcap.

IN WISCONSIN—that owners of lumber camps should provide lumberjacks with individual bathtubs.

IN SOUTH CAROLINA—that a fine of $150 and a six-month jail term should be imposed on any man caught with hip pockets in his pants.

IN GEORGIA—that a man could have his marriage annulled if the girl vamped him by "artificial means, false hair, or rouge."

IN MINNESOTA—that lawmakers should not chew gum while making speeches.

IN LOS ANGELES—that no one should be allowed to eat meat before 11 A.M.

IN OHIO—that an undertaker, if unpaid for three years after a burial, should have the right to open the grave, evict the occupant, and repossess the coffin. Also, that an unpaid stonecutter could chisel out the record of the deceased's virtues and chisel in something less flattering.

IN MISSOURI—that titled foreign males should be licensed and branded, so marriageable Missouri girls could be on their guard.

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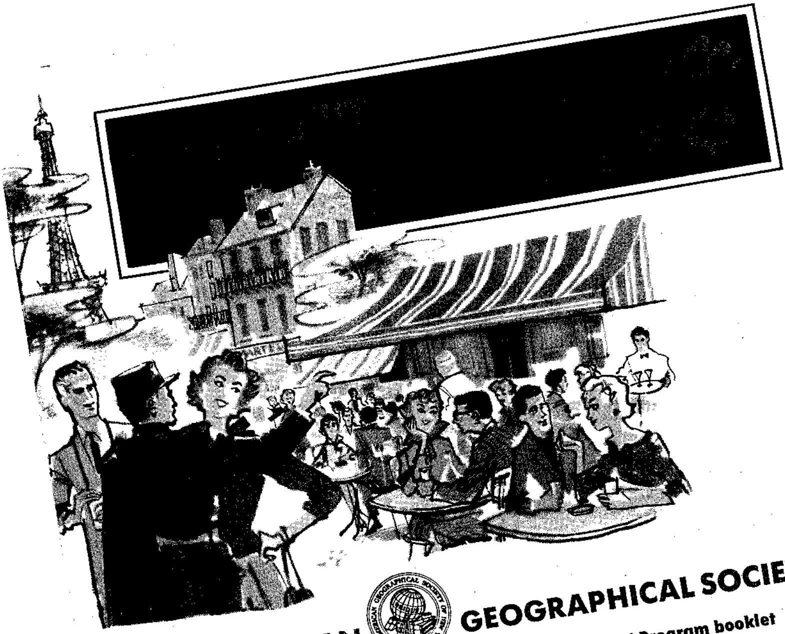

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